Everybody's Magazine

July 1917

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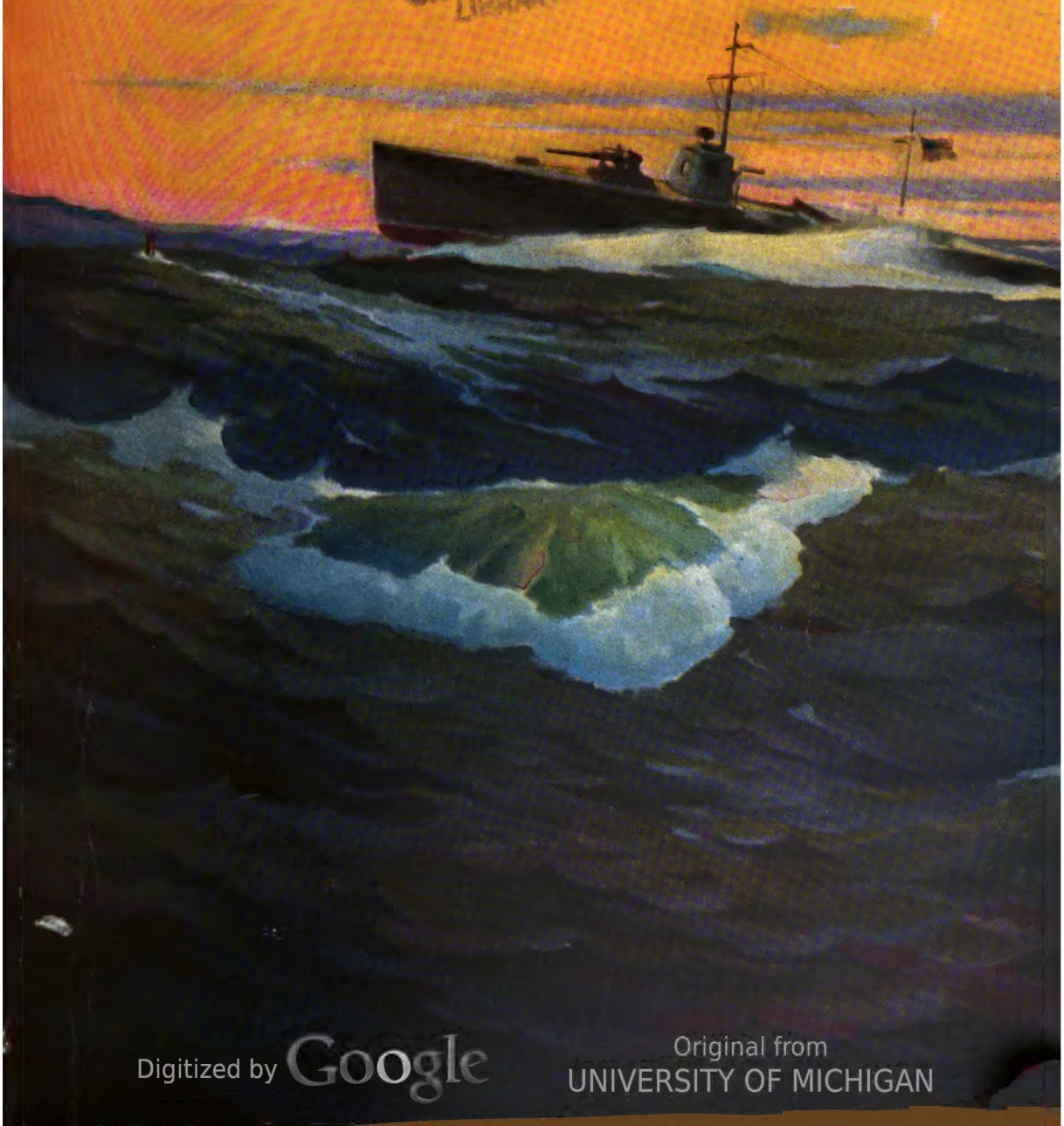

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Everybody's Magazine
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THE SEVEN DAYS

The Story of the Rebirth of Russia

By Isaac F. Marcosson

Editor's Note

AT THE first news of the Revolution in Russia, we cabled Mr. Marcosson, then in London as our representative, to go to Petrograd and get the real news story of the dramatic Seven Days. When the article arrived, we felt that it was so important to get it to our readers at the earliest moment, that we added another section to this number.

Writing of the exciting details in connection with his trip, Mr. Marcosson says: "I left Petrograd on April 25th and came straight to Bergen, Norway, after six days and nights of continuous traveling. At Bergen I found that the submarines had been so hideously active, both with torpedo and mines, that even the Admiralty boat could not cross. I had to wait a week in Bergen and in that week, in a little room in a hotel at the foot of the snow-capped mountain and with German spies in both the adjoining chambers, I wrote the article by hand.

"I went to Russia in khaki—the field uniform of a British officer—and I was supposed to be, by the espionage system which Germany has so well organized in Scandinavia, an important emissary of the American Government. I got the article written and even copied in Bergen on an American typewriter, operated by a Norwegian girl of strongly developed pro-Ally sympathies.

"Then came the most thrilling and hazardous of all the hazardous experiences which I have had in this war. On an armed Admiralty boat and convoyed by two swift destroyers, we made a dash through the mine-fields and completed the run to a secret point in Scotland in twenty-two hours. No one slept, of course, because the submarines had been like unleashed hell-hounds in that region for weeks. I must confess that it was the only moment in this war—and I have been in trench raids and under fire many times—that I really felt that I was up against the real thing."

The editors of EVERYBODY'S are deeply

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gratified at being able to present, in addition to Mr. Marcosson's illuminating account of the Revolution, a vivid picture by William G. Shepherd, also in Russia for EVERYBODY'S, of the returning exiles with whom he made his trip, and of the Russian capital waking to a new day. His article follows "The Seven Days."

THEY were burying the victims of the Revolution when I reached Petrograd. Fury had yielded to tenderness and you saw enacted the sentimental climax of the drama of deliverance that had startled the universe.

It was a funeral such as no time had ever seen before or is likely to witness again. There was no panoply of pomp or purple, no somber trapping of wo. The brilliant red of protest and passion—emblem of the new-found freedom—flashed on a thousand banners, shone from the caskets that held the martyred dead, ran like a flame up and down the unending lines of civilians and soldiers that tramped from dawn to dark. The whole city was tremulous with tragic remembrance. On the field of Mars a common grave became the sanctuary and the symbol of sacrifice. About it a nation mourned yet rejoiced.

This unforgettable spectacle with its crimson coffins, its singing multitudes, its haunting solemnity, was more than a picturesque burial. It was one definite reason why the great upheaval of a few weeks before had achieved the downfall of czardom and had planted a democracy amid the ruins of an ancient imperialism.

During the journey from England to Russia I marveled at the miracle which had arrested the attention of war-racked Europe and, reaching out, had touched all mankind. But when I beheld that funeral, I ceased to wonder.

The crusading spirit that thrilled it, the amazing order that pervaded it, the high sense of dignity and reverence that well-nigh exalted it, disclosed those larger forces, long unreckoned with, that had expanded a hunger riot almost overnight into an uprising that overturned a dynasty.

Why did those obsequies, at once lurid and touching, unfold such eloquent explanation? Simply because they were the moving sign-board of cause and effect. In the first place, they gave the aftermath of the Revolution the flavor of military cooperation without which it could not have succeeded. Then, too, the bodies had their all-important part. For three weeks they had lain unburied—not in neglect, but held like offerings treasured for the feast-day. The Russians were determined to demonstrate with characteristic love of ceremony that their dead had not died in vain and that the liberty thus bought should not perish from their midst. The tribute became a ritual.

Dire predictions of the wreaking of deferred vengeance certain to be inflamed and excited by the sight of the dead, arose. "Keep off the streets," was the warning to the stranger. No one heeded it.

As in the Revolution itself the unexpected happened. With perfect discipline the million marched and wept.

Not a voice was raised save in prayer or chant; no hand stretched forth but to serve.

Petrograd was as safe as a Chautauqua. As if emblazoned on those waving banners shone the explanation why the Revolution had been comparatively bloodless—why the whole structure of the dawning Republic is secure. The nation had found itself.

Thus the human element in the great mass of the populace—in sharp contrast with the inhumanity of the dark forces arrayed against it—underlies all that has happened this fateful year of years in Russia. Bureaucracy failed in its last desperate stand for prerogative and privilege because it underrated the ability of the average Russian—believed to be dulled by years of oppression—to ultimately decide between right and wrong. Pushed to the limit by deception and disloyalty in a grave hour of national peril, the worm turned and carried all before him. Apply this elemental fact to what has transpired in Russia and everything stands revealed.

A deliberate conspiracy against the life and liberty of a people fell by its own weight. This attempt to provoke rebellion that it might be crushed and give added power to the levellers, became the provocation of a mighty reprisal in which the Juggernaut was converted into a chariot of Freedom. The war, which had torn and chastened the heart of Russia, made possible what decades of sporadic outburst had been unable to accomplish. If the stupendous conflict which has rent the globe had only produced this one result, it would have been worth its dreadful toll in blood and treasure.

I was in Petrograd during the first

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appraisal of the new assets. Like prisoners long immured in the dark and suddenly hurled into the sunshine, the people blinked in the strange light of their unfamiliar emancipation. The one-time bailiwick of the czars was a study in scarlet—animate like an American city during a national convention. Its great thoroughfare—the Nevski Prospect—once the Street of Sacrifice, was now the Highway of Happiness. Never was there such glad reunion. It was like the meeting of lost tribes after much wandering in the wilderness. Exiles streamed in from Siberia under the general amnesty; Jews came forth from their long restraint, for creed lines were down; delegations of troops flocked from the front. Equality was the password that loosed every tongue.

Over the Winter Palace, around which the waves of piteous anguish had so often surged in vain appeal, waved the flag of Revolution. Even the imperial eagles on the huge iron gates—closed forever on royalty—were swathed in red rags!

Everybody talked, paraded, had a theory or a program. The voice of Russia, long stifled, was making up for lost time. Freedom was a new sensation and the populace reveled in it—proud, sensitive, elated—afraid that it might disappear like a dream. The town buzzed like a Babel. It was a whirlpool of plan and project. Labor, released from thraldom, went to an absurd extreme of extravagant demand. A five-hour day with a ten-hour wage was one edict born in those early hours of liberation.

"Can order and economic permanency come out of this chaos?" I asked Kerensky, Minister of Justice—"cement of revolution," whose oratory and courage had knitted the conflicting factions together when harmony seemed impossible—a masterful man who had leaped from obscurity to fame in a single week and who was the strong man of the kindling hour.

"Certainly," he replied in the first interview that he had given since the Revolution. "I will tell you why. Is not this healthy if heated discussion which dissolves in the air in harmless oratory better than sinister and silent plots? Our people have just discovered that they have a voice. They are learning to use it—straining it perhaps in the fear that it might be suppressed before they can say all they want to say. When they learn that they are free to talk, they will subside and get down to normal life again."

Kerensky was right. In two weeks the

TROOPS AND STUDENTS FIRING ON POLICE STATIONED ON THE HOUSETOPS.

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"IT IS USELESS TO SEND MORE REGIMENTS. THEY WILL GO OVER AS SOON AS THEY REACH THE CITY."

hectic period had passed and the workmen were concentrating their energy and their breath upon work instead of talk. Radicalism was giving way to reason.

I looked in vain for a policeman. There was no such animal. So far as Petrograd—indeed all Russia—was concerned, the species was extinct. Instead, you saw an occasional student or civilian with a white brassard on his sleeve and carrying a gun—a militiaman—who represented law and order. But he was not heeded.

Here you got evidence that popular rule had come to Petrograd, that authority, by and for the people, had arrived. The citizens had become mentors of their own conduct—on honor, as it were—and faithful to the trust they imposed on themselves.

What was happening in Petrograd during those blithe days of April awakening was being duplicated throughout the length and breadth of the land. Everywhere the police had been banished to the front to do a man's work. Russia breathed freely.

In the capital you saw signs of the price paid for this freedom. Remnants of barricades still littered the streets; mottling the snow were dark spots that spelled disaster; bullet-holes gaped from walls like ugly sockets.

But death and destruction were part of the hideous Yesterday. The thought was of the glad To-day with its daybreak of hope and its rich promise of a constructive To-morrow.

Amid this rebirth of a nation I talked with the men who had brought forth the infant Liberty. No crisis in any land ever drew to its standard a fitter group of captains. They were the kind of minutemen that an American emergency might have assembled. Strange company to be recruited from the legions of empire.

In it mingled millionaire and radical; soldier and dreamer; professor and proletariat. There were social and constitutional democrats, middlegrounders and conservatives—men who had survived the terror of Red Sunday, who had debated in cellars even as they now presided in palaces—patriots and warriors all, who had staked life and fortune upon the great issue. You saw them and you realized that they were the keepers of democracy. You comprehended too that the Revolution had not been a one-man job, but the product of brilliant teamwork.

These men who had been the bulwark of the dark hour of deliverance remained the safeguard of its fruitage. So long as they

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survived you had no fear of the future. As I saw them at work, they reminded me of the Board of Directors of a vast corporation. Vitality, vigor, and vision were theirs, and the business they had begun to administer had a branch wherever men dwelt in content or desired to be free.

They were portraits worthy of a Carlyle: the massive Rodzianko, President of the Duma in its supreme moment and around whom the forces of revolt had rallied; Kerensky the Firebrand—pale, eloquent, passionate—whose torch had lighted the way to conciliation; Lvoff, the zealot prince who became the Premier, crowning a lifetime of unselfish service; Miliukoff, the professor who had blazed his protest against tyranny from prison cell and whose scathing tongue had first bared the Prussian plots; Terenschenko, the sugar-beet king who had left his own millions to rehabilitate the fortunes of his country; Gutchoff, the banker soldier-of-fortune who had fought from Tibet to South Africa and at whose behest the Czar had signed the abdication that was the death-warrant of the Romanoffs; Konavoloff, who turned from unromantic textile manufacture to face the machine guns in the streets; Shingarieff, the one-time doctor, who was saving liberty instead of life—and all the rest. The glory of a nation was written in their leadership. Whatever fate befalls them in the days to come, their names will live in the record of the time.

From the lips of these Washingtons, Hamiltons, Jeffersons, and Lincolns of the Russian Revolution (there were no Marats, Dantons, or Robespierres) I heard the epic tale of the Seven Days out of whose travail emerged the ultimatum to all the world that autocracy's hour had struck.

KERENSKY, "THE LLOYD GEORGE OF RUSSIA," NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTER OF WAR.

The Darkness Before the Dawn

BUT the prelude to the awakening was as sinister as the black night which brooded so long over Russia. Borgia would have blushed at it. It was streaked with intrigue, literally foul with plot.

Whatever causes contributed to the Revolution—and they pile up an indictment against misgovernment without parallel—it presents the curious paradox of being both premeditated and accidental. It was premeditated in the fact that since the collapse of the Czar's promise of a real Constitution in 1905 the unrest had mounted steadily; accidental because the brazen attempt to madden the people into unsuccessful revolt that they might be crushed forever, gave the unexpected opportunity to rise and be free.

It was achieved with a suddenness that startled. The wildest dream of Russian liberation only comprehended a constitutional monarchy. Instead, the nation was rid of its ruler almost before the populace

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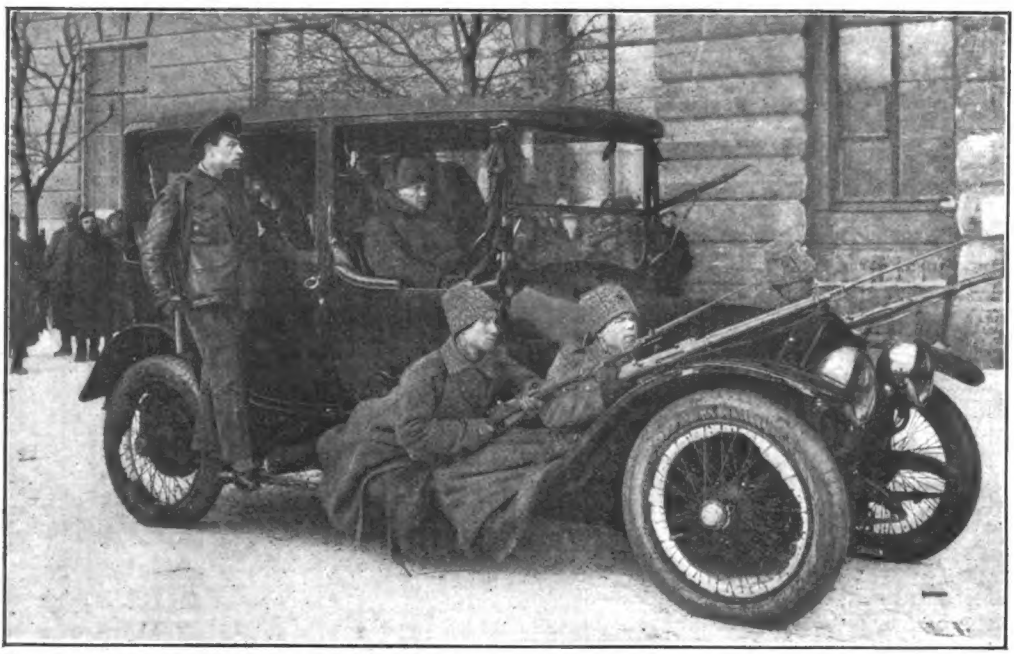
knew it and they got a republic in the bargain. There is an element of grim humor in the surprise-party staged by the Government which turned an intended



MOTORS WERE SEIZED AND MANNED BY TROOPS AND STUDENTS, THOUGH AFTERWARD EVERY MOTOR WAS RESTORED TO ITS OWNER, AND ALL DAMAGE WAS MADE GOOD.

farce into a supreme tragedy that affected the whole conduct of the war and helped to change the trend of world thought. It is without precedent in all history.

In the popular American mind every Russian is a revolutionist at heart. Thanks to the playwright and the fictionist, he is seen as a bearded nihilist, foiled in a bomb-plot and hurried off to Siberia. There was more truth than imagination in this picture, for the story of modern Russia has been a continuous narrative of punitive protest studded with tragedy and disappointment. The Slav soul was one unfulfilled aspiration that struggled toward the light.

The definite and organized assault in 1905 failed in its real purpose. The Constitution, wrested from the unwilling powers that were, proved to be a hollow mockery: the Duma never got beyond a debating society. The country was at peace and the professional army remained loyal.

But the accidental outburst of 1917 succeeded because the country was at war and because the nation was armed. The unprofessional army would not turn upon its own. When this happened, the millenium was at hand. It explains the whole transition from dim despair to realized ideal. Thus the war brought compensation for the ravages that it had wrought.

When it broke, the country was knit for the moment by a common kinship. The bureaucrats at once took fright. In this unity they saw the weapon that would eventually strike at the system by which they thrived. Nothing mattered but their own selfish ends, so now began the reign of graft and treachery that found its first expression in the shameful throttling of military effort, and which made the campaigns in the field a series of costly failures. But the blood shed so wantonly rose up in time to confute and to destroy.

The Court and the reactionaries were frankly and almost openly pro-German. How was this possible in a country pledged to the Allied cause and with immense armies in action against the Central Powers? You did not have to search long for the answer. The Czarina, who dominated the royal circle, was Teutonic to the core; the structure of the bureaucracy owed its

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existence to the precise prototype of Prussianism. In other words, the evil forces had to stand or fall together. What was a little thing like national honor between despots? A separate peace with Germany—dictated by crushing defeats at the front or through an uprising at home—would consolidate the systems. In union there was preservation. Here, then, was the ghastly goal toward which the compass of conspiracy was set.

A GUN MANNED BY SOLDIERS AND STUDENTS DURING THE REVOLUTION, IN THE STREETS OF PETROGRAD.

I need not rehearse in detail the chain of events by which the country was debased: how Sukhomlinoff, while Minister of War, sold the secrets that brought on the Galician reverses; how Stürmer, an avowed German raised to the Premiership, became paid custodian of the Kaiser's interests and served them well; how, when outraged public opinion, born of shameful exposure of their corruption and abuse of office, forced the arrest of one and the retirement of the other, they were succeeded by proved traitors, chief of whom was the unspeakable Protopopoff—arch protagonist of Liberty—who as Minister of the Interior had the most powerful post in the Government.

In Protopopoff was incarnated every evil to which the proverbial Russian official of story and play was heir. He was both rod and regulator; he ruled by stealth and suppression. He not only recreated the hated secret police; he *was* the police and likewise the censorship. He developed his forces until he had a dread army within the gates that would do any bidding. He established an espionage at which the Middle Ages would have rebelled.

Meanwhile the monk Rasputin—cruel, sensual, crafty—had become a Minister without portfolio preying upon the fear and superstition of Court and laity alike and wielding a fearsome and terrifying authority. His unholy and unofficial sovereignty gave the situation a touch of medieval mystery and malignity.

The Conspiracy Against the People

MATTERS grew worse. The army was hampered by criminal inadequacy and inefficiency in transport and supplies. Munitions sent to Russia by her Allies never reached the front, either through studied carelessness or deliberate misappropriation. Public-spirited agencies, like the *Czemstvos* and the War Industry Committee, which sought to remedy these ills, were hampered

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and handicapped by red tape and rendered futile.

Here is the state of affairs at the end of last year as disclosed to me by Kerensky:

"Nothing could have been more dangerous to the Entente than the disorganization of the Russian armies. There had been more than a million intermittent desertions; only two days' food-supply instead of three weeks'. Seventy per cent. of the munition blast-furnaces were idle because of fuel shortage; the metal output (mostly shells) had decreased seventy-five per cent. Had the Germans been able to advance under this régime Petrograd would have fallen. Everybody in Russia realized this danger, knew that a revolution was absolutely necessary for national safety. This is why it was so unanimous."

The Court and bureaucratic liaison with Germany continued. The Czar fluttered about the fringe of affairs—an imperial figurehead of a husband. When a particularly despicable project was launched, he was sent off to the front, like a child in the way of his elders. Sadly the country began to realize that the Government was influenced by only two motives—pro-Germanism and self-interest. Russia was beset by an enemy on the border and a more deadly foe at home.

The bitter winter of discontent dragged on. Long queues of people shivered for hours in front of the food shops, waiting for their dole of bread. But even this hardship did not shake their patience. They consoled each other that it was merely part of the war sacrifice. The Russian is a long-suffering soul.

But there were worse things than the frigid vigils for food. Husbands, brothers, and sons were being wasted at the front that the vultures at home might fatten. A slow anger began to brood. It was heightened by the sight of Sukhomlinoff released from custody, of Stürmer unrepentant and unpunished, of all reaction flaunting its pride and its profit in the face of a distracted and depressed nation. It was intolerable.

Then came the first blow. One morning, not long after our Christmas, Petrograd woke up to find that Rasputin had been killed and his body thrown into the Neva. Despite the censorship the glad news trickled through. One of the darkest of the dark forces had been removed, not by plebeian hand but through aristocratic agency that avenged the monk's insults to decency and respect. Though they did not realize it at the time, with that murder the people reached a mile-post on their unconscious journey toward the dawn. But the killing was not to go unrebuked.

"I'll cover Russia with scaffolds," said the Czar when he heard of it.

"Watch out that one of them is not yours," replied a courtier more frank than discreet.

The royal revenge began. Rasputin was dead, but the order that he represented still lived, and it set about to strengthen its hold. Protopopoff was charged with the task of administering the lesson on the populace, which had begun to take heart again. That silent anger over public and private wrongs was not to be trifled with. The bureaucrats knew that a successful revolution at this time would disrupt the underground railway between Potsdam and Petrograd and endanger the separate peace they so greatly desired. The people were revolt-ripe. Now was the time to provoke uprising and then overwhelm it so that it would never lift its head again.

Conditions favored the plotters. The Duma, which had been suspended, was about to resume. In anticipation of trouble, Protopopoff concealed machine guns (sent from England, by the way, and intended for the army in the field) at all commanding positions in the city where they could sweep the streets; he sent hired agitators into the factories to stir up strikes, and waited. It was a beautiful scheme, but the people did not fall for it. The Duma convened without disorder, the workmen remained at their lathes, the great mass of the people shivered in the bread-lines and took refuge behind their immemorial patience.

Then came the last desperate attempt at provocation. Through police and other agents (as revelations during and after the Revolution proved) Protopopoff hoarded and diverted the food and fuel supplies until there was an actual shortage. What covert intimidation had started, famine would now render complete. Yet he did not reckon with the extremes to which hunger will drive.

The slender stores in the shops were soon exhausted and there was a new finale to the long and chilling bread-line wait. It was

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the empty hand and the emptier stomach.

Then it was that men and women, pang-riven and weary with fruitless waiting, went forth, not to doom but to destiny. When they smashed the first window, they unwittingly struck the first blow for their liberties. They did not know (and this fact makes the Revolution so remarkable) that they had loosed the whirlwind. All they knew was that they were hungry and cold and determined to get the wherewithal to live.

The desire to eat, which had fanned the flame of the French Revolution into a consuming fury, again became the relentless medium which now changed a conspiracy of class into a conquest by the mass.

The Great Awakening

IT WAS Thursday, March eighth—a date unique in the annals of freedom—that these scattered demonstrations began. A few shops were looted, but there was no violent disorder. Nevertheless, it was a sign and a portent.

On Friday unrest was abroad. Strikes developed in scores of factories; the cry for food became a dull roar. Vast crowds assembled on the Nevski—the artery through which streams of protest had so often rushed in vain. The throng was largely impelled by the curiosity which is such a strong Russian characteristic.

Suddenly the Cossacks appeared, and the multitude groaned. Here at last were the tools of the despised authority, men who had trampled every other revolt under foot. Then came the first of the many miracles that were to bewilder Petrograd. Instead of charging the assemblage these fierce bearded soldiers rode carefully. The cruel whips that had been the scourge of other days hung idly from saddle-bows. "*Tovarish!*" ("comrades") yelled the crowd, and the glad word came echoing back. The monsters smiled—they had become human. It was incredible but true. By night the packed streets rocked with the tidings. There was still no sign of revolution. But under the surface seethed the great things. Petrograd was a volcano that slumbered.

Saturday found the avenues again crowded with curious people. A vague something lurked in the air. All night there had been meetings of workmen stung to the limit of endurance by lack of food. Self-preservation was the first law, so they joined the mobs that swarmed everywhere. The curbstone orator broke loose and he had eager audience. Oddly enough the soldiers who had been called out did not interfere with these outbursts.

Mounted police reenforced the Cossacks and troops, and with their advent the clash came. Just off the Nevski, one of them killed a man who refused to be jostled. It was the first shot of the Revolution and, like the report that rang out that April day in Massachusetts, was destined to be heard around the world.

Up to this time there had only been an orderly protest against the gnawing food shortage—a deficiency which every one in Petrograd knew was within the power of the authorities to remedy. With the shedding of blood the bars of restraint fell. The people turned blindly on the police (there was no hatred for Cossack or soldier); hurled sticks and stones and erected rude barricades. The firing began. But a significant thing happened. When called upon to shoot, the soldiers aimed at the ground or in the air. More than one officer, enraged at the sight, seized a rifle from a private and got his victim. It was a small price to pay for a great knowledge. With the army anything was possible. In that costly moment of sacrifice was born the hope that perhaps deliverance was near. But there was no outward sign of organized revolt. Night found the highways jammed with people who in the face of the extreme provocation remained merely curious. Petrograd went to an uneasy bed. No one knew what the morrow would bring forth.

That morrow dawned on blue skies with brilliant sunshine and a touch of spring, despite the glistening snow. Nature was stirring, but not more so than those forces unconsciously crouching for a momentous leap.

Overnight the Government had placarded the town with warnings to workmen to return to work under penalty of being sent to the front, and prohibiting the populace from the Nevski. The notices were unheeded. Again the streets were crowded. This time no Cossacks were visible. Only the police were on guard. They had orders to clear the thoroughfares and they did it the only way they knew—with the bullet. There was no wholesale slaughter, but more than two hundred men, women, and children paid with their lives for the amiable

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STUDENTS WITH A CHARACTERISTIC BANNER, PARADING THROUGH THE AWAKENED CITY.

curiosity that took them abroad. The people had bitten at the bait set for their undoing, but not enough to satisfy the baiters. Apparently they could not be coerced into ruin. As dusk crept over the city, more than one heart sank at the realization that what had seemed an opportunity to rise the day before had gone the way of all other possibilities. It had not even attained the dignity of a revolution.

The Rock of Revolution

BUT even as hope ebbed, the situation was crystallized by a swift and historic event. Over in the Duma, which had remained in awed and apprehensive session, the burly Rodzianko—man of iron and action—took the initiative. He telegraphed the Czar that anarchy reigned in the capital; that a new Government was imperative; that the responsibility for delay would rest with the sovereign. Copies were also dispatched to the commanding generals at the front. At last a man had arisen!

Without waiting for a reply from the Czar, the Government acted. The Duma must be throttled. The Premier—Golitizin—had a blank order for dissolution ready for just such an emergency, and he served it. The Duma was dissolved.

Now came Rodzianko's great hour. Shaking the order of dissolution in his ham of a hand and in a voice that boomed like a bombardment, he said:

"They have dissolved the Duma, but it will not be dissolved. Stand with me, my colleagues! From this time on, the Duma is the constituted authority of Russia."

He had fought death on many a hard-fought field, but never did he place his life in such open jeopardy as in this moment when he defied the fates. He was not to stand alone. His towering body—a mountain of angry flesh—became the rock of Revolution. About it gathered the elements that only needed a leader.

From that time until the Provisional Government was established, the ugly yellow-and-white Duma building flanked by quiet gardens, where reaction had mocked at freedom, became the Gibraltar of Uprising. In it was born the New Freedom. Before the Sabbath day which ushered in Russia's week of weeks had ended, revolution was at least articulate.

All that night Petrograd quivered with agitation, but it produced the two agencies that, with the Duma, brought about the supreme decision. One was the army in the city which, beset with the question of firing on its own flesh and blood to-morrow, declared for humanity; the other was the

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ALL THE VICTIMS OF THE REVOLUTION WERE BURIED IN RED CASKETS IN ONE HUGE GRAVE ON THE FIELD OF MARS, PETROGRAD.

group of revolutionary workmen, hitherto planning in the dark, that emerged with the new day as the Council of Labor.

Here, then, were the forces—uncouth and unformed—that were to overthrow a buttressed despotism before another sun had set.

The Day of Decision

AS IF by magic, the community bloomed like a crimson flower on Monday morning. No one knew how or why, but on all sides flaunted the red flag of revolution; the "Marseillaise" was on every tongue. The issue was at hand, the stage was set, and almost before the people realized it, they were in the midst of delirious and dramatic doings.

The Preobrajenskys—finest of the Guards regiments and long the chief pride and protection of the Russian monarchy—revolted when ordered to fire on the mob, shot some of its officers and then marched on, cheering and singing. The Volynski Regiment—sent to coerce the mutineers—joined them. By noon, 25,000 troops—the flower of the army—had ranged themselves on the side of the people. At first they wandered about like schoolboys broken out of school. They did not loot; there was no drunkenness; they only shouted, cheered, argued. Crowds of workmen joined them and the disorganized and officerless mass stormed and captured the arsenal. An immense store of arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the populace, who could now return the fire of the police.

Things moved with breathless rapidity. Every regiment sent to quell the rising flood of revolt only helped to swell it. The whole city was caught in the swirling eddies of bloody battle. The day of reckoning was at hand and, regardless of what might happen afterward, the old scores would be settled.

There were no leaders, but by instinct the people turned to their constant oppressors—the police. Every prison was fired and the hateful records, *dossiers*, and indictments, were quashed by flame. Prisons were opened and political offenders liberated; the fortress of Peter and Paul, which housed the royal tombs and the mint, was taken almost without a struggle.

Most important of all, the dread building of the Secret Police, nest of reaction and hotbed of German spying, was razed to the ground. It had long stood as the devious spider's web into which every fearless patriot had been drawn—an object of almost fanatical hatred. The sight of its burned and blackened hulk was the signal to all Russia and even to the world that stretched

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TYPICAL RUSSIAN "TOMMIES," WHO REFUSED TO FIRE ON THEIR OWN PEOPLE AND THUS BEGAN THE REVOLUTION.

beyond, that the Russian people had blazed the way of their freedom. What the taking of the Bastile had been to Paris the destruction of the citadel of the Secret Police was to Petrograd. It marked an epoch.

No word came from the Czar; the Government seemed supine in the face of the raging upheaval. Rodzianko sent a second telegram demanding immediate steps. "The last hour has come in which to decide the fate of the country and the dynasty," he said.

Then for the first time the Czar spoke. He wired the military governor of Petrograd that he was sending an army from the front to quell the insurrection and that he would come in person to be in at the death of the abortive attempt. It was the last order that the Little Father was to give to the people who had been his obedient children. He did not know it, but the reins of power had forever passed from his hands.

Meanwhile the revolutionaries had seized motor cars and lorries, manned them with armed men who tied red rags to their bayonet-points and raced through the streets. Now began a man-hunt without precedent. All the troops had come over to the people; only the detested police remained to be routed. Protopopoff had cached them on roofs with abundant supplies of food, and from these vantage-points they sniped. A shot from the top of a building soon became the signal for the doom of every inmate. All day and night this pursuit kept up. In their rage the pursuers often flung their oppressors into the streets, after first killing them with naked hands.

Amid this tumult of revenge and revolt were revealed qualities that made the Revolution unique and distinct. Out of chaos came a crude order and with it the marshaling of virtues that in such an hour of righteous retribution seemed foreign. It was a liberal education in control, and whatever economic excesses may hamper the period of Russian readjustment, this restraint will always be a badge of honor for the men who rode the Revolution.

First of all, and with the unconsciousness which marked so much of the revolutionary effort (it was nothing more than instinct), was the formation of a civilian police. "If our cause is to prevail," said Rodzianko, "we must first have order." Students, most of them mere boys, formed the force, and it remains to-day the only sign of armed civic control in Petrograd.

Although many shops were emptied of

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their stores, they were, in the main, establishments of greedy merchants who had imposed upon the need of the people. A sort of Robin Hood reprisal was vented.

Some troops were fired on by police from the roof of the Astoria Hotel, where many of the government officers lived and where liquor was dispensed in violation of the prohibition law. It was immediately attacked and despoiled. But instead of drinking the great quantities of wine in the cellars, it was poured out in the gutter.

A woman living in the hotel offered some soldiers a handful of money for protection.

"Keep your money," said a brawny sergeant. "We are on a different job now." Here was the repression that became one of the miracles of that miraculous hour.

Although every one knew that vast transition was in process, there was no actual news, for the papers were suspended. On the very first night of the Revolution, hand-bills, written and printed by volunteers, appeared on the streets telling briefly and frankly just what was happening. Publicity, the old foe of the crumbling system, was turned full tilt upon the new order. The knowledge of what was going on brought comfort and cheer to those who stood on the frontiers of the tremendous events.

The Duma seethed. At this tribunal of the budding nation, Rodzianko and his cohorts kept incessant watch. All roads led to it: regiment after regiment marched in to offer loyalty. It was both camp and court. The Preobrajenskys—giants all—took up their station in the great Catherine Hall. "By authority of the Duma," became the seal that was fast hardening upon every sign of the tottering régime.

Even at this hour, no one—save the most radical workmen—thought of anything but a constitutional monarchy. Some sort of disciplinary control had to be set up pending the disposition of the Czar, so Rodzianko formed what was called the Executive Committee of the Duma, which became the nucleus of a Provisional Government. It included Prince Lvoff, who had come up from Moscow to help; Kerensky, destined to shine henceforth as the dominant figure; Miliukoff, Gutchoff, and other level-headed men.

The Duma continued to be the Mecca of all effort, and as the day waned soldiers and students began to bring in prisoners. The combing-out of reaction yielded a big bag. But there was no gloating. The triumph was tempered with a rude mercy, for few of the ancient despoilers resisted.

At midnight a shabby-looking man in a bedraggled fur coat spoke to an armed civilian outside the Duma.

"Are you a student?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then take me to the Committee of the Duma," responded the stranger. "I am Protopopoff, late Minister of the Interior. I surrender myself voluntarily."

Well might the people have said, "Vengeance is mine" and taken it ruthlessly; but they merely thrust him into a wing of the Duma under a guard.

So ended the crowded Monday of March twelfth. There was no longer any question of a Revolution: it was an achieved fact, and the army inside the gates had made it so. But what of that horde in gray that lay beyond and which might be coming with the Czar? He was still Emperor in name. Petrograd's dreams that night were gaunt with the fear of the bloodiest civil war in all history.

The Birth of a Nation

IT WAS a needless fear. Every regiment that trooped into town enrolled under the red flag. Tuesday the thirteenth became Freedom's lucky day. Food, arms, impedimenta littered the Duma, and about them raged a perfect maelstrom of discussion—the loosening of the tongue long tied.

As fear of opposition from without dwindled, a fresh trouble grew within. The Council of Labor, born with the Revolution, was now a self-constituted assembly swollen by radical soldier delegates and in full and flaming swing in one of the Duma halls. It expressed the bitter class interests and was the one group that thought only of self in the midst of awakening. Every rabid Socialist had his inning of speech and demanded an unrestrained and social republic at once. The great body of sentiment in the Duma headed by Rodzianko and Miliukoff still had the ideal of a constitutional government. The issue became sharply defined and a revolution inside the Revolution developed that threatened the new-found deliverance.

Kerensky now stood revealed as the Great Pacificator. Though bound to radicalism by every tie of birth and sentiment, his larger patriotism overcame all else. His

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oratory curbed the incendiaries for the moment; the Council withdrew its opposition to the Duma, and the work of forming the Ministry began.

All the while Petrograd was a sporadic battle-field; the police hunt continued. With the fall of the Admiralty, where the reactionaries made their last stand, the whole city was in the hands of the Revolution. Moscow set the example for the rest of Russia by revolting without a shot; the generals at the front, especially Russky and Brusiloff, sent their concurrence.

The bagging of prisoners went on. Stürmer was taken at his club table and hurried across the river to the Fortress of Peter and Paul. The arrest of the arch traitor Sukhomlinoff created one of the many sensational episodes that crowded thick and fast upon this day of days. He was found in the apartment of a friend and dragged in full uniform to the Duma. The consideration which had marked the taking of most of the oppressors vanished at the sight of the betrayer of his country. There was a rush to rend him. Kerensky heard the uproar and placing himself before the shuddering and cowering figure said dramatically:

"Every man in Russia is now to have a fair trial. I shall be responsible for Sukhomlinoff. If you kill him you must kill me first."

It was the first enunciation of the new rule of justice and it prevailed. Sukhomlinoff was stripped of his epaulets and led off to join his colleagues of the perverted conspiracy in the dungeon of the old fortress whose guns even then were sounding the requiem of monarchical power.

Reason faced another bitter battle. The Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies (as it was now known) renewed its request for a red republic and flooded the city with seditious literature. It forgot the war, the uncertainties of the troubled hour, everything save its own demands. Discussion shook the Duma. Incidental to the wrangle about the new form of government was the squabble over the disposition of the Czar. He was like a piece of furniture that had suddenly ceased to be useful or ornamental and had to be done away with. But how? The Socialists shrieked for his life; the Moderates pleaded for an abdication and a regent during the childhood of the Czarevitch. Many failed to remember that Nicholas was still Emperor and that to millions the now despised name was part of every prayer. He had not shown his hand.

The Twilight of the Gods

RODZIANKO forced that hand. While the Duma rocked with frenzied debate, he delegated Gutchoff and Shulgin, a Conservative Deputy, to find the Emperor and get decisive action. His Majesty—soon to be a plain colonel—had been at General Headquarters and was on his way back to the palace of Tsarskoe Selo just outside Petrograd. At Bologoi, a small station, the train came to a stop. Some workmen had pulled up some of the tracks. It was the first sign of the larger barrier that an avenging nation had reared in his path. He returned to Pskoff (General Russky's headquarters) and awaited his fate.

The Duma representatives found him in a dimly lit carriage of the royal train. He was pale, nervous, and care-worn. The real facts of this memorable occasion do not disclose the heroic renunciation that has been credited to it. The Emperor of all the Russias was alone—deserted by all the creatures he had raised to base eminence. He did the only thing that was left to do.

"Tell me the truth," he asked.

"All the troops in Petrograd are on our side," replied Gutchoff. "It is useless to send more regiments. They will go over as soon as they reach the city."

"I know it," replied the Czar. After a pause he continued: "What do you want me to do?"

"Your Majesty must abdicate in favor of the Heir Apparent under the regency of Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. Such is the will of the new government we are forming under Prince Lvoff," was Gutchoff's command.

"I can not part with my boy," spoke the monarch with the only emotion that the scene had evoked. "I will hand the throne to my brother."

The man who had been a godhead looked helplessly around, and then, speaking in the most matter-of-fact way, said: "Have you a sheet of paper?"

A blank sheet was produced and with a fountain pen lent by Gutchoff was written the manifesto that signed away the most complete power that any modern ruler has known. It was indeed the twilight

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of the imperial gods. Petrograd read the news the next afternoon emblazoned in letters of red on every wall.

The deposed Czar was taken to Tsarskoe Selo, where he found that the Czarina, anticipating the inevitable, had surrendered to the soldiers, saying: "I am no longer an Empress. I am merely a sister of mercy tending her sick children."

Armed with the Magna Charta, the Duma delegates returned to the capital to find it still in the throes of discussion. Events went on apace: Miliukoff announced the members of the Provisional Government, with Prince Lvoff as Premier and Minister of Interior, Kerensky as Minister of Justice, Gutchoff in the War and Naval portfolio, Tereschenko, Minister of Finance, and himself as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In his speech he paved the way for the news of the Czar's abdication and the coming of the regency. At the latter prospect, bedlam broke. The Council of Workmen and Soldiers swept out of bounds. Again the magnetic Kerensky saved the hour. Leaping on a table in the middle of the assembly hall he shouted:

"Comrades, I have been made Minister of Justice. No one is a more ardent Republican than I am, but we must bide our time. Nothing can come to full stature at once. We shall have our Republic, but we must win the war first. Then we can do what we will."

His fervor swept all before it. The Democrats voted to support the Provisional Government until the end of the war. One peril to the new order was gone.

But even the conservatives realized that the atmosphere must be cleared of all royal taint, and thus came about the final scene in the tragedy of the Romanoffs. A committee headed by Prince Lvoff and including Kerensky went to seek the Grand Duke Michael, and found him in the apartments of Prince Putiatin. He still believed himself the Regent of Russia.

ONE OF THE CZAR'S MOTOR-CARS, SEIZED IN THE IMPERIAL GARAGE, AND PARADED IN TRIUMPH.

"We are the bearers of the will of the people," said Kerensky.

"What is that will?" asked the Grand Duke, unconscious of the bolt about to be delivered.

"That you renounce the regency and relegate all plenary powers to the Provisional Government until a Constituent

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Assembly, elected on a basis of universal and equal suffrage, decides upon the form of government," was the reply.

Michael looked dazed. It was the death-blow to the old order. He nodded his head in humble assent. The declaration was dictated by Prince Lvoff, and when the ink of the signature was dry, Russian royalty had passed into eclipse. In that moment the simple apartment through whose windows came the sound of the "Marseillaise" sung by joyous crowds took rank with the immortal Runnymede and Independence Hall.

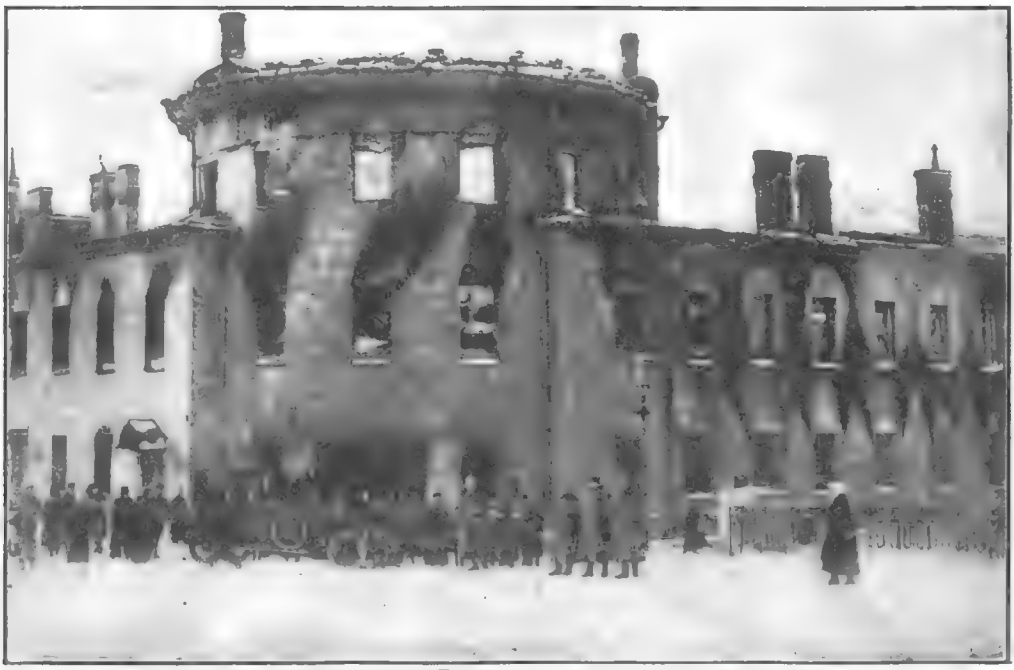
When the Provisional Government announced the principles that would govern the new Russia—amnesty for all political offenders, freedom of speech and press, abolition of all social, religious, and national restrictions, universal suffrage for men and women, freedom for Poland and Finland, and the summoning of a constitutional convention chosen by popular vote that would create a permanent government—the shortest and most bloodless of all revolutions was done and won.

Of the vast and complicated issues which this stupendous occasion developed, there is no space to speak here. They will underlie the centuries. But the fate that guided the feet of Russia to the cross-roads of Destiny still worked in a marvelous way its wonders to perform. The Slav eye had hardly accustomed itself to the white light of liberty when America joined the Allies. It thrilled the heart of a nation already tender with emotion, and was acclaimed as a providential act. The old Republic beyond the sea had become comrade of the new and it gave the war an uplift of kinship and comfort.

It animated Miliukoff when I last saw him. This veteran of the long wars of protest stood at a window of the Foreign Office looking out on the huge square below. Across was the Winter Palace, red as the wrath that had enveloped it but no redder than the flag of freedom that floated from its roof.

"Russia will find herself," he said. "The way is clear. We will have a Republic of Peace. The new Russian democracy is proud to be the battle brother of America and hopes to join in the creation of a new world based on an enlarged international basis of Law and Freedom and the Good-will of Nations."

The voice was Miliukoff's, but through him the Russia reborn was speaking. The Seven Days had not been in vain.



ONE OF THE FIRE-WRECKED POLICE STATIONS IN PETROGRAD

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Everybody's Magazine
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THE ROAD TO RED RUSSIA

By
William G. Shepherd
By Special Cable from EVERYBODY'S Representative at Petrograd

SKETCHES BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

NO ONE of us knew another that miserable, rainy March morning in New York, when we drifted our ways through the streets—from Harlem and from Chicago, from the East Side and from San Francisco, from Fifth Avenue and from Kansas, toward a seldom-frequented pier in Brooklyn. Now that we all know one another—all the hundred-and-fifty of us—we are sure that we would have been worth New York's attention as we came our different ways through subways and by elevated, in taxicabs and surface-cars, rubbing elbows with New York folk as if we were all mere nobodies.

But in fact we were a guilty lot. New York did not know what we had in our heads. And if it had known what some of us had in our hearts and throats and pockets, it would probably have called a policeman and had the law on us.

As the big pier swallowed us up, and we came alongside the big Norwegian ship that was to carry us toward Russia, the influence of New York and the country behind it faded away. Some of the secrets of our hearts, throats, and pockets were cautiously brought to light. Squares of red tissue-paper came into view: that was the secret of the pockets. These pieces of paper were attached to canes. The canes were waved in the air. The red tissue-paper crackled stiffly. The dread red flag! It created uneasy stirrings in your mind, reminding you of presidential assassinations, Haymarket riots, and all manner of slaughters. No wonder some of our pockets had been hidden to the gaze of New York!

We who were to sail, went aboard; those who were not, remained on the pier. The crowd ashore cheered at the crowd aboard. Strange Russian cries filled the air; some one broke into song. That song with the

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Russian words drew out the secret we had brought down to the pier in our throats; it was the *Marseillaise*, but not the *Marseillaise* of the French Revolution. This song was the song of the International Socialists of Europe, who, so everybody over here who has any money says, are trying to wreck civilization. It has a funny little "Tum-teedy-tum" in the last line that you can't mistake, and it says that common folks ought to be the masters of the earth.

A blond man on the pier makes a speech to us on the boat. One of us speaks in return. The long and short of it is we are in the midst of what Americans call, in a generalizing way, "an Anarchist meeting." We haven't come to it; it has come to us. But some of us feel guilty. Folks have been arrested for less than this.

Things seem to you to be going just a bit too far; you wonder what sort of traveling companions these are going to be.

Two words you catch time and again in speeches: "Respooblik" and "Americansks." The words are repeated so often that you turn to a young lady with bobbed hair, who surely comes from Washington Square or Hull House, and ask her what they mean.

SEVERAL PERSONS HID LETTERS ADDRESSED TO GERMAN BANKS UNDER THE CUSHIONS, BELIEVING THE JACKIES WOULD NOT RETURN.

"They're saying they're glad the Czar has gone, that they love the United States, and they want Russia to become a republic like America. Those people on the pier are making these people on the boat promise that when they get to Petrograd they will do all they can to convince the Russian people that they need a president, not an emperor or king."

"A republic in Russia"—that is the secret we have brought down to the pier in our hearts, through churlish morning crowds and drizzly New York cañons.

Somewhere up aloft the captain does something to a button, thereby dividing the meeting into two parts. Our half of the meeting glides out into New York harbor; the other half remains on the pier and is in session yet, for all we know, if the police haven't raided it.

Our half did not adjourn all the way across the Atlantic, and when it reached Russia, at last, it was merged into a still greater one of some one hundred and sixty million people, and it hasn't adjourned *yet*. Ours is a protracted red-flag meeting that has traveled some seven thousand miles and will continue for several years.

It was evening, and foggy, before we lost the sky-line of New York. You would have thought that some one in such a boatload and on such an occasion would mention the Statue of Liberty. And some one did. He was from Fifth Avenue. As he saw the glow of the lighted statue he said to me:

"Aren't we New Yorkers funny? Here we've had this Statue of Liberty illuminated for the past six months, and it's one of the night sights of New York; yet I have to take a trip to Europe to get a peep at it. Can you beat it?"

The glow of New York against low night clouds faded out; Coney Island's thin row of wintry street lamps and the home lights of Flatbush and Bayside came into view and disappeared; soon we were rocking to the fall and swell of the Atlantic, with the unmarked shore in sight. Then to bed.

But those red flags back in New York! Those people who carried them secretly in their pockets, and who sang that strange song! You can't forget them. They keep you awake. We know their secrets. Somewhere among the city's million chambers they have distributed themselves with their red flags and their dangerous ideal. Ought not good, loyal Americans to send a wireless

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back to New York telling it what danger lies hidden in its midst? Ought not the New York police to send out a red-flag man-hunt through the streets, alleys, and houses of the city this very night? One must not let this red flag business go too far. All this Russian anarchist and nihilist business that men write thrilling plays about and put into books isn't a pretty sight in the good old United States, and these people here on the boat who have come from Lord-knows-what byways and basements of America, and those people we left behind

IT WAS A STRANGE SIGHT TO SEE THE YOUTH FROM GRAND STREET CAFÉS IN THE HANDS OF PISTOLED BRITISH JACKIES.

there on the wharf with their flags and their song, are cheek-to-jowl with all that sort of thing.

Mrs. Bigni-Schlachta was her name, but everybody in Russian style called her simply Bigni-Schlachta. She was the quietest, prettiest girl on the boat, but you could almost hear her black eyes sparkle when her interest was aroused. She could play poker like a whole gambling house, because she had traveled thousands of miles in the United States with Pavlowa's dancers—of whom she was not the least—and America's army of commercial salesmen had instructed them in the great American game, and all slang.

Bigni-Schlachta preferred the second-class deck, and you often saw her hovering about a certain deck-chair where was stretched a quiet, thin man with a straggly, uncertain beard. It was not with coquetry that Bigni-Schlachta hovered, but with respect. Others hovered, too. Every sunny morning from the first-class deck most of our Russians would descend to the second-class, and, if the thin-faced man chose to talk, gather around him and listen. But they would merely walk up and down past him if he seemed to prefer a reverie.

He had drifted down to the pier through New York crowds just as we had, and New York had not known or recognized him; but he had things in his past, that man, to hold reverie about ! Trotzski. It was he! Speak his name anywhere in Russia in the old days of Czardom or now; in the Czar's palace, in dark offices of bureaucrats, or in the peasant's hut, and it would cause a thrill. Trotzski, who dared be president of the Workmen's Union in the revolution of 1905! To-day, the Workmen's Union, with the aid of the soldiers, is the sovereign power of Russia. If what happened the other day in Russia had occurred, instead, on that Black Sunday in the Nevski twelve years ago, this thin, tired-faced man in the deck-chair would have been one of the masters of vast and holy Russia. Instead, he has only been hiding somewhere in the United States after escaping from Siberia.

He knows men who have made dark and high assassinations; in all those black Russian mysteries, out of which we create books and plays, he has had his part. What he has wanted and suffered for all his life, what his friends have died for, has come to pass. He has dreamed of the New Russia, and the New Russia has come. Astounding planet! A man with a dream like that, come true, does not have many feelings that may be expressed in words.

So he lay in the sunshine, speaking little,

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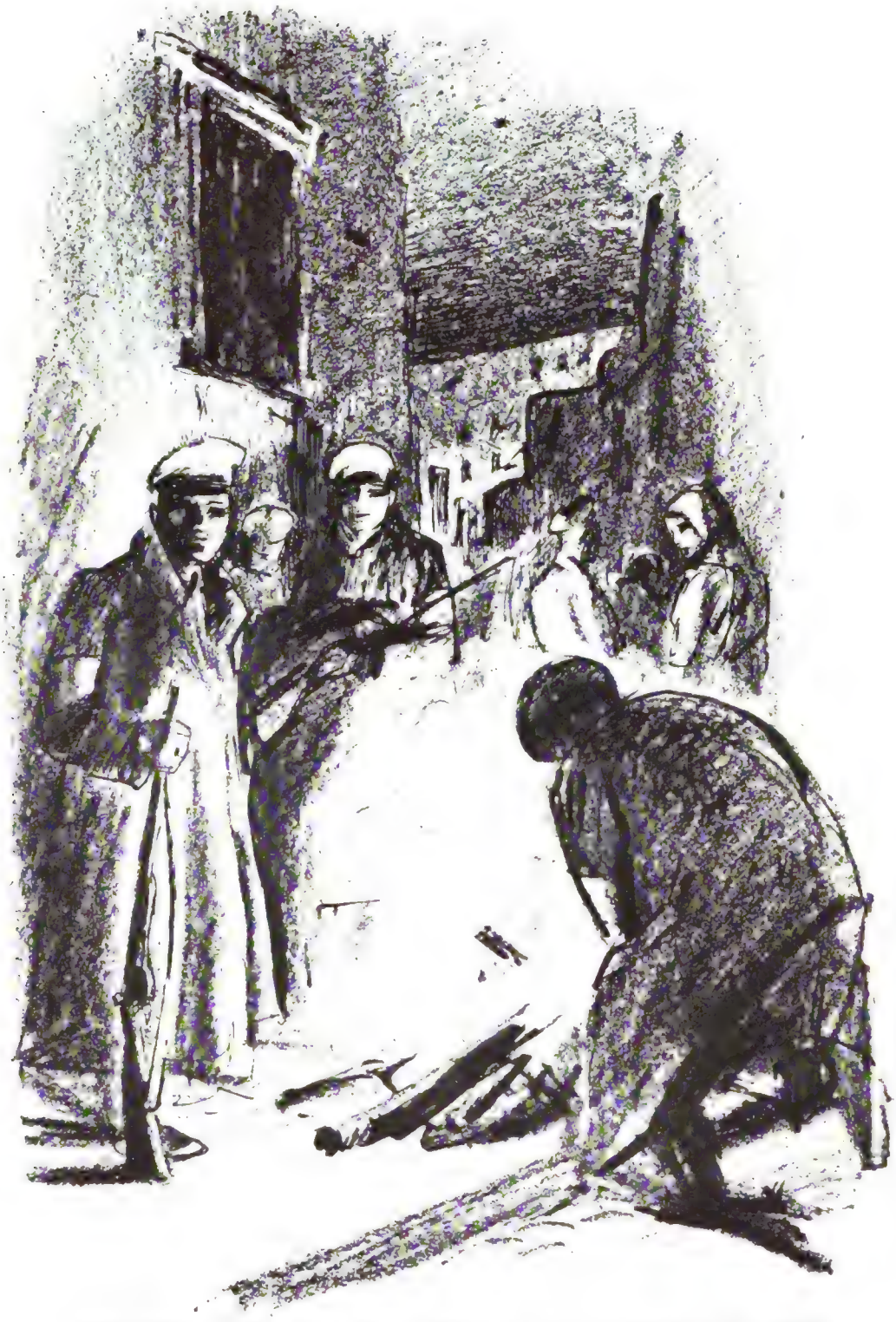

BLUE-CAPPED YOUTHS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, WITH WHITE ARM-BANDS AND RIFLES—
THE PRINCETON, COLUMBIA, WISCONSIN, LELAND STANFORD MEN OF RUSSIA.

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playing now and then with three little Norwegian children from Philadelphia, who couldn't understand his talk, but who seemed to understand his smile, and waited, with the rest of us, for the boat to reach Halifax.

We were all rather careful on that run from New York to Halifax. We tore up useless papers, because we had heard that the British navy men who inspected all ships, from passengers' watch-fobs to the last chunk of coal, wanted every bit of paper explained. Some of us with a German accent were very careful not to express opinions about the war, because the rumor went about that there were certain English chaps on board who sailed on every trip just to listen to what passengers said before they got to Halifax.

One gloomy, broody, dark-faced youth, who told me that he had renounced Judaism for good and all, said to me: "I will tell you after we get past the British at Halifax what has happened in my life. It is awful." He drank many bottles of dark wine in the smoking-room, though he said he had never touched a drop of liquor in his life until three months before. "When we have passed Halifax, I shall tell you why I try to be drunk."

Another Russian, a Socialist, declined to say whether or not Russia should take Constantinople—until we had passed Halifax, the red flags dropped from general sight.

But on the dead level we were a guilty boatload that steamed into Halifax Harbor. One of us with a foreign name had rubber hidden in his trunk, which he was trying to smuggle into Germany; he was taken off by the British, trunk, rubber, and all, and none of us know to this day, nor care, what happened to him.

The British Jackies attacked the salon first, searching under cushions everywhere in full view of the passengers. As soon as they departed from the salon several persons hid letters addressed to German banks under the cushions, believing the Jackies would not return. The Jackies did return, however; found the letters under the cushions; instituted examination of the passengers; and found the guilty ones. Every day for six days more letters were found under the same old cushions. Just when it seemed to somebody of a German psychological cast that the sailors wouldn't be so silly as to search the salon again, they did search it again, with good results.

So six days passed in Halifax Harbor. Then, one morning, a navy tug came alongside as usual; but this time the Jackies all wore revolvers strapped to their belts. They climbed aboard with unwonted ginger, and lined up on the second deck in two grim little rows. Soon word went over the ship that Socialists were being questioned and heckled down in a certain cabin. They went in one at a time to where a British Navy officer sat. Trotzski, the great, went in like any other common Socialist.

We learned afterward some of the questions put to these worried men and women, who were aflame with desire to return to New Russia. They took the grilling well; admitted they were Socialists, and declared themselves proud of it. And now that we all know the facts, none of us blame that firm-faced young British naval officer at Halifax. On his order-book ashore there was an order which had come indirectly from the Russia of the old Czar, stating that no Socialists were to be allowed to go to Russia. The Czar was gone, and the Old Russia. But no one in New Russia, though they all were friends of all the Russian Socialists, had thought to have an order sent to Halifax or any other port of inspection on earth, directing that all Russians were to be allowed to come home.

Orders are orders. And so the great Trotzski and his five closest companions and worshipers did not go to Russia on that boat.

What happened was like a scene in an old sea-tale. Down the ladder to a little tug we saw sailors carrying scarred wooden trunks, the baggage of the Russian outcasts who had been shunted about the earth because of their dream of a Czarless Russia; next a tall, hatless, long-haired youth went down the steps with British Jackies before and behind him. It was a strange sight to see the youth from Grand Street cafés in the hands of pistoled British Jackies. Then came a woman with two children; then two more young men.

From the deck of the tug men, women, and children looked up and talked, young men shouted, waved their hands, and seemed to be making speeches.

Then came Trotzski. He fought; six British Jackies patiently, smilingly, carried

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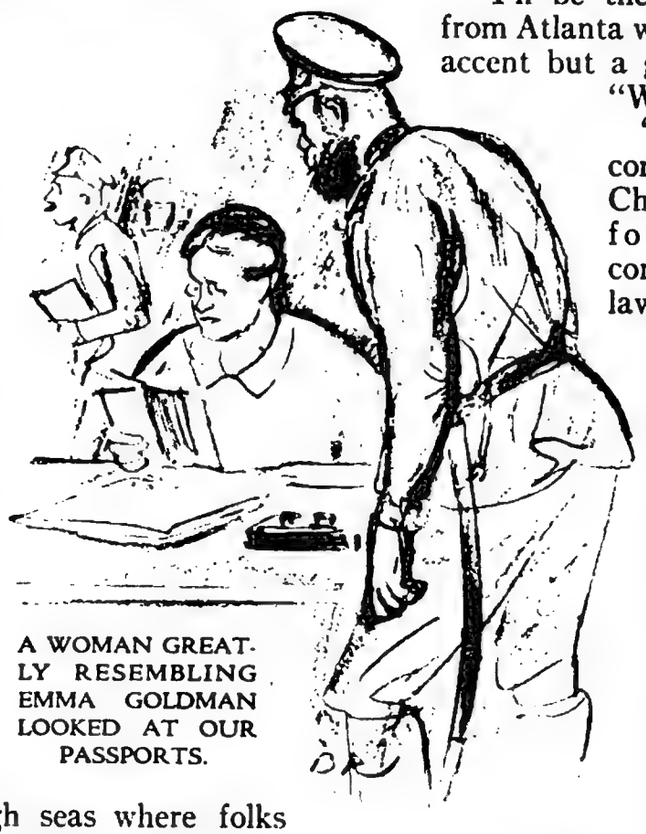
him; he fought, shouted—not hysterically, but in a slow, dogged, determined way, as if he felt it his duty not to go down peacefully. A British officer went down last, and the last we saw of the tug the British officers were waving cheery good-bys to the officers of our ship, while some Socialists from another part of the tiny deck, enjoying a Hyde-Parkish freedom of speech which seemed absolutely not to annoy the Jackies, continued to make speeches until out of sight.

It has all been settled now about Trotzski and his mates. They are on the way to Russia now, if not already here. The British Government and the New Russian Government have talked it all over and discovered the fault; the British have torn up the old orders, and permit every Russian, however socialistic his leanings may be, to head toward Russia across the seven seas of the earth.



A WOMAN GREATLY RESEMBLING EMMA GOLDMAN LOOKED AT OUR PASSPORTS.

At last we were free of the British. We steamed on to the high seas where folks can talk and think as they like and wear pieces of red ribbon and sing internationalist Socialist songs until their voices give out.

The "Anarchist meeting" renewed itself afresh. More secrets than had ever appeared on the pier in Brooklyn came to light. A resolution against the taking off of Trotzski, written in New Yorkese, declaring "the British had no right to butt in on New Russia," was circulated in the smoking-room for signatures.

Men who did not believe in any government at all, real red Anarchists, told all about their theories.

"Laws make people bad," one shouted in the salon discussion. "What Russia and the whole world must have is absence of laws. Then people become good."

A carpenter from Philadelphia had the theory that a workingman proletariat ought to fool governments. "Let governments think they exist if they want to, but let us workingmen band together and whenever the government does anything we don't like, let's strike and starve the people into forcing the government to carry out our wishes. That's what I'm going to Russia to try to put through."

"Just try my plan: no government at all! Try that and see what happens!" shouted another man.

"I'll be the goat," said a man from Atlanta with a strong German accent but a good stock of slang. "What will happen?"

"People will all become kind and gentle Christians to-morrow, following their own consciences instead of laws."

"Not in Atlanta!"

Another Russian Socialist had a quarrel with everybody else on the ship who knew anything about Socialism.

"I believe in the capitalistic system," he declared, causing a storm. "I want the working people of the world to own the capitalistic system and conduct it."

"Then you believe in capitalistic war?"

"I don't, unless the people-capitalists want it."

"But your people-capitalists in Russia will want to get Constantinople in capitalistic fashion."

"To hell with Constantinople! What good will Constantinople do the Russian people?"

I have given only a five-minute snatch of nineteen days of conversations, arguments, and quarrels. Somewhere in Russia all these Russians from our ship and millions more are still talking and arguing in this same way. And the extraordinary thing is that all these talking, arguing folks have got the rifles, cannon, machine guns, and ammunition of Russia in their hands.

Theories backed by guns.

But they were a happy lot on our ship.

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For them the world had suddenly been made anew; it was starting afresh; like Adams and Eves, Cains and Abels, they and their millions of brothers and sisters in Russia were facing the future with even more happiness than Adam's family could ever have known. You can't know how good the world may be until you know how bad it has been, which is a matter on which Adam and Eve lacked light.

Their happiness was too deep to express. You had to coax life stories out of the Russians one at a time to understand what a great transformation they expected to view in Russia.

"How did you become a Czar-fighter?" I asked a sturdy, light-haired young man walking the deck one night.

"Why, the Czar made me one. I was going to school in our village, studying to become a priest; I was enwrapped in religion. A boy friend from a big city sent me a copy of Tolstoy's book on religion. Not knowing it to be a bad book, I read it. The local police discovered it, surrounding our farmhouse one night, terrifying my father, making my mother and four little sisters hysterical, and arrested me. I was only sixteen years old. The next morning I was sent from the town by the police, who told me to live in some big city 'where you can't poison playmates with anarchism.'

"I went to Moscow by accident, and met some Anarchists and talked with them. I decided I didn't want to be an Anarchist—it was all foolishness. I could not believe the theory. I joined the Russian Navy and went almost around the world in a battleship. But when I returned to Russia I was arrested at the pier and accused of being an Anarchist. I denied it, but the judge insisted and ordered me to Siberia. They had found a copy of Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn in my hammock on the ship, and accused me of reading dangerous foreign books. To Siberia I went, hating the Czar because he had ruined my life. But I wasn't an Anarchist or Nihilist, and never have been. Everybody I met among the exiles in Siberia told me he was not an Anarchist, but that the Czar's system had converted him into the Czar's enemy.

"After three years in Siberia I escaped by way of Japan with forged passports, and went to the United States, where I have been twelve years. Now I'm going home."

"You must be very happy," I said, trying to get him to drop his seriousness and show a flicker of joy.

"I am so happy I don't dare let myself show it. I heard the Salvation Army in Market Street in San Francisco singing a song one night about meeting your loved and lost in heaven. That's the way I feel."

I got other stories like his on the boat; but there are perhaps five million such stories and instances of such happiness—I am basing this estimate on figures of official value—in Russia to-day.

We called this man "Mr. On-All-Fours," which was a translation of his Russian name. But there was still the story of the gloomy young Hebrew to hear.

"Yes, I'll tell you now. I am going to Petrograd to kill my father. One or the other of us must die."

The story came out piecemeal.

"Money makes people bad, but with my father it's not so much that—he's a devil. I married a Christian girl, and the whole family turned against me. When the war started they decided to get rid of me, and my father got corrupt officials to put me in the army. All Jews feared the Russian officials, and it was partly this fear that caused my father to turn me over. Fear and money always go together. I know, because I've been up to my neck in money all my life. They sent me to the front. I deserted. Do you realize what that means?

"Well, I got back to Petrograd and hid for six months. Then my father gave me money and told me if I could get to New York he would send my wife and child to me. I crossed Gobi Desert by camel train, went through China and Japan, and reached San Francisco and then New York. Do you suppose my wife and baby were there? Not a sight of them! I cabled to Petrograd and got no answer. So here I am on this boat without a passport. I am going to the Swedish frontier, sneak into Russia, get to my father's house, and kill him. Then I shall be willing to be shot for desertion.

"Won't the Revolution make some difference in your case?" I asked.

"What are revolutions to Hebrews in Russia or to a dead man like myself?"

When we landed at Christiania, our Russian Socialists with their red badges gave a red tone to the streets. In Stockholm, where policemen are supposed to grab clubs and use them at the first sign of a red badge, our Russian red-flaggers were untouched,

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the police evidently considering them foreigners. But the red road to Russia was getting redder every minute, for Socialists from almost every corner of the earth were coming to Stockholm, heading for Russia every day.

Up over the shoulder of the earth we climbed through Sweden, until we came within seventy miles of the Arctic Circle. Almost everybody on the train wore red. There were actually hundreds of emigrés returning.

One morning we came to a lake which sat in the midst of a farm country like Iowa. The ground was covered with snow. Two miles across the ice lay Russia. Little sleighs with horses running under arches attached to the shafts, which Russian horses seem to demand, carried us across the ice on to the land on the other side. Here was a rough picket fence with a gate—the frontier of Russia. A rough little wooden custom-house floated—strange sight to see—a red flag, just as red a flame as ever caused riots in Russia or in any other capital of the world.

Up to the gate we dashed, and drew up alongside six Russian soldiers with rifles. On the breast of each man was a red ribbon. And on the breast of the captain who stood behind them was the same emblem. All the soldiers who examined our baggage wore red. On the smokestack of the puffing engine of our train was a flag. The porters wore red. Red everywhere! Our narrow red road which had begun so secretly at the slimy Brooklyn pier had at last widened into one of the greatest countries on earth, where a hundred and sixty million people have torn down all the old symbols, torn up the old flag, and raised a red flag instead.

"Got any newspapers from Petrograd?" demanded the red-badgers on our train as we stopped at each station. There were red-badged soldiers on every platform smiling and cheering.

"They come down to every train," explained the conductor, "to see famous exiles come home. The other day a man passed through here named Plankenhoff, who raised the first red flag in Russia in front of the Kassan Cathedral on the Nevski forty-one years ago. Soldiers took off their coats in a snowstorm to wave them to him."

When we finally got newspapers from Petrograd the entire train-load burst into laughs and cheers. It appeared that whole pages were devoted to advertisements of meetings which were to be addressed by famous exiles.

"Imagine Bourtseff advertising a speech in Petrograd," exclaimed a Swiss exile.

"Bourtseff, a revolutionary spy who was even hounded by the New York police in Tammany days," exclaimed a New York exile.

It was midnight when we arrived at Petrograd, and there were few street lights. We caught only inadequate glimpses of the burned court-house, the burned jail, and the gutted quarters of the dread Black Hundred secret police. At street corners were bonfires surrounded by blue-capped youths in civilian clothes, with white armbands and rifles. They were the Princeton, Columbia, Wisconsin, Leland Stanford men of Russia, guarding a policeless city.

Mr. On-All-Fours invited us to see the New Russia. "You'll see the New Russia at the Duma," he said.

He took us to an old palace on the outskirts, where the Duma used to meet. This building is the Russian equivalent of the Capitol building at Washington.

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"There is no Duma now, you know. It ended with the Czar."

"Why, the Duma wasn't overthrown, was it?"

"No, it just quit when the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council got started."

"What is the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council?"

"Oh, nothing. It's only the invisible Government of Russia."

He led us up to the entrance where soldiers guarded, and bespoke our entrance in Russian.

"This is a free country now," I suggested. "Why can't anybody go in here?"

"Oh, we don't want reactionaries and standpatters to get in here. I'll get you real passes after we get inside, so that you can come every day. All the news of Russia is made right here."

On-All-Fours made a point of the passes as soon as we entered the great halls. He led us to a room which was the equivalent of Uncle Joe Cannon's committee-room at the Washington Capitol, where sat a woman greatly resembling Emma Goldman. She looked at our passports, called a soldier, ordered him to take us to another room and tell them we were all right, and to give us passes to the Duma building.

"Want to talk to her a minute?" asked On-All-Fours.

"Is she interesting?"

"Everybody here is interesting," said On-All-Fours. "I've been here three days and they've made me a member of one of the committees and hired me to make propaganda speeches at all kinds of meetings. Everybody I get acquainted with is interesting."

There was a moment's hesitation, then On-All-Fours added: "Let's ask if she has ever been in jail."

He advanced, raised his hat, and asked the question in Russian.

A smile covered the woman's strong, even grim, face. "Six years," she answered.

"Why?"

"Because as soon as I graduated from the university I decided to live among the peasants all my life and educate them. The police thought I was teaching revolutionary doctrines when I was only teaching the a-b-c's."

"Weren't you a revolutionary?"

"Not until the judge found me guilty of being one."

All the seats where Russian congressmen had sat had been removed. Soldiers' impedimenta were strewn about the floors. On the sides of the room were tables behind which sat girls taking subscriptions to new little Socialist, Single-Tax, Anarchist, and every other kind of "ist" newspapers, which had sprung up. Hastily painted paper signs hung on the walls—

PEASANT DELEGATES REGISTER IN ROOM 19
INFORMATION REGARDING BOARD AND LODGING OF DELEGATES, ROOM 12
HEAR SO-AND-SO SPEAK TO LAND NATIONALIZATION SUPPORTERS AT SO-AND-SO THEATRE TO-NIGHT
COLGA DELEGATE TO WORKMEN'S COUNCIL REPORT TO ROOM 30
BE SURE TO GET PASSES TO THE BUILDING
OUR SOLDIER BROTHERS ARE ORDERED NOT TO PERMIT ANY ONE TO ENTER WITHOUT PASSES

It was like a convention hall of the Rotary Clubs of America or the National Christian Endeavor or the National Educational Association. Yes, it was a little

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like them; but, come to think of it, it was more like a national Socialist convention—and it wasn't even like that. It was a convention, but a convention of the Russian people. It was not a convention of talks and resolutions and theories alone. It was in dead earnest. It had a whole army behind it, and one of the greatest nations and countries on earth in its hands. It was a life-and-death convention.

And who were these people who had seized Russia's House of Representatives, put soldiers at its doors, set Emma Goldmans and Eugene V. Debses over troops, and ruled over the nation?—we asked On-All-Fours.

"Like this," he said, snappily: "You know the Russian people are great voters. They learned that in all their comparative societies and zemstvos. Everybody votes—young and old, men and women, all except children. Just as soon as the revolution occurred, people everywhere began saying, 'We must be represented at Petrograd.' The peasants in the farm districts said it. Shopgirls in cities, workmen in factories, soldiers in barracks and in the trenches—everybody said it. Meetings were held everywhere. You never saw so much voting in your life. All kinds of delegates were chosen and sent to Petrograd. They all naturally went to the Duma building, and here they are."

"I'd like to talk to some delegates," I said.

"What kind?"

"Pick any one, hit or miss," I answered.

"Here are three men who look like farmers," said On-All-Fours. "Let's talk to them."

All three men took off their hats clumsily when On-All-Fours in his white collar and New York clothes addressed them.

"They're peasant delegates," he said.

"Please ask that man with the blue shirt how he was elected," I said.

"He says that all peasants for miles around in his district held meetings and elected him."

"How many votes were cast?" I asked.

"Five thousand men and women, he says."

"How about the man with the fur cap?"

"He says six thousand five hundred votes were cast in his election."

"Ask them if they want another monarchy in Russia," I suggested.

On-All-Fours said something in Russian, and the three peasants said simultaneously that word which we had heard in speeches at the pier back at the foot of Thirty-ninth Street in Brooklyn: "Respooblik."

"You can find workmen and soldiers and peasants here from every corner of Russia and every inch of the front trenches," said On-All-Fours. "They are the power in Russia to-day. They tell the Government what to do, and it does it."

On-All-Fours was right. Within a few weeks the Russian people at the Duma building had broken up the ministry, and had replaced the Government of Russia—at this writing—with fifteen men responsible to the Russian people—all through this strange convention in Petrograd.

Every Russian who came with us from New York on the red road to Russia finds his life has been charged, convulsed, upheaved, with the lives of a million other Russians, by what has happened in Russia.

I have seen most of them since I got here. The gloomy little Hebrew who intended to sneak into Russia to murder his father and then submit to death for desertion, came into my room only to-day all smiles, and in a most cheerful manner asked how I liked Petrograd.

"But what are you doing here?" I asked in alarm.

"When I got to Stockholm I found Russian Socialists at the Russian Embassy there. I told them my whole story and they gave me a paper permitting me to enter Russia. I found On-All-Fours when I got here, and he took up my case at the Duma. They have forgiven my desertion, and On-All-Fours was going to get me a pass to leave Russia for America, but I'm going to stay here now."

"And aren't you going to kill your father?"

"No! No! Why should I? All the officials he knew are in prison."

"But why aren't you going to America?"

Proudly— "It's going to be better here for us Hebrews than it ever has been. We are full citizens now, and Russia is my native land, you know, and my wife's."

The last time I saw the carpenter from Philadelphia, he was marching in a parade behind a black flag.

"What's the matter with the carpenter?" I asked On-All-Fours. "Isn't the red flag good enough for him?"

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TWO WORDS YOU CATCH TIME AND AGAIN: "RESPOOBLIK" AND "AMERICANSKS."

"Well, there have to be some radicals," said On-All-Fours. "I asked him about the black flag, and he said the red flag wasn't strong enough medicine for him. . . . . ."

[Passage deleted by censor.]

If the world wants to know what's happening in Russia at the present time, the world must wait until it stops happening.

There are thousands of theories stewing here with a rifle behind every theory. There are so many theories, and the Germans have made the Russian front so quiet, that any theory just now seems to be of more importance than the war. To put war ahead of theory is the gigantic task of the Government of Red Russia just now.

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WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

ONE confession that Mr. Shepherd forgot to make in his "Confessions of a War Correspondent" is that he hates to be called a war correspondent—or, in fact, any kind of correspondent at all. It makes him even more tired to be called a Veteran War Correspondent.

To be sure, his record of wars and other entertaining functions attended looks long enough. But then he began writing for the papers when other kids were shooting marbles, and in the twenty years since then he's always happened to be around whenever anything lively, from a fire to a world war, was going on.

He began his career, back in 1896, on the St. Paul *Daily News* and worked in several Middle Western cities before joining the United Press staff. Since then his life has been one continuous reel of adventure.

He accompanied Madero throughout his successful revolution. He was in the Mexican capital during the exciting days of the Huerta régime. He was conveniently on the ground and scored a famous scoop when the U. S. Marines landed at Vera Cruz. The great Triangle fire in New York broke out when he chanced to be sunning himself in Washington Square. He went to southern Colorado to investigate a strike and was on the scene at the time of a great mine disaster in which two hundred lives were lost.

The outbreak of the European war found Mr. Shepherd ready as usual, and with no objections. As United Press correspondent he has reported the war from every important battle-field in Europe.

But, despite all this, Mr. Shepherd has never learned to conduct himself as a veteran war correspondent is generally supposed to do.

When the United Press rushed him to London at the beginning of the war, he proceeded to interview the uninterviewable—Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, personification of the British lion—which the hoary veteran W. C. S. thought highly very improper, and even quite improbable, until the interview was officially confirmed.

It is this adventurous quality that makes him familiarly known wherever he has been as "Bill" Shepherd, and removes the curse of conventionality from his war correspondence.

Being, as he insists, just a "regular reporter," he is naturally quite at home in Petrograd now—where things are hardly proceeding according to the veteran war correspondent's rules. Here, as in all situations which have called for a free response to rapidly shifting events, Mr. Shepherd has shown the value of an open reporter-mind.

This month we print the first of these impressionistic pen-pictures of Kaleidoscopic Russia, cabled to us by Mr. Shepherd bit by bit as he caught them in the streets of the enigmatic Russian capital.

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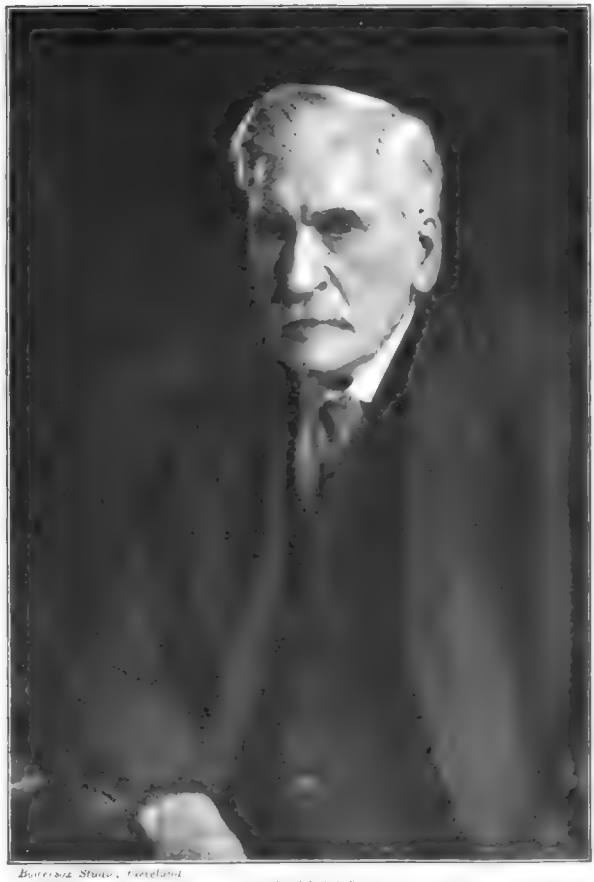
"YANKEE DOODLE" IN PAINT

By James H. Kennedy



MR. WILLARD.

ARCHIBALD M. WILLARD, who painted "The Spirit of Seventy-Six" on the eve of America's centennial celebration in 1876, has lived to see in some degree the fulfilment of a prophecy made when the canvas was for the first time placed on exhibition in the window of a Cleveland art store: that in time it would pictorially become in patriotic American sentiment what "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" already was in song. The artist is now in his eightieth year, and since America's recent awakening has had many reminders that his trio, who are now seen everywhere marching in life-size to the music of the fife and drums, have become symbols of a spirit that is as fervently strong as it was in the earlier days.

It was only by the merest switch of an inherited sentiment, that this symbol was prevented from becoming a fanciful burlesque, to live only for the brief day of its creation.

Mr. Willard had returned from soldiering in the Civil War, when a fortunate chance and native ability took him away from the broad splashings and fine striping of a wagon paint-shop at Wellington, Ohio. He had already done something in the way of rough art creation, when his employer half-jokingly said to him, "Why not paint me something cheerful or comic?" Willard was willing, and out of this willingness there came his first artistic hit, a little money, and his future. Impressing into service his three children and their wagon, and the family dog, he evolved the picture soon known in the chromo world as "Pluck No. 1." The children in the cart; the big dog harnessed at the front; a suddenly aroused rabbit, and a race; the rear rider holding on for dear life, and the driver with his full weight on the lines, and his face as set as that of a racing charioteer.

The shop-owner sent the picture to Cleveland to be framed. It fell under the eye of James F. Ryder, the leading art dealer and photographer of the city. He took the framed picture under his arm and entrained for Wellington.

There on the second floor of the wagon-shop, he discovered a big man in overalls, to whom he put the question, "How did the race come out? Get busy, and paint me the answer."

"Pluck No. 2" was the response: The rabbit, limp and done for, in the teeth of the dog; the cart smashed across a fallen

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tree; the driver still with braced feet and a death grip on the lines; the small passengers with their heads on the turf, and their feet pointing toward the sky.

Ryder had the two pictures copyrighted, with Willard as half owner. It was the heyday of the chromo, when the common people craved the colors and stimulant of art without the cost of art. Two thousand copies of the twin pictures came off the stone, and the number had swelled to ten thousand before the demand came to an end.

Willard bequeathed his overalls to his assistant, and set up a studio in Cleveland in 1873. Ryder was determined to work to its full capacity the vein he had uncovered. Encouraged by the earned increment from several "comics," Ryder cast about for a further venture in the chromatic line. The first centennial of American independence was at hand, and he was inclined to finance it for the benefit of the partnership. He waylaid Willard on the street with a title, and demanded an idea that might be worked out to fit it.

"Here it is, Archie," he said: "Yankee Doodle! It's broad enough for any treatment. Get it ready before the great show opens in Philadelphia—put old Yankee Doodle into something—the more unique and original the better."

"Naturally our first idea," said Mr. Willard, "was of the serio-comic order, in line with the work we had recently capitalized. The mention of Yankee Doodle photographed upon my mind three things: the flag, the fife, and the drum, and a background naturally presented itself.

"We were both old enough to recall the Training Days of the militia system that had practically gone to pieces before the Civil War. The three days of each year when the companies were expected to go into camp had become a neighborhood picnic, to which the 'soldiers' carried their wives and children, and often no small load of cooking and sleeping furniture. No uniforms were in evidence, except here and there, perhaps, a relic from the War of 1812. There were few guns or swords, and only occasionally an outbreak of fuss and feathers. But always the flag, the fife, and the drum—the musicians with heads up, and high-stepping in the van of the column. Some of these war-relics whom I knew in my boyhood had drummed under Harrison, or Perry, or even Andy Jackson himself.

"With the exaggerated or burlesque idea at the fore, I slashed into outline a few charcoal attempts; but the lines would not fall or respond as I wanted them to. The real idea as to what Yankee Doodle and the men who fifed it and drummed it stood for, thrust itself persistently into the pencil points.

"One day I caught a glint in the eye of the old man who posed for the center figure, and in a flash it revealed to me what all this stood for—and I could go no farther—the real picture pushed everything else aside, and went ahead and painted itself."

The picture was begun in 1875, is eight by ten feet in size, and was painted in the studio of Willis Adams, where Euclid Avenue joins the Cleveland Public Square.

"The old man in the center," Mr. Willard continues, "was my father, the Rev. Daniel Willard, who was born in Vermont, in 1801, which was near enough to '76 to have his mind and sentiment stirred by the stories of that time, especially as he was of Revolutionary stock. He was strong-faced, vigorous, six feet and one inch tall, and was seventy-four years of age when he came up from Wellington to pose for me. By nature he was genial, but when aroused looked as though ready to charge the enemy across the ramparts.

"The fifer was Hugh Mosier, who lived in a small town to the west of Cleveland. They declined to take him as a soldier of the Civil War because of his age, but he thrust himself and his fife into it. No Fourth of July celebration in the county could get along without him—he walked into every such occasion as much a part of of it as the Star Spangled Banner or the Declaration of Independence. The first glimpse he had of the finished picture was when it confronted him from a wall of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia."

The drummer boy was Harry Devereux, a Cleveland youngster, whose father, General J. H. Devereux, a prominent railroad president, bought the picture after it had been exhibited in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and elsewhere, and presented it to his native town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, where it hangs in Abbott Hall. The original title, "Yankee Doodle," was changed fortunately to "The Spirit of Seventy-Six" while it was on exhibition in

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Photograph by A. L. Bowersox, Cleveland

"THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX," PAINTED BY AN OBSCURE ARTIST, HAS BECOME ALMOST A NATIONAL SYMBOL OF AMERICA. THE FIGURE IN THE CENTER IS THE ARTIST'S FATHER.

Boston. "It was not painted," Mr. Willard says, "in commoration of 1776, or 1876, or any special period in the life of our nation, but as an expression of the vital and ever-living spirit of American patriotism."

Willard recalls with some show of emotion his first plunge into art, with a barn-door as the background, and a rural neighborhood as critics.

"Like all boys," he said, "I was not anxious to ruin my health by too much school work, and as no boy with red blood in his veins can sit still, I made frequent use of my slate and pencil—actually discovering after a time that I could draw a house that

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showed both front and side; could even create a cow that did not need the horns to distinguish it from a horse."

One morning in the gray of an early summer dawn, he was called from his bed to see a page from the Arabian Nights moving slowly up and down the hilly roads. A golden chariot drawn by four elephants; bulky camels plodding behind—Welch Delevan's Circus flitting by night from the Chagrin Falls exhibit of Tuesday to that of a neighboring town on Wednesday.

The Rev. Willard, who had located on a farm for the physical development and muscular usefulness of his four boys, had recently completed a frame barn, the wide front door of which was still untouched of paint. The departing carpenters had left behind them fragments of red chalk and charcoal, used for the marking of the lines to which the maple and beech timbers were hewn. Blown to a white heat of artistic enthusiasm by the delirium of color and motion the long procession had thrust upon him, the boy could hardly wait until breakfast was over and his father started to the village, to unearth the cache of charcoal and chalk he had made under the horse-manger. Mounted on an upturned box, he began on the virgin wood of the barn door. Camels, elephants, piebald steeds; musicians asleep on the gilded chariot; tired and road-weary women in wagons; troops of ponies moving listlessly along; the wagons, the cages; moved in a procession of red and black across the door.

When the father rode into the yard, with the westerning sun at his back, and the scared boy watching him from the leafy covert of a maple-tree, his first thought was of a birch gad, but he sensed better of it, and sent the boy to a fellow-minister who had dabbled in local portrait-painting, where he remained for several weeks; the beginning and the ending of his boyhood education in art. "As for the barn door," said Mr. Willard, "it was for some days the wonder of the neighborhood."

Willard still clings to the studio-cottage he built under giant trees in an outlying section of Cleveland nearly forty years ago. The neighborly neighborhood of that day has been so transformed that there is hardly an American family in a tract of many densely crowded streets. The newly arrived Russian and Polish Jews have preempted the section, and surrounded him by a tide of semi-foreign life. Yet there this massive and vigorous octogenarian grandson of New England remains, the roots of affection for his early home set so deep they can not be transplanted.

Photograph by A. L. Bowerson, Cleveland.

"PLUCK NO. 1," THE FAMOUS CHROMO WHICH FREED MR. WILLARD FROM THE WAGON-SHOP.

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PRO PATRIA

By
Octavus Roy
Cohen
and
Eric Levison

ILLUSTRATED
BY
PERCY E. COWEN

THE old man ascended the brownstone steps slowly and heavily, and the antiquated butler hastened to swing open the heavy front door.

"Good harfternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon, Henry." The dignified old man spoke with an effort. He stood motionless as the butler gently relieved him of his heavy cape and austere silk hat. And when that ceremony was completed he remained where he stood, staring at the blank wall of the hall.

"Hany horders, sir?"

The old man pulled himself together and he spoke wearily.

"You will admit no one, Henry—no one except Captain Reynolds, or—or—" he paused awkwardly. The butler nodded.

"Hi hunderstand, sir. Very good, sir."

The butler was an old man, which perhaps accounts for the mist which obscured his gaze as he watched the pitifully erect figure of the other as he tottered down the hall. The library door closed, and the butler turned to his tasks, muttering softly:

"Hit's hanother bloomin' scrape th' young 'n's in. 'Tis a Gawd's shame, that's wot." Then, slowly shaking his head, he reopened the front door and carefully polished the brass door-plate which bore the inscription: GERALD BRAITHWAITE.

The man in the library sank heavily into a chair, his eyes reflecting the light of unutterable tragedy. He drew from his pocket a newspaper, which he opened with hands that trembled, partly from age and partly from stress of an untoward emotion. For the fiftieth time he read the stark facts of the little news item:

Gerald Braithwaite, Lieutenant, R. N., son of Gerald Braithwaite, Vice-Admiral, R. N., Retired, was temporarily taken in charge last night on Halder Street by the civil authorities, following a drunken brawl between enlisted men of H. M. S. *Orcel* and H. M. S. *Plymouth*. The trouble started in a Halder Street pub and rapidly assumed the proportions of a riot. When arrested, Lieutenant Braithwaite was patently under the influence of liquor, and was dressed in a sailor's uniform. It is understood that, since this is not the first time Lieutenant Braithwaite has been mentioned in connection with similar episodes, the Naval Board will institute an investigation.

The old admiral shook his head slowly, and his figure seemed to crumple in the depths of the big chair. Then, knowing he was inflicting more torture on himself, he laboriously turned to the editorial page. A brief news item caught his eye.

It is understood that H. M. S. *Orcel*, one of the latest of the battle-cruiser fleet, has been ordered into active service. The Admiralty has given no information as to the *Orcel's* destination.

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Active service! There might be a chance, then—! Fearfully the admiral turned to the editorial columns, where, under the blackface type caption, ANOTHER SUBJECT FOR INVESTIGATION, he found what he dreaded.

The newspaper which he held in his trembling hands had for the past six months conducted a campaign against the Admiralty, alleging a greater or less degree of incompetence in handling naval affairs, openly accusing the Naval Board of introducing an element of policy and politics into its handling of the nation's first line of defense.

The tenor of its editorial was inevitable; but as the admiral read, his eyes shone with battle-light. Personalities intruded themselves where personalities had no place. The editorial, basically an attack on the Admiralty, wound up with a scathing comment upon the Halder Street affair of the previous night.

. . . . and this newspaper has in the past studiously refrained from exploiting the notorious escapades of Lieutenant Braithwaite, being impelled by our respect and admiration for his father, Gerald Braithwaite, Vice-Admiral, R. N., Retired. We had hoped that the Admiralty would act promptly and quietly, and that there would be need of no unpleasant publicity given a name which the two previous generations have given England cause to revere. But when a nation's life is at stake it is a poor quality of mercy which prompts one to shirk a duty for fear of pain which must be inflicted upon a distinguished man through no fault of his own. It is with regret that we suggest—nay! on behalf of England's honor, demand—that Lieutenant Gerald Braithwaite's series of escapades, which were crowned by the Halder Street brawl last night, be made the subject of rigid inquiry. If the Naval Board countenances such affairs it strikes at the soul of naval efficiency, in that it tends to produce a fraternity of officers and enlisted men which is utterly opposed to all theories of effective discipline. Vice-Admiral Braithwaite has our deep sympathy and respect; and we firmly believe that, were he in our place, his own high sense of honor would spur him to the course we have so regretfully taken.

His nerveless fingers relaxed and the newspaper dropped to the floor. Then his eyes unconsciously directed themselves toward the opposite wall, where three full-length portraits stared at him in mute accusation.

The first was that of a robust, full-blown man in the uniform of a commodore of the early eighties. He was a man of broad shoulder, steely eyes and a firm, square jaw. Beneath the portrait was the inscription, "Gerald Braithwaite, Commodore, R. N.," and several beribboned decorations.

The second was a striking likeness of the man in the big chair; there was a sameness of jaw and eyes, but years had passed since the painting of the portrait. A close observer would have seen readily enough that, had the old man chosen to don once again the gold-and-blue uniform, with its wide stripes of vice-admiralship, he would be the man of the second portrait; older, of course, and lacking the splendid vitality which had once been his, but none the less the man himself. Beneath that portrait hung a small vice-admiral's flag, and next to it the Distinguished Service bar on a small and faded blue ribbon.

But it was the third portrait on which the old man's gaze remained riveted. It showed a young man in the early thirties; a young man with the same fire of eye and nobility of mien. His garb was the dress uniform of lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy. The picture had none of the mustiness of the other two; it seemed scarcely to have dried from the artist's brush; and there was an air of jauntiness which was lacking in the others, albeit the youthful eyes reflected the light of hidden tragedy, cunningly caught by the artist.

The space beneath the third portrait was empty. Time was when the old man had dreamed. Abruptly he rose and clasped his hands behind his back.

"A Braithwaite!" he muttered. "A *navy* Braithwaite!" He kicked the newspaper with abhorrence.

The library door opened, and the butler coughed discreetly. The admiral whirled.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Captain William Reynolds, sir."

"Show him in—of course."

The butler stepped aside and Reynolds entered the room. His eye immediately caught sight of the newspaper on the floor and his face flushed with embarrassment. He crossed the room and shook the admiral's hand deferentially. An awkward silence fell between them. The admiral spoke first, with his habitual directness.

"You have seen the papers, Reynolds?"

"Yes, sir. Of course."

"Damnable!"

"I have come direct from the Admiralty Building. It is so—unfortunate——"

The vice-admiral became at once the old man and the father. "I can not blame

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them. I would not blame them if the man were other than my son, and I can not blame them because he is. But it hurts, Reynolds."

"Of course." The bluff, hearty captain was obviously ill at ease.

"I know what I should have done: he would have been asked to resign, or——"

"Why is it?" questioned the captain vehemently. "*What* is it? God knows, Braithwaite, the boy has the right stuff in him. Are you sure there's not a woman?"

The elder man shook his head. "No, it's not a woman; and thank you for putting it that way, Reynolds. It's as old as the Braithwaites—the all-consuming desire for alcohol. It has grown worse from generation to generation. I fought it. The commodore, my father, fought it before me and educated me to fight it as I educated my son. We won. The boy loses. It isn't because he doesn't try. It is a disease with him—almost dipsomania. He lives a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence. He's a fine boy, Reynolds, a magnificent boy. I realize that he is retained because of me and my father. That's the horror of it. Great God! Must he lose?"

"He hasn't lost," soothed the captain. "No man of thirty-two has lost."

"God grant you are correct. They will do nothing?"

"Not at present. They are giving him another chance. We are sailing to-night."

"So I have read. Active service?"

"Yes."

"With the high-seas fleet?"

"No, Mediterranean service."

"Gerald—goes with you?"

"Yes. He sails with the *Orcel*, although God alone knows how he will come through. The mess has practically ostracized him. He will live a dog's life. I saw him this morning—he was locked in his quarters, forcibly, by the executive officer—and his remorse is pitifully genuine. He spoke of resigning. He said he was coming here. You talk to him, Braithwaite. Tell him what it all means. We'll make a real fight on this trial."

"His last?"

"Yes. His last."

"It was square of the Admiralty."

The captain chuckled. "You should have heard us. I swore that he was the greatest ordnance officer in the service; said I couldn't do without him." The captain became suddenly grave again. "I vouched for him, Braithwaite—vouched for him personally. In view of our departure, the Admiralty agreed not to—not to——"

"I understand, Reynolds. It hurts to know that my son needed such a friend before the Admiralty; that a navy Braithwaite should have come to—that point. But, by the great God! he'll repay you, Reynolds: repay you and England. It's the blood! *It* will tell!" The old man stood erect; the fire of prophecy flaming from his eyes.

The library door swung back abruptly and a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant entered; the young man of the third portrait. He stepped back hastily.

"Beg pardon——"

"Come in, Gerald." It was the captain who spoke. "I'm just leaving."

The junior Braithwaite swung across the room, shoulders and head back pridefully, although his forehead was mantled with a flush of shame.

"You've been to the Admiralty Building?"

"Yes."

"And the verdict——"

"You sail with the *Orcel* to-night. It is——"

"My last chance?"

"Yes, my boy."

Their hands clasped firmly. "Thank you, Captain. I'll—I'll try to be worthy."

The captain made his adieus awkwardly and was ushered out by the butler. For a long time the father stared at his son, the light of paternal worship for the offspring in his fine eyes.

"Come here, Gerald."

"Yes, sir?"

"Your grandfather's portrait there—see it? You were proud of that when you were a youngster. You used to boast about it to your friends: 'My grandfather, Commodore Gerald Braithwaite.' Nor were you ashamed of my portrait or my record. I'm not going to lecture, lad. Thank God that you recognize the gravity of it as keenly as I. I know the battle and your ugly heritage. I would that I might help you. But I can't. It's sink or swim by yourself. The little frame under your portrait is vacant. See to it that it doesn't suffer by contrast with mine and my father's. We live for posterity, lad. The world to come

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will not understand that your weakness was a disease. It will condemn unqualifiedly. It is your task to make that condemnation impossible. You are a navy Braithwaite. That is all. God grant you your chance on this cruise. You will win . . . because you *must!*"

The ticking of the ancient clock in the corner was all that broke the surcharged silence. The hands of the two met.

"My boy——"

"Father! I'll *try!*"

"You will succeed!"

"I will succeed!"

He departed abruptly. He closed the library door and shook his head sharply to clear his eyes. Henry stood there, waiting for him, and he shook the hand of the old man affectionately.

"I'm off to-night, Henry, with the *Orcel.*"

The wrinkled face of the old domestic beamed. "You'll be hafter the 'Uns, I'm thinkin', sir."

"Maybe, Henry; maybe. Good-by, Henry. And—and—sort of look after *him*, will you?" He inclined his head toward the library.

"That Hi will, sir," choked the old servant. "Mighty close hindeed, sir. An' when we 'ear you've sunk some of the bloomin' 'Uns, sir, it's right proud we'll be—'im and Hi, sir."

Braithwaite swung rapidly down the street, shoulders squared, head up, the light of the navy Braithwaites flashing from his eyes. A new lease on life! At the dock he leaped into the waiting steam launch and curtly barked his orders.

The launch swung away from the dock, and picked its way among the shipping. Its whistle tooted as it shot into the channel, making for the *Orcel.*

Braithwaite sat aft and stared at the giant ship as she lay massive and inert. He thrilled to the sheer, brute strength of the battle-cruiser; he was part of her, part of this great cog in the modern navy, as his father and the father before him had been component parts of the old navy.

He gazed at the ship as though he had never seen her before. This was his haven of opportunity. He took in every line affectionately. He made out her main turrets with the noses of their thirteen-inch rifles pointed high in the air, and the glinting muzzles of her six-inch guns protruding from the gun-ports, twelve to a broadside. It was on these guns, which constituted her secondary battery, that devolved the task of ending the careers of enemy torpedo-boats, the heavier turret guns being relatively too slow for the work.

Braithwaite took it all in. He knew every plank, every steel plate of her. He knew that just below the water-line, port and starboard, her torpedo-tubes lay concealed; and he knew that although as a battle-cruiser the *Orcel* might well deprecate their presence, they yet furnished a valuable adjunct to her powerful offensive armament.

H. M. S. *Orcel* was admirably equipped for the work of the immediate future. Flanking her thirteen-inch turrets, and protected by fourteen inches of Harveyized steel, she carried two each of eleven and nine inch Hontoria and Canet rifles, fore and aft. Her superstructure bristled with lighter rapid-fire guns, while five black dots in the fore and main masts indicated the presence of her hundred-thousand-candle-power searchlights, now carefully covered.

The *Orcel* was worthy the love borne her by her officers and men; for, short of the new and tremendous first-line ships, the big battle-cruiser had reason to fear nothing afloat; and even to the new thirty-five-thousand-ton monsters she was able to show a clean pair of heels in times of stress, thanks to the seventy-five-thousand horse-power turbines, calculated to drive her sharp ram through the water at a thirty-two-knot speed.

As the trim little launch slipped alongside the gray fighting monster, a seaman caught, with a boat-hook, the line suspended from the starboard boat-boom—the horizontal spar which jutted from the ship's side. The boat was made fast, and Braithwaite, feeling more the man than he had in years, scrambled nimbly up the ladder and stepped on to the immaculately swabbed deck.

Captain Reynolds had been waiting for him, and the two officers clasped hands. The senior spoke.

"You told your father good-by?"

"Yes. And I want to thank you for——"

"Tut! tut! lad. Words are nothing. Show your appreciation by actions on the cruise. Remember, I'm fighting with you!"

"Thanks, Captain. Thank you."

Then the strict code of naval etiquette,

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dropped for the moment, resumed its sway. The captain's voice became crisp.

"You will see to your magazines, Lieutenant, and report to Mr. Keightley. Whatever is needed must be gotten aboard before nightfall. We get under way at daylight."

BRAITHWAITE SWAYED DRUNKENLY AS HE TURNED TO FACE HIS SUPERIOR. HE CLUTCHED A HALF-EMPTY BOTTLE IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

Braithwaite saluted punctiliously. "Aye, aye, sir." He turned smartly on his heel and strode aft.

A SQUAT, podgy little man sat hunched over a shining brass tank which was screwed fast to a work-bench. His gargoyle head, sunk upon his narrow chest, grotesquely out of proportion to the rest of his body and the ferocity of his bristling mustache, was given the lie by the diminutive body and the mildly inquiring blue eyes which peered near-sightedly through a pair of thick lenses.

Herr Friedrich von Bieme, one time *ober* professor of experimental physics at the University of Leipzig, hummed tunelessly as he worked. He was utterly oblivious to the hum and bustle of activity all about him; his watery eyes were intent on the work in hand, and the universe itself might have crumbled about him without a second's distraction of his mind. At that particular moment an air-pressure indicator on the brass tank before him absorbed his thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

He was utterly out of place in the busy laboratory of the Admiralty Building; at least he would have appeared so to the eyes of a casual stranger who did not happen to know that the disorder with which he had so surrounded himself was characteristic of the man and of his laboratory at Leipzig. All about him, on work-bench, stools, and floor were bits of brass more or less polished; the remains of test-tubes which had done their earthly bit; tiny propeller-models and numerous thumbed and worn text-books; a sheaf of dilapidated blue-prints.

The needle swayed slightly and the professor hummed his song in a distracting monotone, his gaze never wandering, even for the fraction of an instant, from the face of the indicator.

"Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein steh'n,
Röslein auf der Heide."

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The needle of the indicator suddenly ceased its fluctuations and came to rest. The song of the little professor broke off abruptly; and the squat figure—"Ducky" he had been christened by his undergraduates in the quiet days at Leipzig—raised its monstrosity of a head.

"*Fertig!*" He muttered, and then, with a ferocity out of all keeping with his pale, watery eyes: "*Ach!* Now we will show them—*die Schweine-hunde!*"

He rose to his feet and gravely waddled across the room to a telephone. The conversation was brief. Von Bieme snapped the receiver on the hook and returned to his indicator. He grinned—von Bieme's face was never meant for a smile—with satisfaction.

The door slapped open and a dapper young man in the uniform of a German naval officer leaped into the room. The professor drew his podgy figure erect, reminding the lieutenant for all the world of a personification of the triumph of mind over matter.

"Herr Lieutenant, it is finished!"

If there was a note of pride in his voice, it was pardonable; for Herr von Bieme considered the invention over which he had been poring, the missing link between German naval efficiency and the command of the seven seas.

The lieutenant gasped with an admixture of delight and unbelief.

"It works? Herr Professor—*mein Freund!* The Iron Cross—it is yours, surely."

A bit of the pallor of the tiny blue eyes gave way to a gleam of triumph.

"*Gott!* It is a marvel. All that the Fatherland needs. Think of it, Herr Lieutenant: a range of five thousand yards for our torpedoes and a speed of nearly forty knots. The speediest ships can not escape us. And the control. . . . *Ach!*" The professor shrugged in silence, grudging admission of the fact that he could not do justice to the possibilities of his invention.

The lieutenant drew a deep breath. "*Wunderbar!*" He breathed as one speaks in the presence of the supernatural.

"And you, *mein Freund,*" continued the professor magnanimously. "To you shall be given the honor of the first shot."

The other saluted. "An honor, Herr Professor. I, too, have been busy, and the *Kiel* is ready. It is an obsolete submarine they have given us for our experiments, but we shall show these skeptics, shall we not? They laugh at our unwieldy torpedo-tube and its tremendous proportions. Ah, but we shall show them. *Ach, Gott!* Think of it! A twenty-four-inch, twin-screw torpedo!"

"And the trajectory," breathed the professor rapturously. "The beautiful, beautiful trajectory. A thousand—two thousand yards—ahead. And then, Herr Lieutenant, consider it . . . *at a right angle from the course it is fired! A right angle!*"

"They will not scoff when they have seen the right-angle trajectory," said the young officer seriously. "They will not scoff when—the telephone!" He broke off and turned to the thrumming instrument. His face brightened. He answered briefly, then turned the receiver over to the professor.

The squat figure of the man stiffened to military erectness at the sound of the voice at the other end, and his own enunciation became crisp and precise.

"It is finished, Excellency. At your headquarters? Immediately, Excellency. The Herr Lieutenant and I will come at once."

He turned from the telephone.

"It is he, *mein Freund,*" he said solemnly. "Come!"

The lieutenant held open the door while the professor took from a cabinet an envelope which he placed in an inner pocket. He handled the packet reverently. Together they made their way to the street, where a departmental automobile waited.

"To Herr von Titzel!" the lieutenant ordered briefly. The automobile leaped forward and the little professor slumped down into the corner of the tonneau, his lips mumbling soundlessly, his eyes blazing with the light of the scientist triumphant. The lieutenant spoke softly:

"*Ach,* if only I am placed in command of the *Kiel!* If only the admiral gives me the chance!" And then, as though speaking of something holy: "A five-thousand-yard range! A right-angle trajectory!"

The car stopped suddenly before a long, low, rambling structure, and the ill-assorted pair alighted. The lieutenant bade the chauffeur wait, and they made their way into an ante-room. A few minutes' delay, and they were ushered into the presence of the man on whose broad shoulders rested the burdens of an empire. The orderly droned his announcement:

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"Herr Professor Friedrich von Bieme, und Herr Lieutenant Arnold Scherwein."

The professor blinked and glanced about him. In the center of the room stood a large, flat-topped desk, behind which, intent over a war-map, sat the profusely bearded, brilliant commander-in-chief of the empire's sea forces.

For perhaps five minutes he gave no heed to the men who stood rigidly at attention by the door. He traced lines with his stubby fingers on the map, and occasionally shoved a pin into an appointed spot. Then, with a nervous movement he pushed his chair back, rose, and advanced.

The lieutenant remained stiffly at salute, and the stubby fingers of the little professor's hand came smartly to his forehead —palm out. The admiral returned the salute punctiliously, and stood towering above his visitors like some giant monolith. When he spoke his words cracked out like the rapid fire of a Gatling; not a word wasted, each one stressed to convey a maximum of meaning.

"Be seated, Herr Professor . . . Lieutenant."

The professor, his big brow furrowed in thought, leaned forward, already oblivious to the personality in whose presence he sat. The admiral paced the room. Suddenly his great voice boomed out.

"Now, Herr Professor, what have you? Explain everything—and briefly!"

"A torpedo, Excellency. Thirty - foot length, twenty-four inch——"

"*Twenty-four?*"

"Twenty-four, Excellency. Usual fan and detonator; charge, four hundred pounds wet guncotton; air-driven; forty-knot speed for two thousand yards dead ahead from point of discharge, then a sharp turn at right angles——" the professor flushed as he felt the boring gaze of the admiral upon him—"at right angles, and then approximately two thousand yards at a thirty-knot speed on the new course."

"A right-angle trajectory? You have the plan?"

The professor produced the envelope containing his drawings. The admiral's eyes followed the hypertechnical explanations of the professor, now completely lost to all save his invention.

". . . and this," the little professor finished in a subdued, awed, whisper, his glasses almost touching the drawing, "this cog, Excellency, working thus . . . we have the right angle trajectory!"

The admiral raised an expressionless face. "Your tube is installed on the *Kiel?*"

"Yes, Excellency."

"How many days will you need to complete two of these torpedoes?"

"Three days," replied the professor earnestly, "provided I am allowed to supervise the construction in person."

The answer of the admiral was characteristic. He pulled the big map before him and placed his finger on a certain point. "Your attention, Lieutenant. The director of the *Eisenbahn* will be instructed to furnish you equipment immediately. When everything is ready you will transport the *Kiel* overland, thus—" and the admiral's finger deftly traced a comprehensive line through Bavaria, tortuously through Salzburg, across Hungary, then rapidly down again until it stopped at a tiny dot which denoted a little Adriatic port. "Here," finished the admiral, "you will launch the *Kiel* and await the arrival of Herr Capitän von Bieme."

The eyes of the professor blazed. "Herr Capitän?"

"Men and material will be immediately placed at your disposal, Captain. You will take your torpedoes overland, following the lieutenant and the *Kiel*. You will embark here," touching the little Adriatic port, "and you will proceed south across the Adriatic into the Mediterranean."

"But, Excellency," blurted the lieutenant impulsively. "That is impossible. The submarine you have given us—the *Kiel*—is obsolete. Her engines are inadequate. It is not possible. It can not be accom——"

The admiral's arm flung out in a wordless gesture of rebuke. The face of the young officer flushed to scarlet and the muscles of his jaw tensed belligerently.

"On your cruise remember this, Herr Capitän: under no circumstances shall one of these new torpedoes fall into enemy hands. *Under no circumstances!*"

"I understand, Excellency." It was all very matter of fact—this trial for the startling invention and the donation of an obsolete submarine for experimental purposes in the enemy-infested Mediterranean.

The penetrating eyes of the grizzled admiral held those of the little professor.

"Here"—he rested his finger on a spot

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in the Mediterranean between the islands of Ustica and Sicily—"the British battle-cruiser *Orcel*, the first of a new and efficient type, is on duty. *Sink her!* That is all."

He saluted briefly and turned his attention to other matters. The unperturbed professor returned the salute absently, his mind with his beloved invention.

They left: a youthful naval lieutenant and a former *ober* professor of experimental physics, to attack, with an obsolete submarine, a super-battle-cruiser of the British Navy.

H. M. S. *Orcel* wallowed lazily on the bosom of the Mediterranean. On her starboard the island of Sicily was faintly visible through the mist. The ship rolled idly. She seemed magnificently certain of herself and her martial equipment.

Made fast to the starboard boat-boom was the little dispatch-boat from the temporary naval base at Palermo. Its arrival had been hailed with glee by officers and men, for it brought with it the first mail since the departure from Liverpool.

The boatswain in command of the dispatch-boat, clambered up the ladder, vaulted aboard, and made his way to the captain.

"Commodore Weyland's compliments to Captain Reynolds, sir. The English mail for the *Orcel*, and Commodore Weyland's advices, sir, to proceed with the *Orcel* to Palermo to-morrow."

"Very good." The captain saluted and the boatswain withdrew. Reynolds turned to the young officer who stood beside him. He smiled slightly.

"Palermo to-morrow," he chuckled; "hear that, Braithwaite?"

"Yes, sir." Something in the young man's tone arrested the attention of the captain. He glanced at him sharply, and saw that the junior lieutenant's face was tensely set. The captain rested his hand on the younger man's shoulder and spoke quietly.

"Easy there, lad, easy."

Braithwaite shrugged nervously. "That's not difficult to say, sir. But shore-leave—God!" He swung on his heel.

Reynolds stared after him for a long time, then shook his head slowly, sadly.

"Poor boy; poor, poor lad!"

THE submarine *Kiel* plowed sluggishly through the Mediterranean at a fifty-foot depth. In the glow of a dim electric light aft Herr Capitän Friedrich von Bieme, one time *ober* professor at the University of Leipzig, pored over a ponderous monograph on the dissociation of atoms. His little body was slumped all together and his grotesque head wobbled a bit on his narrow shoulders.

For the moment the professor neither knew nor cared where he was. So immersed was he, in fact, that he paid no heed to the sudden burst of activity among the men forward as they bustled about with quick alertness; nor did he know that the motor hummed in diminuendo, indicating that the power had been shut off. He heard none of the nervous, sharp commands of the young lieutenant, and it was not until that individual tapped him on one skinny shoulder that he condescended to tear himself away from the contemplation of the exquisite possibilities that lay in the dissociation of atoms. He raised his eyes from the book in a sudden mild anger against interruption, but as he took in the appearance of the lieutenant's face he dropped his book.

"What is it?"

An acrid odor drifted aft. The lieutenant ran forward quickly, and in a moment the sibilant hiss of compressed air was heard. The young officer returned and saluted.

"A leak, Herr Capitän; a leak in the shaft. We have stopped it, but—see for yourself," and he indicated the water awash in the depressed engine-pit. The professor shook his head slowly.

"Hm! We are sinking?"

The lieutenant pointed to the depth-indicator. "Yes, sir."

"What reads it?"

"One hundred and twenty feet, Herr Capitän."

The mind of the little professor was purely mechanical. His emotional self had either never existed or had been killed. The personal element of the ghastly situation did not strike him. With a complete unconsciousness of self, he turned his mind to the mechanical problem.

"Blow out your ballast-tanks. Then come back to me."

The lieutenant, plainly frightened, dashed away to obey the calm orders. The professor

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rescued his beloved monograph from the floor and reread one particularly interesting paragraph, over which he chuckled with real amusement. Then, having nothing else to do, he amused himself by impersonally watching the depth-indicator.

"One hundred and thirty . . . ah!" The water was discharged from the submarine's ballast tanks, and the consequent lightening of the ship caused the needle to drift reluctantly back to one hundred and twenty-eight feet. But below that figure it refused to go.

The little professor waddled amidships.

"You have air?"

"Plenty, sir," returned the lieutenant.

"Can we pump?"

"No, sir." The professor's eyes traveled to the half-submerged engine-pit with its thoroughly soaked motor. One glance sufficed to show that a short-circuit, with the attendant racking of insulation, was inevitable if the power were turned on. The lieutenant clasped and unclasped his hands nervously.

"Why didn't he give us a U-boat?" he groaned. "I knew this was coming. I *knew* it!"

"Herr Lieutenant!" The voice of the professor cracked in the fetid air like a wireless spark. "*Silence!*"

Mechanical trouble! In an instant the professor was oblivious to all else. He ran his gaze keenly over the storage-batteries—a hundred jars of sulfuric acid and lead—in peril from the sloshing salt sea-water. His trained mind busied itself with the inevitable chemical reactions, and he muttered aloud:

"H_2SO_4—sulfuric acid—plus $_2NaCl$—sodium chlorid—Mmm! plus PbO_2—lead oxid. *Himmel!*" He broke off abruptly. "They are useless now, Herr Lieutenant!" He snapped. "One jar has already shipped water. Disconnect your generator and batteries and rip them out."

The lieutenant and electrician set feverishly to work. The professor's muttered statement of chemical reaction had plainly indicated the grave danger—the generation of chlorin gas. And chlorin gas—even a little—in the tiny, cellular hull of the submerged submarine was very, very unpleasant to contemplate.

The depth-indicator fluctuated sluggishly between one hundred and twenty-six and one hundred and twenty-eight feet.

"A few pounds," he muttered, "a very few, and we have our reserve buoyancy." He turned to the lieutenant. "You have your position?"

"Observations taken at noon, Herr Capitän. Dead reckoning from then. We are within fifty miles of the island of Sicily."

"Mm! Hmm! Then we should sight, were we at the surface, the *Orcel?*"

"Probably."

The professor bustled forward officiously, and busied himself over one of the huge, glistening torpedoes.

"Your assistance here, Lieutenant," he commanded. "You will unscrew the fan wheels and detonator."

"But why——"

"Order, Lieutenant!" The younger man subsided.

He set to work, while the professor pulled upright a little curved blade in the top of the torpedo and tripped forward a tiny lever. The twin propellers of the torpedo raced eagerly and a back rush of air flooded the submarine. In a short time the compressed-air engines were exhausted and the propellers once more idle. Von Bieme paid no further heed to the young officer as he worked busily over the torpedo, loosening a screw here and a screw there, humming softly and tunelessly to himself the while:

"*Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein steh'n,*
Röslein auf der Heide.
War so jung und morgenschön."

A little plate from the side of the torpedo came away in his hand and he grunted with satisfaction. He turned to the lieutenant, who had been watching him in bewilderment.

"Now, Herr Lieutenant, you will discharge it. It will sink immediately."

"Herr Capitän! Discharge it? Surely——"

"You will discharge it."

"We have but two——"

The wizened professor raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"We will have one left."

"Yes——"

"And," quietly, "we have but one ship to sink!"

The racial calm of the young lieutenant was punctured. To lose one of the magnificent torpedoes, leaving but one?

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant; but only one ship to sink, *nicht wahr?* These torpedoes were made under my personal supervision. They

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can not go wrong. And the ejection of this will sufficiently lighten us. Our reserve buoyancy will drift us to the surface."

"But, professor——"

"You will do as I order, and we will come to the surface."

The lieutenant flushed with a slight show of anger. "Yes, we will come to the surface in the awash state, showing our conning-tower hatch. A beautiful target for the *Orcel*. The condition of the *Kiel* will make it impossible for us to dive again, and the *Orcel* will batter us."

"You forget, Herr Lieutenant. When we get within range, the *Orcel* will sink. And our orders are to sink the *Orcel*. Once that is accomplished, we may think for ourselves. Until then . . . Discharge this torpedo, Herr Lieutenant."

The torpedo was pushed, not without considerable effort, to the tube; and when the breech opened the mechanism slid easily into its appointed place and the breech was closed. The lieutenant lifted the lever controlling the water-port; the tube was flooded; the compressed air snapped on, and a coughing thud attested to the torpedo's discharge. Then there was an inrush of water to the tube, a second charge of air, and the water was blown back.

The nose of the submarine lifted violently.

"Amidships with that torpedo aft!" barked the lieutenant; and four members of the crew hastened to obey his order. The ship, once again on an even keel, drifted upward slowly, its progress marked by the delicate needle on the indicator-dial. The progress was painfully deliberate, but at last streaks of brightness at the dead light indicated that the rise had ended and the indicator-needle came to rest at zero.

The lieutenant ascended the ladder leading into the conning-tower hatch and exerted his full strength on the circular steel lid. It rose slowly part way, then, caught by its spring, which worked past a dead center, snapped back suddenly and the brilliant sunshine flooded down.

The gasoline engine was started—fortunately the sparkers had remained dry—and the submarine, in the awash state, as prophesied by the lieutenant, and showing only its hatch and a tiny, glinting portion of the almost submerged deck, limped forward at half-speed, diving rudder inclined to balance against the wash of water in the engine-pit.

The lieutenant remained on lookout, binoculars in hand. Two hours later he hailed the little professor, who was once more immersed in his monograph.

"*Orcel* off the port bow, Herr Capitän!"

The little man mounted to the side of the lieutenant, took position at the small air-steering wheel in the conning-tower, and spoke softly.

"Soon," he said, "we shall show them, eh? You will approach carefully, slowly. I shall attend to the torpedo. Nothing must go wrong."

He made his way below, oblivious to the wide-eyed stares of the crew, and made his way to the torpedo. He gazed at it rapturously, as a father gazes upon his first-born, stroking its gleaming sides with a pink hand. But when he spoke his voice was sharp and incisive. Water was admitted into the after tanks to trim ship as the torpedo slid into the tube. The electrician stood by, hand on the port lever, ready to flood the tube with water on command.

The mildness was lost from the eyes of the little professor of experimental physics. He stood erect, eyes blazing and body vibrant with exaltation.

"We shall show them . . . *Now* we shall show them."

THE captain of the *Orcel* reread the last of his letters and reluctantly placed them in the pocket of his blouse. He paced the deck thoughtfully, hands clasped behind his broad back, his mind back in England, at home.

A sublieutenant hurried aft with a comic admixture of haste and dignity. He saluted smartly.

"What is it?" questioned Reynolds.

"Lieutenant Braithwaite, sir."

Reynolds stiffened.

"I have just learned that a hospital steward took a quart of whisky to him from the sick-bay about twenty minutes ago, sir. You asked to be advised, sir."

"Very good." The captain swung about and strode swiftly to the after hatch, followed by the sublieutenant. At the foot of the ladder the sublieutenant dropped behind to whisper discreetly to the torpedo officer, and he joined the procession to Braithwaite's quarters.

At the door Captain Reynolds paused. His figure seemed to sag, for the reek of whisky was plain. He flung open the

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THERE CAME A MUFFLED ROAR AND A CLOUD OF WATER WAS LIFTED HIGH INTO THE AIR.
THE MEN ABOARD THE *ORCEL* DIVED FOR SHELTER FROM THE HAIL OF IRON AND SPLINTERS WHICH DESCENDED TO THE DECK.

door and stepped across the threshold. The room was permeated with the whisky odor, and Braithwaite was standing by an open port, staring out across the waves, muttering foolishly under his breath. The captain spoke sharply.

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"Lieutenant Braithwaite!"

Braithwaite swayed drunkenly as he turned to face his superior. He clutched a half-empty bottle in his right hand. Lost was his jauntiness; lost his dignity, his manhood. The only gleam of hope lay in the fact that he was not yet completely drunk. He had imbibed just enough liquor to be in an ugly, fighting mood.

"What y' want?" he growled surlily.

The captain's eyes narrowed. "Throw that bottle out of the port!"

Braithwaite eyed the captain sullenly, but made no move to obey. The junior officers in the doorway stared as though petrified.

"Lieutenant Braithwaite!"

"Yes. I heard you."

"Throw that bottle out. Immediately!" An ominous, fighting tenseness crept into the captain's voice.

Braithwaite mumbled something under his breath, and the captain took a step forward, extending his hand.

"Give me that bottle!"

Braithwaite backed slowly, bringing up with his back against the bulkhead.

"Quickly! That bottle!"

Bleared eyes burned into the clear ones of the captain.

"I will not!" The voice was raised a bit.

Open defiance! The captain's face went white. He stepped close to Braithwaite.

"I don't believe I understand you."

"Yes, you do!" The voice of the intoxicated lieutenant grew hysterically, maudlinly defiant. "I said I would not. Do you un'erstan' that?"

Like a flash the captain's hand went out and the bottle was jerked from Braithwaite's fingers. For a split second they stared at one another, and then a red mist swam before the lieutenant's bleared eyes. Almost unconsciously his powerful fist shot out and the bottle crashed to the floor as the captain staggered back, a big, ugly, red blotch forming on his cheek. The two officers dashed into the room.

The captain straightened slowly. His eyes were blazing with fury, but he did not lose his magnificent self-control. He waved the two younger officers back and flamed his gaze on Braithwaite.

"Lieutenant Braithwaite," he ordered through clenched teeth—and the repressed fury in his tones sobered that young man considerably—"you will go ashore in the dispatch-boat and report to Commodore Weyland, under arrest!"

He turned abruptly and strode from the compartment, the two officers following. The sublieutenant spoke to his companion in a subdued, awe-stricken voice. "That ends his service career."

The torpedo-lieutenant nodded slowly.

"And good riddance, too," snapped the sublieutenant. The other whirled.

"The less you air your personal opinions, the better, sir!" He strode away.

Braithwaite stumbled blindly across the room and closed the door. A dull apathy had gripped him, replacing the fury of intoxication. His face was intensely pale. The end had come, and the tragedy of it sobered him as nothing else in the world could have done.

"Great God!" he whispered. "I struck him!"

He was sick at heart. He even contemplated suicide. Then a spark of the spirit of his fighting forebears came uppermost. His jaw squared. He determined to take his medicine. After that . . . He left his compartment and ascended to the deck. Looking neither to the right nor left, he crossed to starboard, climbed dully on to the boat-boom amidships, and descended the rope-ladder to the deck of the little dispatch-boat. The boatswain followed him, a puzzled light in his eyes. He saluted.

"Going with us, Lieutenant?"

Braithwaite nodded. "I shall take her back to Palermo, bosun," he advised. The boatswain saluted again, and Braithwaite walked forward to the deck steering-wheel.

The line was cast off and Braithwaite whirled the steering-wheel. "My last cruise," he muttered heavily. The dispatch-boat drifted slowly astern the *Orcel*, her engineer awaiting signals.

Meanwhile Captain Reynolds paced slowly back and forth on the upper bridge of the *Orcel*. He was tired, infinitely tired, and terribly sick at heart. The boy . . . An excited hail from the foremast lookout broke sharply into his reverie:

"Submarine on the sta'board bow!"

The captain's trained eyes leaped to starboard. The torpedo-lieutenant bounded to his side and thrust into his hands a pair of binoculars. With the aid of these he swept the waters. Far off he vaguely discerned the low deck and the conning-tower

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hatch of a partially submerged submarine.

The executive officer had mounted to the bridge, and to him the captain turned a puzzled face.

"Has there been any notice of our submarines in these waters?"

The executive officer, a thoroughly competent man, wasted no words in answer:

"None, sir."

Captain Reynolds stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Peculiar—very peculiar."

"She seems stationary, sir."

The captain spoke quietly to the executive officer, who barked commands. In a jiffy a string of signal flags fluttered from the halyards of the *Orcel*, spelling the questions, "Who are you? Where bound?"

Eagerly they awaited the answer, while forward the men clustered to starboard and excitedly discussed the strange submarine. British, of course. . . . A series of tiny flags fluttered above the submarine, and the officers on the bridge gasped at the sheer effrontery of the thing. The answer was simple and directly to the point:

"Submarine *Kiel*. Imperial German Navy. On his Majesty's service!"

The executive officer scratched his head in perplexity. "The blithering ass," he ejaculated. "He must be insane."

The torpedo-lieutenant spoke rapidly to the captain. He was expert in his line, and the captain listened attentively. "It's the *Kiel* all right, sir; one of the obsolete 1908 boats. How she ever got out here beats me. It is quite evident that she is in trouble—in all probability aleak. She is steering with her diving rudders down. . . . I should say that she can not dive."

The captain ripped out an order, and a new set of signals broke out from the *Orcel's* masthead. "Heave to or take the consequences!"

The answer of the helpless submarine was typical of Herr Professor Friedrich von Bieme. A streak of frothy bubbles appeared from the nose of the submarine.

"By God . . ."

The executive officer, galvanized into action by the seemingly absurd defiance of the little submarine, leaped for a telephone, but the torpedo-lieutenant grabbed his arm.

"Don't fire, man," he yelled. "Look where she's going——"

They gazed; the torpedo was scooting along a thousand yards to starboard parallel to the ship. Apparently the *Orcel* was not in the slightest danger.

"She'll miss us a mile," howled the torpedo-lieutenant. "Then when her power gives out she'll float. We'll pick her up. I can use it. Whitehead torpedo—standardized," he explained needlessly. "It's good for from two thousand to two thousand five hundred yards in the direction aimed. That sub is in a bad fix, too, else she would have come around to fire at us direct. Perhaps she's just trying to lighten herself."

All eyes were focused on the torpedo. The executive officer appealed to the captain.

"Shall we sink her?"

The captain spoke briefly into a telephone. "For'ard turret! You will sink the submarine to your starb'd!"

A forward-turret thirteen-inch gun boomed out, and the big ship trembled as the thousand-pound messenger of destruction went hurtling across the sun-kissed waters of the Mediterranean. A huge geyser spouted astern the submarine. "Overshot!" muttered the lieutenant.

Again a thirteen-inch rifle boomed. Scarcely had the sound died when the cry of the torpedo-lieutenant, whose attention had been held by the torpedo, broke in on the disinterested calmness of his fellow officers.

"Good God! The torpedo! *Look!*" In his excitement he clutched the captain by a shoulder and swung him around forcibly. A choke of wonderment went up from the bridge.

The torpedo had swung at a right angle, and was now rushing at a thirty-knot speed, straight toward the side of the *Orcel*. Under incisive orders the secondary starboard battery commenced a spume of shot at the onrushing cylinder.

The captain leaped ahead and threw over the indicator of the engine-room dial. In the bowels of the ship, seven bells—full speed ahead—rang out. The action was performed mechanically, for even the captain himself recognized the utter hopelessness of it. The *Orcel*, with engines quiescent, was wallowing in the sea, and twenty thousand tons of inertia are not overcome in a moment. He snapped a brief, hopeless order to the executive and a bugle sharply blared the command to abandon ship. Men poured from the *Orcel's* hatches, fore, aft and amidships.

The torpedo-lieutenant, the fire of his

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profession uppermost, raged up and down the bridge. "A right-angle trajectory! Right angle! Oh, if I could only see it—see how it works."

It was patent that the *Orcel* was doomed to destruction: her secondary batteries, spitting viciously as they were, stood but a gambler's chance of hitting the surging torpedo. The bugle repeated the shrill "Abandon ship" call, and the crew stood ready. A sublieutenant was the first to see, and his boyish voice tremoloed hysterically on the air.

"The dispatch-boat!" he screamed, pointing wildly to starboard. "Look!"

The little craft, at full speed, and belching black clouds of smoke, was leaping through the water from her position astern the *Orcel*. The captain swung his binoculars and made out the figure of Lieutenant Braithwaite at the wheel. His heart pounded as he took in the situation.

Braithwaite was plainly visible. The captain thrilled to the rapt expression of the young lieutenant's face.

Under Braithwaite's expert guidance the dispatch-boat was flashing at full speed directly into the path of the onrushing torpedo.

The captain saw Braithwaite's lips move. He saw the crew of the dispatch-boat, heretofore lined at the rail, life-preservers already donned, leap wildly into the water.

On came the lethal torpedo. Straight across its course raced the dispatch-boat. Again Braithwaite's lips were moving. . . .

"I wonder," mused the captain foolishly, "if the lad is praying!"

Officers and men hung over the side and watched the battle, which meant life or death to all of them. They were tensely silent, or muttering foolishly. The torpedo-lieutenant seemed to have become demented.

"He can't make it! *He can't!* Oh, God . . .!" His voice broke in a shriek.

Closer drew the dispatch-boat and the torpedo. It was to be a matter of a few feet. Once by the dispatch-boat, and the *Orcel* was doomed to destruction.

The boat and torpedo came closer, closer. The captain, spell-bound, watched Braithwaite alter his course slightly so that he might be more certain of meeting the weapon of death from the enemy submarine. They were almost together now—the torpedo would get by!

"Great God!"

There came a muffled roar and a cloud of water was lifted high into the air. The men aboard the *Orcel* dived for shelter from the hail of iron and splinters which descended clatteringly to the deck. One seaman was struck and fell unconscious.

Four hundred pounds of guncotton, exploding on impact, had wiped the dispatch-boat from the seas!

THE old butler instinctively brushed a bit of dust from the brass door-plate. He entered the house and handed a newspaper to the old vice-admiral, erect in his cushioned chair.

In the old eyes of the admiral was a light of infinite sorrow; yet one studying the expression closely would have adjudged him near to exaltation. Slowly he unfolded the newspaper.

"Listen, Henry," he said softly, proudly. "I will read you what they have to say about—about—Gerald."

His voice rang pridefully through the musty old room:

". . . and so the last and greatest of the navy Braithwaites met death unflinchingly that he might save a ship and its complement. We have in the past made uncomplimentary mention of Lieutenant Braithwaite. We can do no more than to pay to him and the name he bore our sincerest tribute. He was a man, and as a man he died!"

Old Henry brushed his hand across his eyes, unashamed of the tears.

"See yonder!" The admiral pointed to the three full-length portraits on the wall before him.

Beneath that of the commodore hung the beribboned medals; beneath his own the small vice-admiral's flag and a Distinguished Service bar on a bit of faded blue ribbon. But no longer was the plate below the third portrait empty. The old admiral read slowly:

GERALD BRAITHWAITE,
Lieutenant, R. N.
Lost in Action in the Mediterranean
Pro Patria.

His eyes dropped to that which hung proudly beneath the plate. A small Maltese cross strung on a blue ribbon; in its center a crown surmounted by a lion, and deeply indented on the scroll were the words, "For Valour."

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Drawing by Ralph Barton

TIPPERARY COMES TO BAGDAD

BY THEDA KENYON

Oh, they shook their magic carpet, an' they made a 'ellish dust,
An' their slimy incantations, an' their crystal globes went bust,
An' they sang their bloomin' chanties, an' they banged their foolish bells,
But we savvied we could get there, 'spite o' all their cranky 'ells!
So we up wi' "Tipperary," an' we pounded 'em like grain,
An' th' dust was like a blanket—thought I'd never see again;
An' I kinder did regret it, for I'd fixed my mind t' see
That land o' silly 'arems, and queer kings, thet lived t' spree!
Well, when we got inside it, I'd 'a' never knowed it! Say—
Just a low-down, dirty 'amlet, where no Britisher'd stay!
An' I wonder, wi' their magic, if they'd changed it—d'ye see?
For I know this ain't the Bagdad where ol' Haroun use' t' be!

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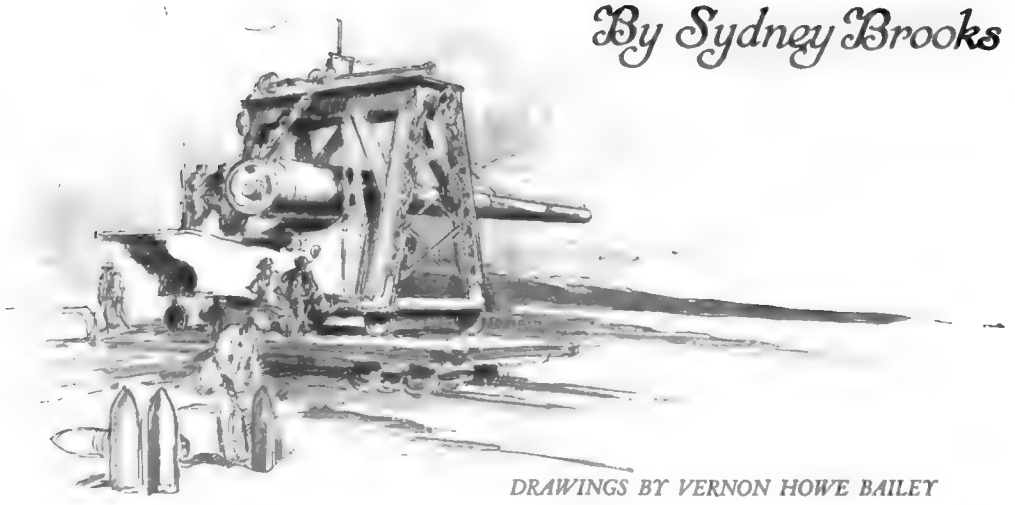
AMERICA'S FLYING START

By Sydney Brooks



DRAWINGS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

Here is an Englishman's view of America's situation on entering the war. Sydney Brooks, well-known British journalist and magazine writer, has been lecturing in this country, and has had unusual opportunities to estimate our strong and our weak points. What he has to say of our war preparations, especially in the field of munitions-making, is of vital importance.—THE EDITOR.

I WONDER if Americans quite realize all that the war has done for them, and had done for them long before they entered it.

First, it saved them from a commercial collapse at about the last moment when it could still be fended off.

Secondly, it deluged the United States with a stream of prosperity the like of which had never been known in the history of this or any other land.

Thirdly, it did more in a few months than a half-century of enterprise in times of peace could have done to advance America's position in international finance, in the ocean-carrying trade, and in foreign commerce.

Fourthly, it woke Americans to the weak points in their national harness and initiated that movement for preparedness which I reckon among the sanest and most wholesome agitations I have known in a twenty-one years' experience of the United States.

Fifthly, it very greatly enlarged the political horizon of the average citizen, and brought him face to face with problems and conditions that formerly he could comfortably ignore.

Sixthly, it taught American manufacturers, or some of them, the invaluable and neglected art of making munitions.

And, finally it staged for America's instruction, and at Europe's expense, the full panorama of war, and furnished the United States, when her turn should come—as it has come—with a whole library of directions on what to do and what not to do.

Of all the benefits which the war thus showered upon Americans the most fruitful, in my judgment, is the experience it has given them in the manufacture of munitions. The orders placed in the United States by the Allied Governments for guns, shells, rifles, fuses, and so on, and for raw material —to the amount of some $2,500,000,000— were the basis of all America's present-day prosperity. This is a point that should

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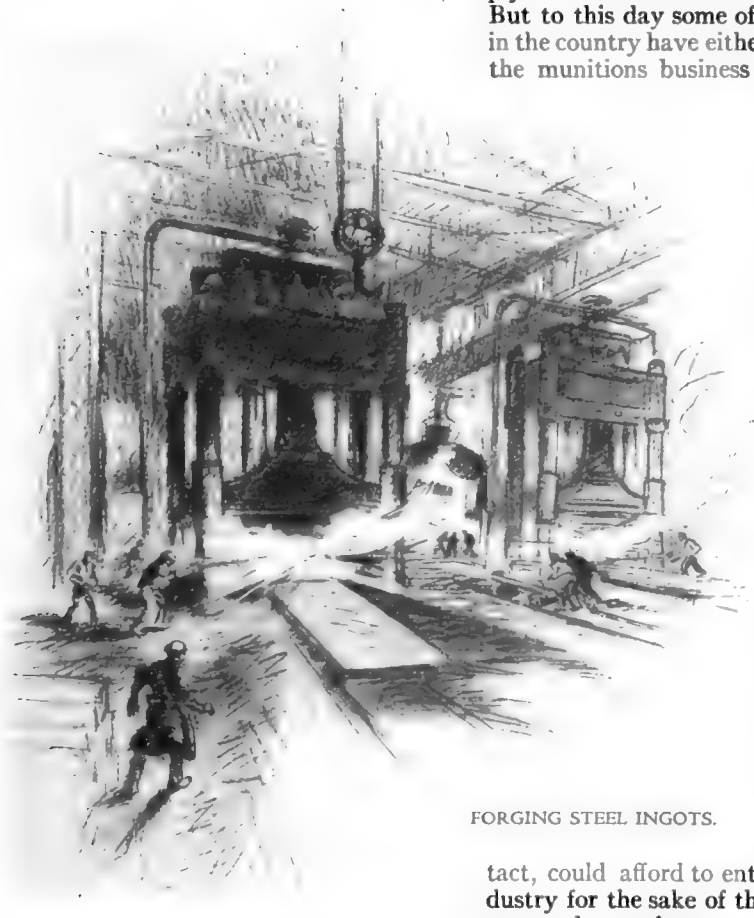
always be remembered but is constantly forgotten. I have heard Americans speak of the munitions business as though it were an isolated venture, independent of other trades, something that could be singled out for special legislative treatment without affecting the general well-being of the country. That is a complete delusion. The chief munitions plants, though situated east of the Alleghanies, draw their equipment and raw materials and machinery from nearly every state. They are reservoirs fed from tributaries that stretch to almost all corners of America.



FORGING STEEL INGOTS.

It is curious to recall that many of the best and most conservative firms in the country held aloof at first from the munitions business. It was new; it was speculative; it involved the erection of huge plants, the enrolment and training of large bodies of workmen, the expenditure of prodigious sums; and nobody could say how long the war would last. In these circumstances the companies of the highest standing and the amplest resources declined for the most part to plunge into the unknown.

There was, one conspicuous exception: Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the greatest steel genius of America and a man of extraordinary courage, quickly made up his mind that Bethlehem both could and should supply the Allies with what they most needed. But to this day some of the foremost firms in the country have either turned away from the munitions business or merely nibbled at it.

There was at one time a very considerable danger that it might fall too much into the hands of inferior concerns that were willing to take long chances. The steady-going companies, with large bodies of shareholders to consider, rather looked askance at it. The less prosperous companies, or those more or less completely controlled by a single personality, or those that could see no other way of keeping their plants going and their organizations intact, could afford to enter a speculative industry for the sake of the large profits they expected to make.

Naturally there were many instances of firms biting off a good deal more than they could chew; many failures to live up to contracts foolishly given on the one side and foolishly accepted on the other. One corporation managed early in the war to secure a contract for several million shells. It proceeded to sublet the work all over the United States. It gave its powder order to a company that had never manufactured an ounce of military explosives. In the same

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way it distributed the work on the separate parts among a score of minor concerns, hardly one of which proved able to come up to time. The corporation thus found itself confronted with a hopeless task and no deliveries were made until its affairs had been taken in hand and reorganized by outside agencies.

But the over-sanguine inexperience of some of the American contractors was only part of the trouble. The Allied Governments equally fell down. Knowing next to nothing of American conditions and with very inadequate means of distinguishing between the corporations that might safely be trusted and those that should be fought shy of, they made inevitably many blunders in the allotment of contracts. Some were more fortunate, but all of the belligerents were constantly getting into trouble. They were forming connections with the wrong people, paying exorbitant prices, and in the absence of a single agent controlling all purchases made on Government account they were in the absurdly unbusiness-like position of bidding against each other for the same goods.

It may help to illustrate the confusion of those early days if I recall the Great Myth of the 300,000 rifles—which, none the less, was not altogether a myth. It was undoubtedly the fact that, just before the war began, the United States Government announced its intention of selling a large stock—it may have been 300,000 or it may have been less—of its Krag-Jorgensens. They were old rifles but still serviceable, and any one who had bought them when they were first offered would have made within a month after the outbreak of the war a handsome profit on his outlay. But no buyers were forthcoming until after the war began, when hundreds of individuals woke up to the sense of opportunities lost and flocked to Washington to see whether they might not still be in time.

But by then the Government had withdrawn the rifles from sale in the name of neutrality. To this day they remain locked in one of the Government arsenals.

That, however, has not prevented them from being sold and resold a hundred times over. The full tale of their adventures would rival a romance of Dumas. From month to month the word passed that 300,000 rifles were lying here, there, or somewhere else; that they could easily be laid hands on; and that they could more easily still be sold to the Allies at a profit of several thousand per cent. Many gallant gentlemen convinced themselves that this was just the sort of enterprise in which they were peculiarly qualified to shine. They crossed the Atlantic one after another to persuade the French, British, and Russian Governments of the genuineness of their treasure-trove.

At one time the rifles were to be delivered on a specified day at a South American port; at another they were to be seized after crossing the Canadian border. Solemn contracts were signed for their sale and delivery. The Allied Governments each in turn dispatched special agents to examine them. You remember Madame Humbert's safe? You remember the thousands of Russian soldiers who passed through England in the early days of the war, who were seen and spoken to by any number of credible witnesses, and who yet as a matter of fact were never there at all? Well, the 300,000 rifles have played in the United States a part very similar to those famous freaks of human credulity.

What very obviously was needed was that the Allied Governments should be represented in America by some house that could advise them efficiently, safeguard them against the men of straw, supervise their purchases, bring order and system into the business of making contracts, and put them in touch with the most dependable firms.

The house of J. P. Morgan & Co. was the natural and indeed the only rock of refuge for the British Government in its time of trouble. As the best-known banking firm in the United States, the one with the amplest resources, the one that had had most to do with the investment of British and French capital in American railways and industrials, Morgan & Co. long had figured in the minds of Englishmen as the embodiment of American finance.

The European struggle was hardly a month old before the British Government began deluging 23 Wall Street with inquiries as to the standing of the various American firms whose agents were overrunning London on the hunt for contracts. That and the derangement of the Anglo-American exchange drove the British Treasury and the British spending departments into intimate consultation with the principal banking house of the United States. Mr. Davison, a partner in

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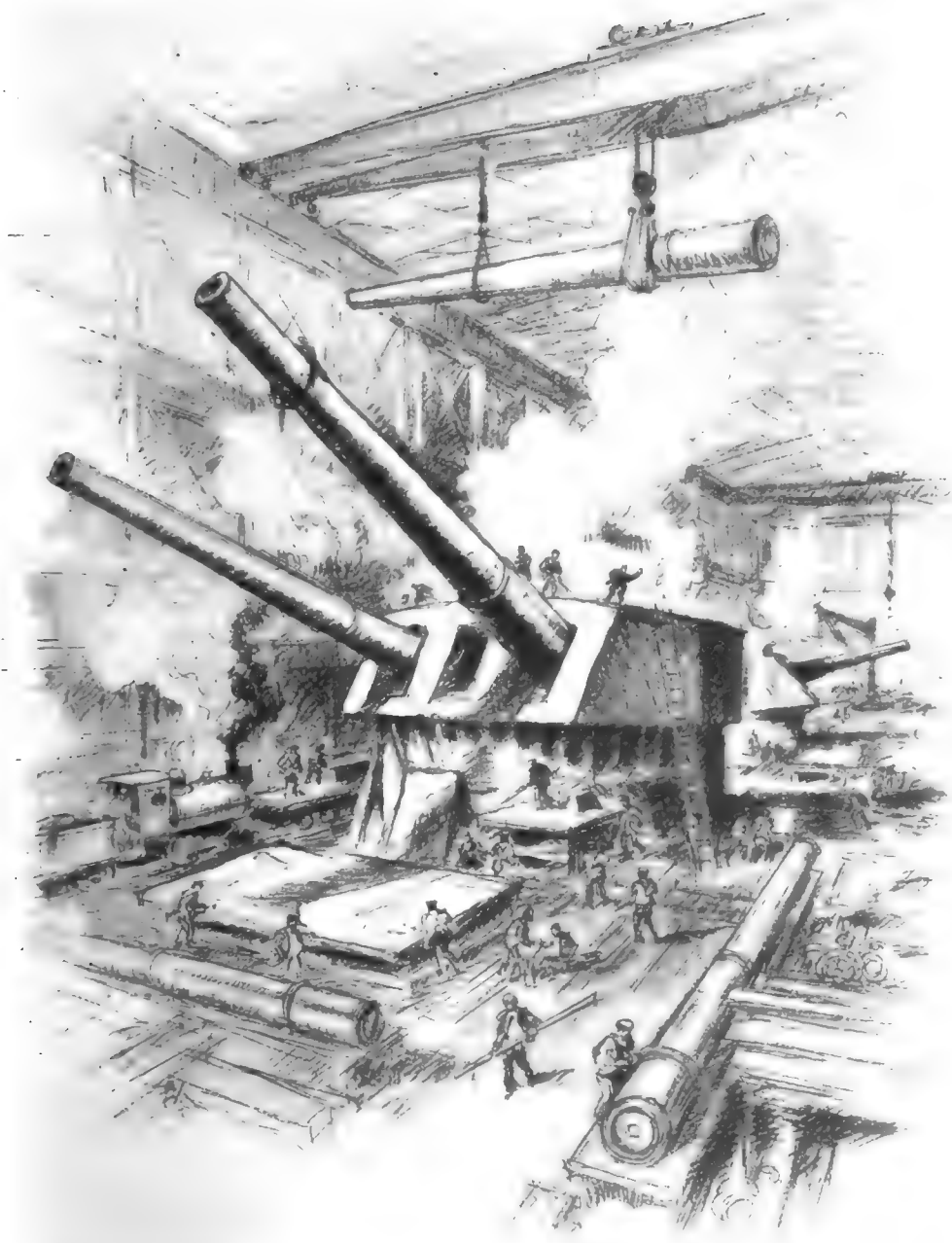

TESTING AND FITTING BIG GUNS.

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the firm, was one of the Committee of New York bankers that went to London in 1914 to help adjust the exchange problem. Out of that visit came the formal contract between Morgan & Co. and the British Government.

The terms of their agreement have often been made public, but I doubt whether one American or Englishman in ten thousand could state them with even approximate accuracy. Briefly, Morgan & Co. were appointed to act as commercial agents for the British Government in the purchasing of such goods as they might be directed to purchase. They were to receive for their services a commission of two per cent. on the first $50,000,000 and one per cent. thereafter. It was not an exclusive contract. The British Government might buy through other channels and agencies to any extent it pleased, provided it informed Morgan & Co. of the character and amount of its purchases, such information being necessary to prevent overlapping of orders. The only other points of importance in the contract—to which the French Government later became a party—were that it was terminable by either side at any time, and that Morgan & Co. engaged to disclose the extent of their holdings in any firm that they might recommend to the British Government.

To carry out successfully the staggering task implied in this contract, Morgan & Co. built up a vast purchasing department. At the head they placed Mr. E. R. Stettinius, the president of the Diamond Match Company—a man of very unusual experience on both the commercial and financial sides of manufacturing. This organization of manufacturers, consulting engineers, skilled buyers, and munitions experts has protected the Allies against the host of irresponsible commission hunters, adventurers, speculators, "fly-by-night" companies, which made the early months of munitions-buying a lurid story of graft and deception, and cost the Allied Governments millions more than they could estimate.

By thorough investigation of the equipment and standing of companies and agents, and by giving orders only to men and firms that have already proved their confidence in their line of business, this purchasing organization has acted as the eyes and ears of the Governments, guiding them through the mazes of American industry, and as a result raising this vital part of war-making to a high degree of efficiency and economy. Mr. Lloyd George declared in the House of Commons last year that it had saved Great Britain millions of pounds sterling.

All the knowledge gained by these two years of experience is now at the service of the United States. To-day I suppose Mr. Stettinius knows more than any ten men about the capacity of America for producing war material. Working immediately for the Allies, he has been working ultimately for his own country, and he was naturally one of the very first experts called into consultation at Washington when America's entrance into the war made munitions an American problem.

Our War Preparedness

A NEW YORK journalist not long ago spoke of the United States as "going naked into the war." He could hardly have said that if he had seen, as I have seen, something of what American manufacturers have achieved in the way of munitions.

Take, for instance, the colossal works at Bethlehem, where Mr. Schwab has dealt with some $300,000,000 of war orders. Before the war they employed there about 8,500 men; now they employ over 22,000. Before the war they were mainly busy on structural material, rails, gas-engines, pumps, and heavy machinery, and their armament contracts represented no more than a fifth to a third of their total product. Since the war Mr. Schwab, after sinking $20,000,000 in new buildings and plant, has turned out over 800,000 complete three-inch shells a month, 1,500 guns of all calibers, with their wagons and limbers, and quantities of torpedo-tube forgings.

The twenty submarines he contracted to build for the British Government were put together, half of them at the Fore River Shipbuilding Company's yards at Quincy, Massachusetts—these were the ten on the delivery of which the United States Government put a definite embargo—and the other half at Vickers's yard at Montreal, which Mr. Schwab leased and manned with his own staff, and where the boats were completed two months ahead of time.

Bethlehem had three great advantages in grappling with war orders. It was the first in the field of all the big companies. It could therefore secure itself in advance in the vital matters of raw material, tools, and

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labor. Secondly, it was used, though in a comparatively modest way, to the munitions business. It had, in other words, an accumulated mass of experience, a plant, and an organization, on which to build and from which to expand. Thirdly, it possessed in Mr. Schwab one of the commanding industrial geniuses of the United States.

But it has been only by the full utilization of all these assets under tremendous pressure that Bethlehem to-day is one of the very few American concerns that can show a realized profit on its war orders as big as, or bigger than, the original estimates. It is not every firm that, without going outside its own works, could build six 200-ton hydraulic presses and set them up in thirty days, or erect a four-story brick and steel shop, 300 feet long by 180 feet in width, in sixty-five days. The old projectile shop at Bethlehem before the war employed about 350 men. The present ones employ nearly 6,000; and going the rounds of them one could see shells in all stages of manufacture in heaps, in stacks, in pyramids, in mountains, every one of them finished on contract time and ready, when they were shipped, to be taken direct to the firing-line. Put to the test, Bethlehem, as a war factory, would outdistance Krupp's.

Another firm that the war has turned into a bulwark of American defense is the Du Pont Powder Company. Three years ago it had on its pay-rolls some 5,300 men, did a business of, roughly, $10,000,000 a year, and was almost wholly engaged in manufacturing powder for mining, blasting, drainage, tunneling, and agricultural purposes. To-day it employs over 60,000 men; its declared profits for two years have amounted to over $130,000,000, and it has raised its output of military powder from an insignificant figure to nearly 400,000,000 pounds a year.

Of the thirty-six plants that it operates in various parts of the country, the one I was shown over was Carney's Point on the Delaware, opposite the company's main office in Wilmington. Over 18,000 men are employed there, where before the war 400 sufficed for the ordinary business of the firm; and the plant has developed till it now contains some 300 different units and covers an area of six square miles.

Some $15,000,000 has been sunk there since the war began. In machinery and buildings needed for the elaborate and delicate and dangerous processes of converting cotton into powder; the repair, storage, die-making, and machine shops; in the laboratories and hospitals that go with such a plant; in building a village of 1,100 houses and a labor camp for 6,000 employees, with accessories in the way of community halls, recreation halls, restaurants, and gymnasia; in laying down some thirty miles of broad-gage and ninety miles of narrow-track railway that carry 9,000 passengers a day, and burn in a day more coal than would have lasted a month before the war.

A Yet Bigger Contract

BUT even Carney's Point, prodigiously transformed as it is, seems prosaic by the side of Hopewell, Virginia. There less than three years ago the Du Ponts maintained an isolated dynamite plant, employing some 200 men, to supply the West Virginia coal-fields. When the war came, they converted it into a gun-cotton plant. They installed a filtration plant capable of supplying a city of 60,000 people, and a boiler plant that is possibly the largest in the United States. In two months they had 8,000 men engaged on construction work.

A mushroom city grew up, a boom creation of galvanized iron and frame buildings; real-estate agents swooped upon it; corner lots began to fetch prices that would not have disgraced the city of New York; a near-by farmer, who had failed to get $10,000 for his entire farm, sold a portion of it for $250,000; and though the officials of the Du Pont Company publicly warned settlers that Hopewell could not possibly be a permanent settlement, the townlet has continued to grow, and boasts to-day a population of some 40,000, and is busily holding up its nearness to the Southern cotton fields and labor market and the excellence of its rail and river communications as inducements to textile manufacturers to settle there. And very possibly the Du Ponts, after helping to beat the Germans with their powder, may take a hand in vanquishing them commercially by converting the plant after the war into dye works.

But it is in Philadelphia and its neighborhood that one gets in a small compass the best idea of the scale of variety of America's contributions to the Allies. German militarism has evoked a formidable response from Pennsylvania industrialism. At the Baldwin Locomotive Works, besides supplying Great Britain, France, and Russia with

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over 2,000 locomotives, they have manufactured nearly 1,500,000 shells of all sizes from 4.7 to the giant 12 inch. It was for them an entirely new industry, but the magnitude, the novelty, and the difficulties of the undertaking were in themselves an irresistible attraction to Mr. S. M. Vauclain, the vice-president of the company and for thirty years and more its greatest asset—one of those engaging, supremely competent men one meets more often among the "captains" of American industry than any other body of men the world over.

At the Midvale Steel Company's plant, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, besides furnishing vast quantities of rough forgings and bar steel, they have worked up to a production of 70,000 shells a month and branched out on a large scale into the manufacture of howitzers. The company, since its purchase by Mr. Corey and Mr. Rockefeller in the fall of 1915, and since the acquisition of Worth Brothers at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and of the Cambria Company, now employs some 25,000 men and is the biggest independent concern in the country, with a more varied capacity than the United States Steel Corporation itself.

It is, however, at Eddystone, some twelve miles away from the city, that the munitions industry in and around Philadelphia reaches its climax. For there, on ground owned by the Baldwin Locomotive Company, two huge factories have been built, one by the Eddystone Ammunition Company for the manufacture of shells, and the other by the Remington Arms Company of Delaware, for making rifles. The former has turned out some 2,400,000 complete rounds of three-inch shrapnel, and the latter about 600,000 rifles for Great Britain.

I will take the shell factory first: It stands on what two years ago, in August, 1915, was a swamp. They had to dig from twelve to thirty-five feet before hitting good ground. The day the shell contract was signed, orders were given for thirty carloads a day of cinders from the Pennsylvania Railroad and thirty more from the Reading Railroad. Soon two hundred carloads a day, each containing thirty tons of cinders, were delivered. Two thousand new men were employed. They emptied in all 6,000 carloads of cinders, drove deep piles of reinforced concrete, with a concrete girder on top, every eight yards, and on this foundation they ran up a two-story fireproof and water-proof factory that for strength and lightness, and grace of color and design, and in its facilities for keeping up a continuous progress of material from one unit to another, could hardly be surpassed.

The main building, 250 yards in length and over 140 yards wide, has walls of hollow tile and a roof of a combination of sawdust and plaster of Paris reinforced with steel wires, and is heated from a single boiler of 1,800 h. p. One sash and one roof truss were used practically throughout in order to get speed. And this vast structure, with its attendant shops, was sufficiently advanced in parts to allow the machinery to be installed in three and a half months and was absolutely ready at a cost of $1,500,000, in five months. The Eddystone Ammunition Company bought machinery to the value of $3,000,000, employ over 5,000 persons, and to prevent any possibility of falling down on their contract, built the plant twice as large as their orders required.

The rifle factory next door is an even bigger affair. This colossal structure, the building of which called for 9,000 tons of steel, 600 tons of wood, over 2,000,000 square feet of glass, and an expenditure of $1,800,000, contains under a single roof thirty-seven acres of floor space. It is over 1,000 feet long and over 800 wide. Begun in the middle of May, 1915, it was partially occupied by the middle of September and fully completed a month later. A phenomenal feat. But construction work even on such a scale and pace was the least of the problems to be solved.

There was the back-breaking job of building up an organization long before it could be needed, of collecting the men, welding them into a compact and responsive whole. There were labor troubles toward the end of 1915 to be adjusted. There was the incessant difficulty of assembling the machinery on the ground and putting it up. The machinery manufacturers all over the United States were loaded down with orders and would not even consider making the essential jigs and gages except at so much an hour.

The Baldwin Company, which was building the plant, had repeatedly to carry its contractors not only financially but by lending them expert mechanics and furnishing them with the tools to make the machines.

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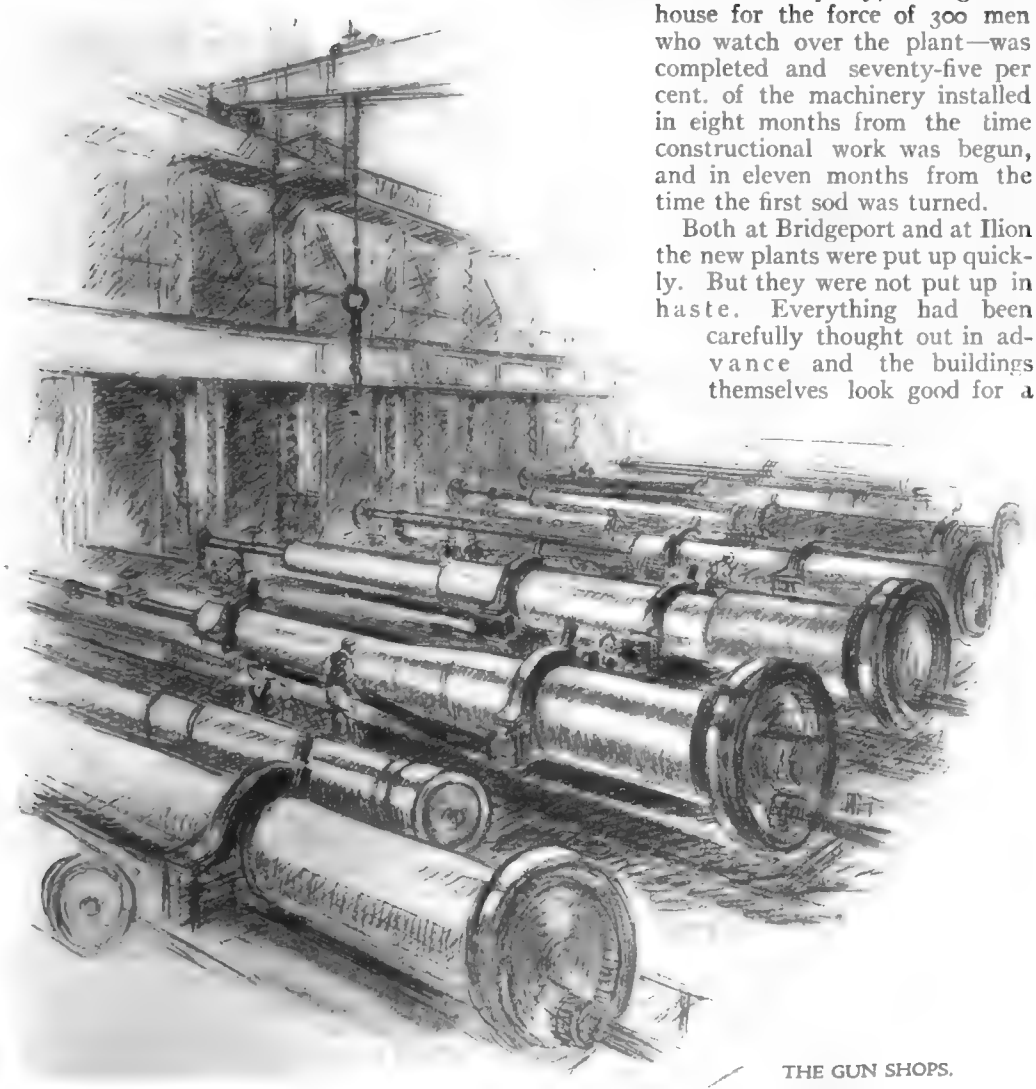
The delays were endless. The machinery should all have been delivered and installed by December 1, 1915. But not seventy per cent. of it had arrived by the end of February, 1916. And the contract called for the first shipment of completed rifles in March! It seemed impossible and therefore it was done. To-day the factory is probably the largest plant of its kind in any of the Allied countries, and is turning out rifles at the rate of over 7,000 a day. When peace returns, the intermediate floors will be removed and the Baldwin Locomotive Company will use the building as a one-story boiler shop.

The huge Remington rifle plants at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Ilion, New York, are two other offshoots of the war. Those at Bridgeport are the bigger, a row of thirteen five-story main buildings, each over sixty feet wide and 270 in length, connected through their centers by twelve "service buildings."

This colossal factory, together with five forge shops, each of them, with one exception, over a hundred yards in length, and a power-house that could supply a city of 150,000 people with heat and light, and an employment building, where some 500 applicants for jobs could be examined and sifted every day, and a guard-house for the force of 300 men who watch over the plant—was completed and seventy-five per cent. of the machinery installed in eight months from the time constructional work was begun, and in eleven months from the time the first sod was turned.

Both at Bridgeport and at Ilion the new plants were put up quickly. But they were not put up in haste. Everything had been carefully thought out in advance and the buildings themselves look good for a



THE GUN SHOPS.

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century of hard wear and tear. A wholesome proportion of the millions spent on their construction has gone into providing healthy and comfortable quarters for the workers. The "service buildings" at Bridgeport consist of nothing but locker rooms, lavatories with hot and cold water, bathrooms, and other conveniences.

There is a restaurant that seats 850 people, and portable kitchens carrying food and hot drinks to any corner of the plant. There is an admirably equipped hospital to which every employee with so much as a scratch is instantly sent. There is a real-estate department which has built a new town to accommodate several hundred families; and closely allied with it is a welfare department, organizing benefit societies, athletic clubs, and entertainments for the 15,000 employees on the pay-rolls.

The safety appliances on the machines, the huge apparatus for gathering up dust, the excellence of the heating and lighting arrangements are just as they should be in all factories. It was a real exhilaration to be taken over such a plant as this, to note the spaciousness of the whole enterprise and the studious thought that has been given to the well-being of the workers, and to feel the atmosphere of cheerful, busy contentment in this hive of highly skilled, upstanding artisans.

I never realized so clearly as at Bridgeport and Ilion the truth of the statement that this is a war of the chemist and the mechanic. It ceases to be a mere figure of speech and becomes a very pertinent reality as one watches the complicated processes that go to the making of a modern rifle, and follows the transmutation of a steel bar into barrel and bolt. The chemical tests and analyses to determine the properties, the hardness and the elasticity of the steel; the instruments that measure down to one eighty-thousandth of an inch; the endless succession of shops alive and whirring with machinery, from the mightiest hammers to the delicate tools of the jewelry trade; the proving of the barrels by a charge that develops a pressure of twenty-four tons to the square inch; the numbers, variety, and minute accuracy of the gages—all proclaim science the mainstay of modern war.

Take, for example, the British rifle as it is made at Eddystone and at Ilion. It is said to be the best rifle in the world—the rifle we in England were just on the point of making for ourselves when the war broke out. Each weapon consists of about one hundred different parts; some three thousand distinct operations have to be gone through in making each one of them; each in the course of being manufactured is tested by about a thousand gages; each is inspected in its component parts and as a whole more than one thousand times; the stock alone requires sixty-two separate operations; and on some of the more delicate parts the work is almost as close as on certain rougher parts of a watch.

I was not therefore surprised when the manager at Ilion estimated that, even with everything in his favor, he would not care to build a factory and guarantee an output of 1,000 rifles a day in less than eighteen months.

Ilion received the order for rifles in November, 1914; they purchased the property on which to erect the new plant the day after; a week later work began on the foundations; and five months after the first contract was signed, shops covering a floor area of 700,000 square feet, and employing upward of 3,000 men, were ready merely to *begin* the manufacture of rifles.

Another plant that it gave me particular pleasure to visit was the Savage Arms Company at Utica, where the famous Lewis machine gun was being made. The Lewis gun is the outstanding contribution of America thus far to the material of the war. One can hardly read through a single dispatch in which any correspondent has described the fighting on the Western front without realizing the indebtedness of the Allies, and particularly of Great Britain, to this American invention. It has become the favorite and distinctive weapon.

The Admirable Lewis

WHILE its merits were under controversy in Washington, Great Britain, having tested it in actual warfare, was manufacturing all the Lewis guns she could, and was ordering them from the Savage Arms Company by the tens of thousands. Even to a layman like myself it seemed very clear when I visited the front and had opportunities of comparing the Lewis with other light machine guns, both Allied and German, that it had points of incontestable superiority. It is simple to work. It can be carried by one man, it can easily be rushed to the van of an attack, and the

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readiness with which it can be fired from almost any position makes it the best gun for aeroplane work.

Throughout the Allied armies there are at this moment over 60,000 Lewis guns in use. Pretty nearly 20,000,000 shots must be fired from them daily. Some 5,000 officers and not far short of 500,000 men use them exclusively. At the machine-gun schools behind the lines in France and on Salisbury Plain practically all the instruction is done with the Lewis gun, and six of the seven Zeppelins that the British aviators have accounted for were brought down by this same handy weapon. When American troops had to be sent into Mexico last year, the authorities at Washington, with great good sense, forgot the technical squabble, and promptly borrowed from the British Government 350 Lewis guns.

With equal good sense they have ordered the gun for the new American armies. That is one of the compensations of war—that it makes possible the doing of all the common sense things that in times of peace are blocked by jealousies or political spite. This war is so largely a war of machine guns that whereas we in Great Britain three years ago had only two for every thousand men we now have thirty-two. The Germans maintain, I believe, an even higher ratio. Fortunately, with the Savage Arms Company capable already of turning out 1,600 Lewis guns a month, there is no danger of the United States, running short on that essential arm.

A great part of the problem of munitions in America consists in a sensible use of the resources that have already been developed to meet the needs of the Allies. But there is no guarantee that in every case these resources will be sensibly used.

For instance, Great Britain has found that one of the most effective weapons against submarines is the swift patrol-boat. She ordered, first, fifty and then, when they had proved their value, five hundred more from an American firm, the Elco Shipbuilding Company. This company had devised the construction of a speedy eighty-foot boat, of light draught, with a radius of 1,000 miles, and requiring a crew of no more than eight men. It built them much as Mr. Ford builds his motor-cars. Under pressure it could probably turn out two or three a day. The British Admiralty has found them the most adequate submarine chasers that have yet been invented.

The American Navy Department, however, has decided in favor of a 110-foot boat. It has ordered, I understand, about 250 of them, distributing the orders. No company in the United States is able to manufacture the 110-foot boat as the Elco Company can manufacture the 80-foot boat. No company has standardized the construction of the 110-foot boat. It looks as though the United States Government would be fortunate if it secured delivery of as many as fifty 110-foot boats within a year. In less than that time it would have at its disposal, had it chosen to order them, several hundred 80-foot boats of the kind that the British Admiralty has found of such service. Moreover, the 110-foot boat is more expensive to build, has a draft that will prohibit its working over a mine-field, requires a crew twice as numerous, and has no wider, if as wide, a radius.

I think if I were an American I should look into this matter.

Uniformity of Armaments

SIMILARLY, it has been announced that the War Department has made it a condition that the Lewis guns and the Enfield rifles it has ordered for the American troops should be rechambered to take American ammunition. This means, of course, some inevitable delays in delivery. But there is an even more important question involved in the Department's decision. It is the question of uniformity of armaments. Are the American forces that will be sent to the front to be armed with the same weapons, firing the same ammunition, as the troops by whose side they will be fighting? Military opinion would at once and emphatically answer Yes. But it rather looks as though the War Department, or some official in it, has answered No.

Here again, if I were an American, I should inquire, and inquire promptly.

The firms I have mentioned in this article fairly represent the scale on which the American munitions industry has been organized and the very high qualities of enterprise and efficiency with which it has been conducted. Some of them, notably the Du Pont Company and the Bethlehem Steel Company, have made big profits. *But in general the armament business has been nothing like so profitable as popular imagination conceives or as the Wall Street quotations for*

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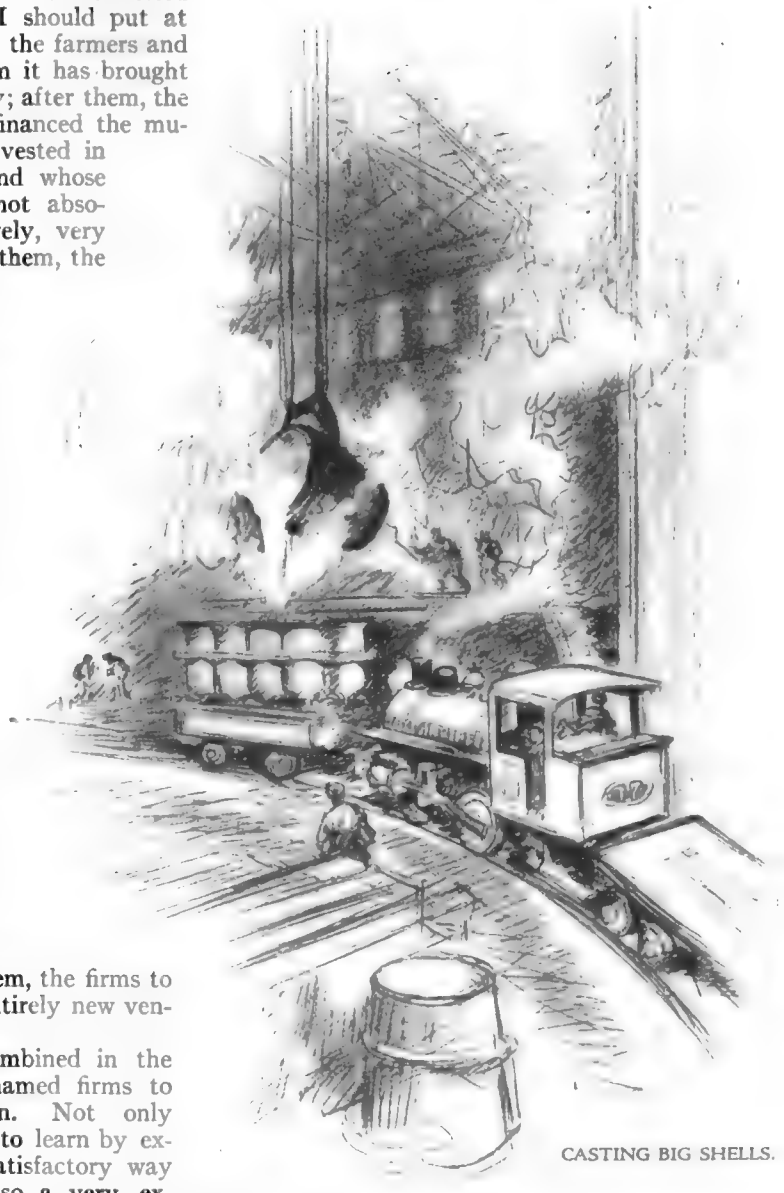
war stocks would seem to indicate.

If I were to attempt a rough catalog of the classes and industries that in America have benefitted most by the war, I should put at the head of the list the farmers and shipowners to whom it has brought universal prosperity; after them, the bankers who have financed the munition firms and invested in their securities, and whose gains have been, not absolutely, but relatively, very considerable; after them, the owners of the indispensable raw materials required in making shells, guns, and rifles; after them, the makers of tools and machinery that were needed for the same purpose; after them, the manufacturers of the general articles of commerce demanded by the belligerents; after them, the firms that had already had experience in the munitions industry and that needed comparatively few additional facilities to enter it on a large scale; and after them, the firms to whom it was an entirely new venture.



CASTING BIG SHELLS.

Many things combined in the case of the last-named firms to keep profits down. Not only were they obliged to learn by experience—a very satisfactory way of learning but also a very expensive one—but they found also that the making of munitions is a highly technical industry, demanding the highest kind of mechanical and metallurgical skill, conducted on the most rigid specifications, and with practically no margin whatever allowed for error. The expert inspectors employed by the foreign Governments have stood over the American manufacturers, insisting always and of right on the best workmanship, quick to detect the slightest flaw, ruthless in rejecting whatever was unsatisfactory.

Then, again, the firms that entered the business as novices had to build on the prodigious scale I have already described. An enormous amount of preliminary work

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had to be done in designing and constructing the special machinery and equipment needed. There was not much difficulty at first in finding men to run the machines, but skilled engineers and designers and foremen familiar with the making of shells and rifles, were hard to come by; and the problem of getting a large body properly organized and trained in advance to cooperate with the greatest degree of efficiency and in the smallest possible time involving a lavish outlay of money.

Then, too, the cost of all the essential raw materials used in the manufacture of munitions jumped rapidly; the cost of some of them almost flew out of sight. The firms that had not covered themselves quite early in the game—and there were many who could not—had to pay for it through the nose. It was not only steel and copper and brass that bounded up, but ferro-manganese rose from $30 to $225 a ton; magnesite, a necessary element for binding the bricks in the open-hearth process, was virtually unobtainable; tungsten, a black powder of which fifteen pounds is used to every 100 pounds of high-speed tool steel, mounted from 50 cents to $8 a pound; sulfuric, picric, and nitric acids, which are the bases of all explosives, increased in price from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent.; there was for a while something approaching a lumber famine; and at every turn the shortage of tools made itself sharply felt.

Besides this, labor, both skilled and unskilled, repeatedly demanded higher wages and as repeatedly received them. The necessity of guarding the factories against the plots of German sympathizers likewise ran away with a lot of money. And also it has to be remembered not only that the wear and tear on the machinery has been severe, but that the machinery itself is largely useless for anything except manufacturing munitions, and after the war will have to be scrapped.

But the factor that more than anything else, more even than the extra taxation imposed by Congress, has helped to scale down profits is the factor of time. Time anywhere and everywhere is the most expensive of all industrial commodities, and the whole munitions business in the United States has been a grinding fight against time. The manufacturers had to have tools, raw materials, and machines—had had to have them at once; and all, or nearly all found themselves compelled to do in one month the work of two.

How much these conditions have added to the cost of production, and by how much they have diminished profits, can not of course be ascertained with any precision. But I do not think I am far wrong in guessing that manufacturing costs have been increased by some fifty per cent. below the estimates, and others more than that. Very few are the firms that have benefitted financially as much as they expected. In many cases they will be satisfied if they come off with a fifteen per cent. return on their investment; some will have little more to show for their venture beyond a new plant which has cost them nothing; many will disclose substantial losses.

What the impetus of the war has done for America—indeed, its supreme boon—is to put her in a better state of industrial preparedness than ever before in her history. Her capacity for turning out rifles has been multiplied twelve times over; she can produce a million and a quarter loaded time-fuses a month where before the war she produced hardly any; and her output of shells of all sizes must now reach at least 2,000,000 a month.

The plants that American manufacturers have erected at the call of the Allies, the labor they have trained, the skill and knowledge and experience they have amassed, are proving to-day assets of incomparable value and potency for the security and the fighting strength of America herself. They are assets that can not be improved, that nothing else can replace, and that form an unsurpassable foundation for America's own defense. Thanks to the Allies, the United States has learned and acquired the only ways and means by which safety can be protected and policies enforced.

Finally, the last two years have splendidly demonstrated to the world the vigorous enterprise and daring of American manufacturers and the astonishing intelligence and adaptability of American labor. They have been severely tested; they have borne the test with a success that must have surprised themselves; they have raised the reputation of American industrialism abroad to a level it had never reached before. And what they have accomplished for the Allies is, of course, as nothing by the side of what they can and will accomplish for their own country.

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THE ROAD TO ARCADY

By Anne Bunner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. D. WELSH

THE little wooden station stood deserted in the heat of the late September afternoon. The solitary passenger that descended from the boat train stood forlornly on the platform surrounded by her luggage, and watched the train pull out. Across the tracks, a scant hundred yards beyond the station, the blue waters of the inlet lapped gently against a little shingle beach; behind the station a dusty country road stretched, white in the sun, between fields of blueberries and bay, and was lost to sight in the scrub oak and pine woods.

A pile of blueberry crates heaped on the station platform to await the down train were the only sign of human habitation. The girl sat down wearily on a crate, loosened her veil with tired, trembling hands and looked around her. The sign on the station reassured her, "Port Secoq"—this was certainly the place, but there was no one to meet her. She bit her lip sharply to keep back the tears. It had been a chapter of accidents ever since she left Boston, and she bitterly regretted her impetuosity in coming. The boat had been crowded with picnicking trippers, and she had had a sharp conflict with the purser about her stateroom. They had been three hours late in docking and the long, hot journey up the coast had left her tired and shaken. The nearest farmhouse in sight looked fully a mile away. She would have to walk to it and leave her luggage on the platform.

She rose wearily and at the same moment heard the faint sound of a motor. She sat down again and watched for it to appear. Down the road it came, a noisy, dusty little Ford, and drew up at the station. A man in overalls leaned out and looked at her.

"Are you going to Dexters'?" he inquired.

The girl looked at him coldly. "Yes," she answered shortly, "I'm Miss Darragh. Why didn't you come before?"

"I was getting in the salt hay," explained the man laconically. "Have to work hard between tides."

"Are you Mr. Dexter?" asked the girl.

"Nope, I'm Jim McLean—jump in and I'll stow your bags."

Evelyn Darragh flushed crossly as she settled herself in the cramped little car. Her tired, overwrought nerves resented the man's manner. He might have showed some solicitude for having kept her waiting, she thought. Country people were apt to be impossible; you couldn't treat them as servants and yet they lacked the manners of her class. She supposed this breed was very much like the farmers around their country place in Siaset.

The man, on his part, was thinking what a pity it was that so pretty a girl should be

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cross and ill-mannered. Perhaps she was not well; she looked pale and Mrs. Dexter had said she was coming up to rest.

The motor had left the blueberry fields behind and had turned into the pine woods before the girl spoke. "Is it far to the village? I thought it was on a river."

"About five miles from here you'll see the river—the next turn we come to. It runs right through the village and empties into the bay a mile below the station."

They came to the bridge after a little while. The river ran beneath them broad and leisurely. A few logs floated lazily down-stream.

"Oh, is this the Dee?" exclaimed the girl with quick diappointment. "I thought it was a swift river—like a mountain stream."

The man laughed. "It's swift enough for you, out beyond in the country, but the tide comes in as far as Secoq. We get salt water up at the village twice a day."

On they went along the white ribbon of the road; on either side stretched the forests, scrub oak and firs, bearded with gray moss, carpeted under foot with trailing juniper and ground-pine; where the cleared pastures broke the stretch of woodland, the pungent scent of hay and sweet fern hung heavy on the hot air.

A lonely country, the girl felt—they had only passed one farmhouse—and yet a curiously friendly one. Here and there a gently grazing cow looked from the side of the road as they went by, and with a switch of her tail and a shake of her bell returned placidly to her grazing. An indefinable sense of peace stole over Evelyn. Perhaps, after all, she had done wisely to come—if only the farmhouse proved possible.

The road had turned and was running parallel with the river now. They were in sight of the village—a handful of houses scattered over a mile or two of clearing. Trim, well-kept farmhouses, white for the most part and spacious, set in little orchards of gnarled, stunted apple-trees.

Jim McLean drew up abruptly before one of the houses on the outskirts of the village. "Here you are," he said.

Evelyn's irritated nerves throbbed afresh. She hated being taken by surprise. She had expected to have the house pointed out to her, to have time to form impressions.

A short woman dressed in a calico wrapper, with a clean white apron tied around her waist, came running out. She had a pleasant, rosy face, round and creased with tiny wrinkles. "Well, my dear," she greeted Evelyn, "I expect you're tired. My, ain't it hot! I did hate to have you traveling in all this heat. Come right up to your room," she continued, grasping one of the bags.

"ARE YOU GOING TO DEXTERS'?" HE INQUIRED.

Jim McLean swung the other two traveling-cases on his shoulders and followed her into the house.

Evelyn stopped him in the doorway as

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he was coming out. "How much do I owe you?" she asked coldly.

The man smiled. "You don't owe me nothing," he said. "Mrs. Dexter asked me to meet you. I've got the only motor hereabouts."

Before she could frame a reply he had cranked his Ford and was off up the road.

Evelyn followed Mrs. Dexter up the steep, narrow stairs to her room—a little room, plainly furnished, but very clean.

"Supper at six," her hostess reminded her, "and make yourself at home, my dear."

Left to herself, the girl's spirits sagged still lower. In a futile attempt to get away from her troubles, she reflected, she had thrown herself more completely on her own slender resources than she had ever done before. What should she do with herself for three whole weeks in this quiet place? She dragged open one of her heavy cases and took out her toilet things. They looked incongruous on the plain bureau.

Wearily she unpinned her chic little black hat and stepped out of her smart checked traveling suit. No hot water, of course. She poured out a basin of cold water, bathed her face and hands, and with deft fingers combed and rearranged her hair. Mechanically she unpacked her things and placed them in the bureau drawers and the narrow little closet. A bell rung loudly reminded her of supper. She slipped hastily into a white frock and ran downstairs.

The table was set for five, but Evelyn noted with relief that she was supposed to eat first and alone. Mrs. Dexter served her, bringing in the dishes from the kitchen.

"You must tell me if there's anything you want, my dear," she said kindly, "we live very simply and I expect you're accustomed to fancy cooking."

Perch, baked potatoes, biscuit, and a dish of blueberries comprised the supper. Evelyn ate with a scant appetite that worried her hostess.

"You don't eat no more than a bird," she commented kindly. "We must feed you up while you're here. You've been ill?"

The girl shook her head. "No—not ill—I—I'm tired, that's all. I came away for a change and rest."

"Well," laughed her hostess, "you can have all the rest you want here. I was real worried to know how to amuse you. We don't often have guests from the States—mostly traveling men on their way through the provinces. I wondered how you come to hear about our house?"

The question could hardly be evaded, and Evelyn answered with an effort. "A friend of mine—Jerry Morgan—told me about it—I believe he's been to you several years for the fishing, and he was so enthusiastic about your house and Port Secoq that I thought I'd try it for a rest cure."

"Well, you don't say!" exclaimed her hostess cordially. "Why didn't you tell me you were a friend of Jerry Morgan's? Why, he comes up every spring for the salmon. He's just like one of us. There isn't a soul in Port Secoq that doesn't know Jerry Morgan, and love him, too."

Evelyn pushed back her chair suddenly, "Yes, he's a dear," she answered, "I—I don't know him so very well," she forestalled rapidly. She couldn't bear to talk about Jerry—not yet. "I think I will go for a walk before I turn in, Mrs. Dexter."

EIGHT o'clock struck lingeringly from the tall clock in the hall. The cool northern twilight had darkened into night and driven Evelyn to her tiny room. She tossed restlessly on her bed and listened to the chirp of the crickets and the tinkling bell of a belated cow. On the narrow strip of porch below her window, the goodwife and her husband sat talking, the day's work finished. Their voices drifted up to Evelyn and she listened idly. How peaceful their lives were: the long day in the hayfields; Mrs. Dexter's preserving; and the friendly gossip of the neighborhood. The simple recital of a daily life that might have been lived a hundred years ago.

How unvexed by the stress and struggle of life as she knew it! Suddenly the tenor changed. "I'm real sorry for that girl, Joe," Mrs. Dexter confided. "She's that tired she's lost all her interest."

"Been working too hard," concluded the farmer. "Well, she don't look like a worker—but you can't tell about a woman."

"No, I don't think it's that," his wife said slowly, "but I expect she has seen a heap of trouble. A young thing like her doesn't lose her spirits easily."

Evelyn lay very still and stared out into the soft darkness. If this kindly woman knew her whole life would she still think she had had a heap of trouble, she wondered? The dark Canadian night veiled

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"I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU MOVING AROUND," SHE SAID GENTLY, "AND I BROUGHT YOU A GLASS OF WARM MILK."

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her consciousness of the present, and her thoughts drifted back over the years.

Eight years ago, when she was eighteen, what golden promise life had held for her. All of her world had had high hopes of Evelyn Darragh; with her looks and her cleverness she would go far, they predicted. Her popularity the year she came out set her head and shoulders beyond the other débutantes; her lack of money had been if anything slightly to her advantage; so many of her mother's old friends had made a point of entertaining for her. That season and the following year, she lived in a whirlwind of gaiety. For the first and the last time; there were plenty of frocks, evening gowns for the dances and dinners of winter, walking suits, furs and smart hats, linens, chiffons, and lingerie frocks for the endless visits of the spring and summer. Her mother had taxed her slender resources to the utmost to give the girl a wardrobe; Aunt Fannie had given her four evening gowns; and there had been a check from Uncle Ben and boxes of little-used finery from Cousin Bella in Paris—all planned and contrived, she knew now, but at the time she had accepted it as her due, as her richer friends had accepted their clothes.

The following winter had seen her cruising to Palm Beach in the Richardsons' yacht; in the early spring she had followed the exodus of her friends to Hot Springs in the Weston's private car. Summer had meant Long Island, Newport, the Maine coast, and the Berkshires, with an occasional breathing-space at Siaset. And everywhere she went she was surrounded by luxury, luxury that other people paid for; but that had meant very little to her at the time. She was so young—eighteen, nineteen, twenty—no one expected her to pay for things; and besides she was only visiting. She would marry soon, a man with lots of money, and then she would entertain these people in return.

In the mean time there were beaux in plenty, but the only really rich one was fat, with a horrid little mustache, and his father lived in Pittsburgh and made pickles. Evelyn liked his attentions, but she never for a moment considered marrying him. She would marry for money certainly, but there must be love too.

The third year the gaiety had begun to thin a bit. No one asked her to Hot Springs or to Palm Beach that winter. The summer was as gay as ever with many of her friends married and in houses of their own. But clothes were troublesome that year; her mother gave her very little money for them; and she found that, running with an older set she was expected to pay her share. She lost rather heavily at bridge that season and her mother was very angry.

Then, perhaps her nerves were tired—she had gone so hard—she had lost a trifle of her radiant confidence; things went wrong and upset her; the fat boy from Pittsburgh was engaged to a homely little débutante who put on insufferable airs. Evelyn didn't care, of course, but she knew her relatives were disappointed, and it irritated her.

THE next two years were still worse. Evelyn's sister Mary, a quiet, gentle girl, was growing up. Mary and her mother adored each other, and Evelyn felt more and more out of place at home. She knew that her mother wished she would marry and leave the field clear for her sister, and she knew that Mary disapproved of her and thought her selfish toward her mother. And Evelyn was selfish; she thought of no one but herself—a trait for which her training and not her nature was responsible.

Her married friends were beginning to have babies now; Evelyn was not the maternal type and she wondered rather how they stood being tied down so much; but there was often a quick pain at her heart, nevertheless, and an indefinable sense of missing something of the best of life when she tiptoed up into a nursery and peeped into a little beribboned bassinette.

The intimate insight into her friends' married lives was beginning to have its effect on the girl. She realized the position and the balance that marriage gave to a woman's life; whether they married for money or for love, these girls were better off than she, they were more contented, better balanced.

What she could not understand was that it was the responsibility that these girls had taken on themselves that gave them their contented assurance. They were necessary to the happiness and welfare of their households. Evelyn, who owed responsibility to neither God nor man, watched them, and concluded that marriage was the universal panacea. She must marry, she decided. But whom? Something very like a panic seized her and drove her into flirtations for which she despised herself. Looking back

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on the feverish year, Evelyn's cheeks burned with shame. What a fool she had been! And it had ended in an engagement to a man that she did not and could not care for. An older man, wise in the ways of women not of Evelyn's class, and all too ignorant of the reserves of a girl. Under his ardent love-making, the girl had awakened with a shock of horror to the impossibility of a loveless marriage. Panic-stricken she had broken the engagement, and defiantly faced the condemnation that greeted her.

After that escapade her popularity suffered a decided wane and she had thrown herself feverishly into one enterprise after another: amateur theatricals, suffrage, modeling—she was clever at everything and excelled at nothing. Nothing interested her long, and she saw clearly that her world was beginning to count her a failure.

The summer she was twenty-three she spent quietly at Siaset with her mother, and there she met Jerry Morgan. They had walked, and swam, and sailed together through one heavenly month. That he cared for her she never doubted, and that she cared—ah, it did not matter to her if the whole world knew; she had never known what happiness meant before. Her love for him was the crown of life.

Restlessness and discontent dropped from her like a cloak. Life became very simple; to think and live and love. Wealth, popularity, success were all incidental to the heart that had found itself. September passed on, an enchanted month, and Jerry had not spoken; but Evelyn was content to have it so; their understanding was so perfect. He left her to spend October at a camp on Racquette Lake, and Evelyn was to join him there later at a house-party.

The girl hid her face in the pillow and thrilled at the memory of his good-by. He had held her hands and looked deep into her eyes. "There is a mountain there, Evelyn," he had said softly, "that you and I will climb. I can tell you best what I want to tell you then." It had only meant one thing to her. So she let him go, serenely happy, and confident in his love.

Two weeks later she had joined the merry house-party in the Adirondacks, and there something had gone wrong, hopelessly wrong. Jerry with two other men had met her in the chill gray mist of the early morning when she stepped off the night express. The other men had been boisterously cordial in their welcomes. "Where had she hidden herself for so long and what was she up to?" They had been betting at the camp, they told her, on what Evelyn would do next—some of them thought it was a new man, but the consensus of opinion declared that she had decided to go into the movies or else to France as a Red Cross nurse. Which was it? they teased her. They were sure she had something up her sleeve.

JERRY was very silent as the launch swept up the lake, and she noticed that he glanced at her curiously once or twice while the other men were chaffing her. His reserve sent a faint chill to Evelyn's heart. She longed, impatiently, for their first moment alone. But the moment never came.

The first day it seemed to Evelyn that it was accidental; but as day succeeded day she realized that Jerry was deliberately avoiding being left alone with her. In the evenings when they lay on the fragrant pine-boughs in the open camp and watched the fire blazing on the rock before them, or when the group broke up into couples and drifted in canoes on the moonlit lake, the girl's heart throbbed with an almost unendurable anguish. It would have been so easy for Jerry to have sought her out if he cared. But he never did. He was courtesy itself toward her. She had no grounds on which to reproach him. He never avoided her obviously—in fact, he was very apt to constitute himself her escort when the party was clinging together. But he never allowed himself to be alone with her.

Even now, after two years, the baffling misery of those days sent a dull ache through Evelyn's heart. She slipped from her bed and knelt before the little window, looking out into the cool darkness. The farmer and his wife had gone in. A little chill wind had blown up, and the leaves on the apple-trees sighed and rustled.

Well, that was the end of her love-story. If she had only been brave enough to face it then, to realize that something—she would never know what—had changed him, and that he no longer cared. But she had never squarely faced the issue. She had hoped against hope that there would be an explanation—that he would care again.

She met him often and he was always kind, even interested. He no longer avoided being alone with her. It was as if the crisis had passed. There was no longer

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any danger in being near her. And so for two years she had nursed sick hope and fought against a dull despair. Through all the aimless artificiality of her life she had dragged herself with a dull ache at her heart. But now had come the news of his engagement, and she must face the facts—fight it out and take up her life on a new basis. For the first time she had felt the imperative need of solitude. She had remembered the farmhouse in the north that Jerry had spoken of so lovingly. Sheer instinct had driven her to this retreat far from the critical eyes of her world.

A knock at the door broke into her reverie, and she started up to open it. Mrs. Dexter stood in the door, a candle in one hand and a glass of milk in the other.

"I thought I heard you moving around," she said gently, "and I brought you a glass of warm milk. You didn't eat anything for supper and I thought maybe it would make you sleep better."

The simple act of thoughtfulness brought quick tears to the girl's eyes. "Why, Mrs. Dexter," she said gratefully, "how kind of you—it will help me to sleep better." She slipped into bed and sipped the hot milk slowly. The woman lingered a minute to take the empty glass and straighten out the tumbled sheets. "Good night, dearie," she said kindly as she closed the door. "I hope you have a good night."

Evelyn turned her flushed face to the cool pillow. The silent sympathy was a balm to her bruised heart. How kind these people are! she thought. When ten o'clock struck the girl lay breathing quietly, a little smile on her lips.

A FORTNIGHT passed in the quiet routine of the country days. By imperceptible degrees Evelyn's nervous irritability left her. The simple friendliness of the people amongst whom she was thrown worked a miracle of healing to her bruised spirit.

Money, she found, was used only as a necessary means of barter and exchange in this quiet corner of the world. There were no extremes of wealth or poverty, and none of the money consciousness that governed the life she knew.

In Siaset the summer people had been looked at as the natural prey of the natives. Every commodity the farmers raised or owned was held at a premium for the visitors—an attitude for which the summer colony itself was responsible. Money consciousness widened the gulf already made by their totally different standards of living. In Port Secoq, Evelyn for the first time found the true spirit of democracy, and her nature expanded in its warmth.

Day after day slipped by and the period of analysis and introspection that she had promised herself when she came away was never faced. Some day, she assured herself, she would face down her troubles as she had planned; but for the present she lived each day as it came, grateful for the peace of mind its simple activities brought to her.

In the cool of the early mornings she gathered blueberries in the pastures with the children; in the afternoons she fished the river or tramped the country for miles around, dressed in a short corduroy skirt, a smock, and moccasins, stopping at the farmhouses that she passed for a drink of their cool well-water or a glass of foaming milk. The first time she stopped to ask for milk, she offered as a matter of course to pay for it, and the surprised refusal of the farmer's wife to accept money for a simple courtesy had taught her never to repeat the mistake. "We don't sell our milk," the woman explained simply.

In the long evenings after the early supper, Evelyn lay out in the hammock under the apples-trees and talked with Mrs. Dexter.

"Do you know," she said to her one evening, "your country is simply Arcadian. I haven't encountered a disagreeable person since I've been here."

"Well, my dear," asked her hostess in simple surprise, "why should people be disagreeable to you?"

Evelyn laughed. "I can't see, either, when I'm here," she allowed, "but it's so different with us in the States. Every one is in a hurry, and our nerves aren't what they should be. Then money, and the lack of it, mean so much at home. Here you never seem to think of it."

The older woman sighed. "Yes, it's a peaceful life," she said slowly. "But we have our troubles too, my dear." She was wondering if, after all, this girl who stood on the threshold of life knew what sorrow was. "My oldest boy is in camp at Winnipeg now," she told her gently. "He'll be 'somewhere in France' next month. So many of our boys have gone."

Evelyn turned her head quickly. "Oh, I

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didn't realize," she said, conscience-stricken. "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Dexter." She felt suddenly very young and inexperienced beside this woman who was so courageously facing a great anxiety. And yet she envied her. At least she had known the realities of life; wifehood and motherhood had given her a place in the world.

THE afternoon was too warm for walking, and Evelyn stopped at the Indian encampment to rest. She begged Jean, the soft-eyed little Indian boy to dig worms for bait.

An Indian trapper and his squaw had pitched their camp on the bluff overlooking the Dee, a mile beyond the village. Every summer they camped in the same spot. The Indian fished the river and guided for an occasional visitor. The squaw sat under the pine-trees and wove baskets of sweet-grass and fashioned useless birch-bark souvenirs.

Evelyn and little Jean had become firm friends. The boy spent long afternoons with her on the river while they fished the trout pools with poles cut from saplings and lines baited with worms. This afternoon he had a tin of wriggling angle worms ready for her and a sapling cut. He must go to the village on an errand for his mother, but he would follow her to the river, he promised, in an hour.

Evelyn took the can and rod and scrambled down the steep bluffs to the river bank. The Dee was very low in the August drought and she followed the narrow edge of shingle up-stream, looking for a likely pool. A flat boulder a few feet off the opposite bank enticed her fancy. It was partially sheltered by an overhanging maple and on the down-stream side of the rock lay a still, black pool. Evelyn slipped off her shoes and stockings and stepped into the water. The swift rush of the current over the mossy stones of the river-bed nearly swept her off her feet. But she steadied herself and picked her way across to the boulder.

It was an idyllic spot—nicer, even, than it had looked from the other bank. The flickering leaves of the maple-tree broke the heat of the sun, and the rock was large enough for a lazy nap if fishing became irksome. The girl loosened her heavy hair and plaited it for greater comfort. Slipping down farther on the rock, she dangled her bare feet in the cool water, baited her hook, and cast.

An hour slipped by. Once she hooked a perch—large enough, she decided, proudly, to have fried for her supper, and twice an eel stole her bait. She had been assured that the trout had all left the river for the cooler streams upcountry. But Jean sometimes caught them in the Dee, even in August.

Suddenly there was a tug at her line—a quick, jerking tug quite unlike the little pull of the perch. The line was almost jerked out of her lazy hold, and the tip of the sapling bent to the water. At the same moment she heard some one scrambling down the opposite bank.

"Jean, oh Jean!" she called excitedly. "I'm sure I've got a trout—what shall I do? Come quickly."

"Hold on, I'm coming," called a masculine voice from the bank. "Haul him in if you're sure he is hooked."

"Oh, I know he's hooked!" cried the girl, too intent on the struggling fish to notice the man wading toward her. "Oh, look, look! It *is* a trout! Don't let it get away!" Her line swung clear of the water, a gleaming, speckled trout struggling at the hook, and swinging back and forth as the girl waved the pole frantically.

The man reached out his arm and caught the flapping fish in his hand. "Here you are, Evelyn," he said.

The girl looked at him for the first time. There he stood, almost knee-deep in the rushing water, bronzed and laughing, a wriggling trout clasped in one hand, the other stretched toward her.

"Jerry!" she cried.

Then, even beyond the miracle of seeing him was the miracle of her composure. Two weeks ago, if she had met Jerry suddenly, her heart would have beaten to suffocation. She would have striven desperately to appear natural and indifferent, and would have succeeded only in being sharp and cynical. But now her cool little hand slipped cordially into his. "Why, Jerry," she said, "what unbelievable luck—you and my first trout on the same day! And will you take him off the hook for me? Isn't he wonderful?"

Jerry laughed. "Perfectly wonderful," he agreed. "Must weigh almost a pound." He disentangled the hook and tossed the fish on the rock. "I'll sit here and keep him from flopping off this side. Now, why don't you ask me how I found you?"

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IT WAS ONLY A MILE TO THE VILLAGE, BUT THEY WERE SHOCKINGLY LATE FOR SUPPER.

"I didn't even know you were looking for me, but how did you?" the girl encouraged.

"Well, Mrs. Dexter told me you had gone for a walk, but I met Jean on the road and he assured me you were fishing. So I went back and got on my waders, and came up the river-bank. I was looking for a complete Abercrombie & Fitch fishing outfit for ladies, accompanied by a guide, and it was only by chance that I happened to notice a red-headed, barefooted kid sitting on a rock and fishing with a bent pin." Laughing softly, he looked her up and down—from her auburn braids to her bare white feet swinging in the water.

For the first time Evelyn became conscious of her appearance. A swift vision came to her of the contrast between her present attire and the correctly immaculate sporting costume of his fiancée. Marion Wynaut. But the laugh that bubbled up to her lips was one of pure amusement. "Oh, Jerry," she cried, "I don't care how I look, I'm so comfy. And now tell me why you are in Nova Scotia. I thought you were in—Maine." She hesitated a second before the last word. Indian's Head, a little island off the Maine coast that belonged to the Wynauts, had sprung to her tongue, but she substituted Maine.

"I was at Indian's Head," Jerry answered quickly, a thought too quickly; it implied that he did not wish to speak of his visit. "I came up here—for a change."

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"A change," Evelyn wondered. A newly engaged man did not usually look for "change" so soon. Perhaps, after all, there had been a mistake and he was not engaged —or perhaps there had been a quarrel. A faint hope struggled in her heart, but she crushed it down. No, that was over and done with. She would torment herself no longer. He was here and they were the best of comrades again. She would take what the gods had given her and stop asking for the moon.

She smiled at him frankly and cordially. "At all events I'm glad you are here. And we ought to be starting back now. Supper is at six and I'm going to get Mrs. Dexter to fry my trout. You can have half for taking him off the hook."

"To-morrow," Jerry announced as he strung the trout and the perch on her line, "I'm going to teach you how to fish. We'll go 'way up into the country. There's sure to be trout in Black Creek even in this month."

He turned and held out his hand to her, but Evelyn repulsed him, laughing.

"You mustn't be polite Jerry—it spoils all the fun to be guided around," she assured him. Slender arms outstretched, she balanced lightly on the slippery stones and agilely picked her way across to the bank, slipped on her stockings and moccasins, and, sure-footed as a young chamois, darted up the bluff.

For four Arcadian days they roamed the country together. Evelyn in her new-found philosophy took the happiness that had come to her gladly and gratefully. Whatever Jerry had thought of her before, whatever had estranged them, was past and gone. She knew that now he was sincerely her friend, that he found her the best of comrades and was quietly content to be with her. That, however much or little they should see each other in the future, their friendship would endure, she was equally sure, and the knowledge, even with its hopelessness of love, brought peace to her.

And Jerry was a wonderful comrade. Together they fished the upland streams, broiling the trout and making coffee over a camp-fire for their luncheon. One morning they walked to the inlet and borrowed a dory to explore the little islands in the bay. From early morning to evening they tramped the country together, exploring the mysteriously dark logging-roads that led far into the depth of the forest, following the farmers to the upland pastures where they were gathering the wild hay, and riding home in the sweet-scented evening on the loaded hay-ricks.

The long, happy days drew slowly to an end, and Evelyn's last day dawned. She was to leave on the following morning and it was characteristic of her new attitude that she had not even asked Jerry of his plans. She was meeting life as a child meets it—without thought of the morrow. When she came down to breakfast in the morning, she found that Jerry had already bespoken a picnic luncheon of their hostess. They were to go far up the river, he told her, to an old logging-camp.

By eight o'clock they were off, swinging up the narrow white road that skirted the river-bank. It was a seven-mile tramp and the morning sun was warm. The road led through the forest, but the upright spruce and hemlocks through which it passed gave little shade, so they stopped often to rest and drink at the cool little streams, and to bathe their hot faces.

It was high noon when they reached the short trail that led away from the road to the old logging-camp. There was a little log cabin in the clearing, and a rudely constructed stone oven blackened with many camp-fires. The ground was covered with deep moss and pine-needles, and it sloped gently down to the river. Above the camp, the Dee took a sharp turn and was lost to sight in the forest.

Evelyn exclaimed with delight at the solitary beauty of the spot, and threw herself down on the soft moss to rest. Jerry unstrapped the luncheon pack and dropped it beside her.

"If you don't mind being left for about fifteen minutes," he said, mopping his hot brow, "I'm going round the bend there to take a swim."

"Of course I don't mind," Evelyn assented. "I wish I could go in myself."

Jerry gone, she stretched herself on the ground. She was very warm and a little tired. In a momentary sense of loneliness it came to her that this was her last day. She pushed the thought resolutely from her mind and sat up and looked around. If she could only take a plunge!

She ran down to explore. Yes—there was a pool behind the rock, clear and cool and tempting. Evelyn scrambled down

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behind the sheltering boulder, slipped quickly out of her clothes and into the pool. One of her hastily pinned-up braids came unloosed. She dared only dip in, then out again, but the quick plunge sent her vitality raging.

She dressed quickly, using her handkerchief as a faint apology for a towel, and was seated on the moss again where Jerry had left her, when she heard him come whistling through the woods.

"It was great," he called. "And now let's have luncheon."

The girl was already unpacking the boxes, and as she bent to her task, the damp auburn braid falling over her shoulder caught Jerry's attention. His eyes twinkled, and as he caught sight of the small, damp pocket-handkerchief spread out on the moss to dry, he smiled down gently.

They approached luncheon with the ravenous appetites of children on a picnic, and when it was finished Jerry stretched out on the ground and smoked his pipe. Evelyn sat beside him, her knees clasped in her hands, and talked and dreamed. Lazy, desultory, impersonal talk it was—with long breaks of contented silence. And so the afternoon passed until the lowering sun told them it was time to start for home.

A little breeze had sprung up when they reached the road and the sun had sunk below the tops of the trees so that the road lay in shadow. Rested, they walked swiftly. The girl sang a little as she swung along, but the man was very silent and a little preoccupied, Evelyn noticed.

The sun was just setting in the western sky when they came to the trail that led off to the Indian encampment on the bluff above the river. On a flat stone by the road little Jean was sitting and watching for them. He came up to them slowly and shyly as they approached, and held out a sweet-grass basket in his little brown hand. "It's for yo'," he said in his soft sweet voice, "because yo' goin'——"

"What, for me?" teased Jerry, holding out his hand.

Jean held the basket toward Evelyn and shook his head, his gentle black eyes fixed on the girl's face. "No," he said seriously, "it's for yo' woman."

Evelyn laughed as she took the basket from the child's outstretched hand and thanked him warmly. But Jerry, with an odd expression on his face, stood staring into the sunset. Suddenly he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar.

"Jean," he said, "I like the simple brevity of your speech. It has the elements of genius. I am going to pay you this," he placed the coin in the child's hand, "for an option on your last phrase. And ten cents more"—he produced a dime—"if you will walk straight down that trail without turning around once."

The child stared, uncomprehending, at the man, grasped the money in his fist, and fled swiftly down the path.

Jerry turned to the girl. The quick color had come to her cheeks. She looked frightened and troubled, and her eyes avoided his.

"My dear," he said, "I have been trying all the way home to find words to ask you, but Jean has said it all in two words. You are 'my woman,' Evelyn. I love you."

A swift wonder spread over the girl's face. Her lips were slightly parted and she was breathing quickly; but her eyes were turned toward the setting sun. Her face was rapt.

"Evelyn," the man's voice broke uncertainly, "I've been a fool, I know, but won't you forgive me? Can't you care a little? Look at me, dear." He turned her gently toward him, and slowly her eyes met his.

"Jerry—" she began, and her voice trembled. Then "Jerry!" she cried again, and hid her face on his shoulder.

It was only a mile to the village, but they were shockingly late for supper. The farm hands had all finished and Mrs. Dexter was putting away the dishes when a radiant vision burst into the kitchen. "I know we're awfully late, Mrs. Dexter," the vision declared, "but give us anything; we don't care a bit what we eat."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dexter, "of course you don't! God bless you!"

Their supper finished, Evelyn curled herself up in the hammock and Jerry sat beside her holding her hands close in his. A little sighing wind rustled the leaves of the apple trees. The air was fragrant with the scent of bay and sweet-fern. Out of the stillness of the country night came a myriad of little sounds—the plaint of the frogs in the marshes, the determined chirping of a cricket, the clink of dishes and the murmur of voices from the summer kitchen.

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The girl and the man sat in utter silence.

The time had come for explanations, and yet in the perfect understanding of their love there seemed no need for explanations.

He broke the silence first.

"I've loved you always, Evelyn," he said. "There has never been any one else. If you have heard——"

The girl stopped him with a quick gesture, "It's not that, Jerry," she whispered softly. "And you needn't explain anything if you don't want to—only—*why* did you leave me before, if you cared?"

For a breathless second she waited for his voice; the remembrance of that short, hateful engagement and her feverish flirtations stained her consciousness; but the man's stumbling explanation accused himself alone.

"It was because I was a fool," he said shortly. "I thought I understood you that summer at Siaset, but afterward when I was waiting for you in the Adirondacks, they talked about you a lot—your friends. Oh, they admired you, of course: they said you were so clever; you were born to be a leader; they prophesied a career for you, and they made me think that was the sort of thing you cared for." He broke off for a minute, but the girl did not speak. "I'd seen so many unhappy marriages," he continued slowly, "and I had determined that the woman I married should be a comrade. No marriage can be perfect unless it's based on congenial tastes. So I made up my mind that although I loved you, we couldn't be happy together."

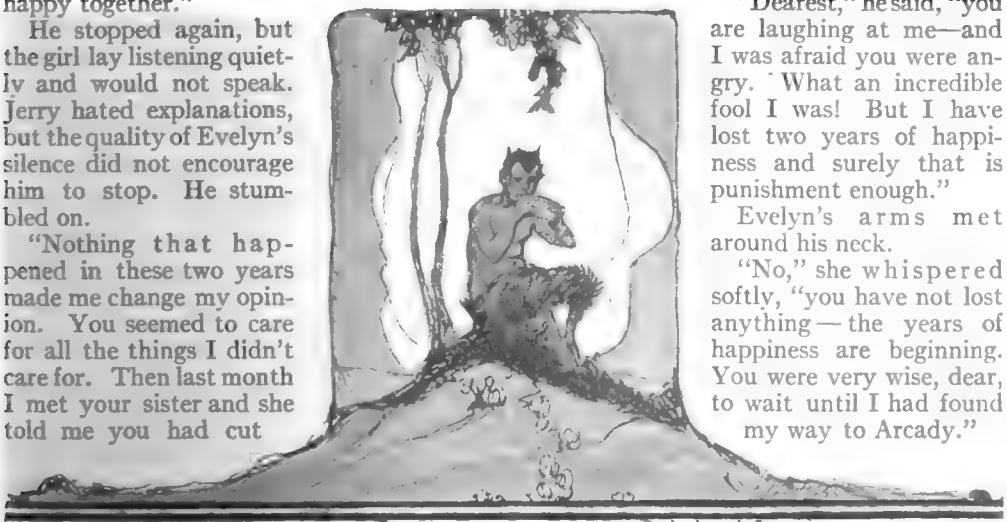
He stopped again, but the girl lay listening quietly and would not speak. Jerry hated explanations, but the quality of Evelyn's silence did not encourage him to stop. He stumbled on.

"Nothing that happened in these two years made me change my opinion. You seemed to care for all the things I didn't care for. Then last month I met your sister and she told me you had cut loose and come up here for a rest. She said you'd probably get tired of it and come back in a week. I began to hope then, Evelyn, that I'd made a mistake. I remembered telling you often about Port Secoq and all the dear people here, and I made up my mind that if you didn't come back in a week, I'd come after you and see if I could find the girl I'd known that summer in Siaset."

"And did you find her?" she inquired in a purely conversational voice.

A sudden fear struck at Jerry's heart. Was she angry, he wondered? But the girl wasn't angry. She was reviewing the explanation in her quick mind. It had taken her completely by surprise. She did not entirely fancy being told that she had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, but her innate sense of justice told her that she had indeed been wanting in the qualities that would make for happiness to a man of Jerry's type. She could look back, now, at her restless girlhood with the detached serenity of a woman. No, he would not have been happy with her as she had been. They might have had a few months of happiness, but she was still at the formative period then, and her development might have been quite different. It was far better that she had suffered and learned alone. She was content.

"And did you find her," she asked again, "after your two years of 'watchful waiting'?" This time there was a hint of amusement in her voice, and the man caught her quickly in his arms.



"Dearest," he said, "you are laughing at me—and I was afraid you were angry. What an incredible fool I was! But I have lost two years of happiness and surely that is punishment enough."

Evelyn's arms met around his neck.

"No," she whispered softly, "you have not lost anything — the years of happiness are beginning. You were very wise, dear, to wait until I had found my way to Arcady."

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IN THE TRENCHES OF LABOR

A Plea for Thirty-five Million Soldiers of the Machine

DRAWINGS BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

By
Lillian Erskine
IN COLLABORATION WITH
Treadwell Cleveland, Jr.

SHALL this war drain or replenish the veins of our national vitality? Shall waste or the conservation of blood and treasure be the outcome of our entry into the world-struggle to safeguard ideals of humanity and justice?

These are the questions asked in the following pages, which are a revelation and a challenge to the nation.

The number of yearly deaths and injuries in industry equals the combined population of Albany, New York; Charleston, South Carolina; Springfield, Illinois; Mobile, Alabama; and Spokane, Washington.

"In the Trenches of Labor" makes an appeal and draws an indictment that no patriotic American has the right to leave unheeded. It appeals to the conscience of a nation that in time of peace has dealt ruthlessly with the men and women and children in its industries. It indicts not only its habitual exploitation of human values, but the economic folly of its annual wastage of physical efficiency and productive treasure that surpasses in costliness and suffering the most disastrous year of the Civil War.

The conservation of

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the human factor in industry, called for as a preparedness measure by the National Council of Defense, would not only offset a great part of the proposed war expenditures, but probably save more American lives than will be sacrificed by our entry into war.—THE EDITOR'S.

AMERICA faces war!

The flame of European conflagration has leaped three thousand miles of ocean, and kindled its fires on our own shores.

For thirty-four months we have watched the feeding of the funeral pyres of civilization. We have seen navies and armies, whose numbers were beyond the dreams of militarism, vanish as in smoke.

And in the new scale of values forced upon a dozen nations during these red years of conflict, one word has claimed preeminence, whatever be the speech or country of the combatant: "Efficiency" is written in letters of blood against the pall that shrouds an almost universal desolation.

But it is not the efficiency of those fighting at the front that tips the scales of victory. The battles of to-day are being fought by millions of men, and women, and adolescents, who have never left their native soil.

The training and physical endurance of the man in the trench must find their counterpart among those toiling by day and by night in a chain of munitions plants stretching across two hemispheres.

It is the stamina of those who forge the weapons of war, or till the soil to feed that insatiable belly upon which all armies travel, that sways the destinies of empire.

The pomp of martial music has been drowned by the din of foundry, and projectile plant, and shipyard. The thunder of artillery is born in the unhurried silence of the laboratory.

The modern Waterloo is not won upon the foot-ball field of a century ago, but in the workrooms of industries whose wage-earners—no less than the soldier in the field—have answered to the bugle-call to arms.

AMERICA faces war and the costs of war!

For the nation at peace the expenditures for rational preparedness are insurance premiums against aggression. They can not be reckoned—like the destruction of natural resources—as wanton waste of national wealth.

Though the battle-ship become obsolete, its building and up-keep turn back into the wage and capitalization of industry a heavy percentage of its original cost.

Though the ranks of the limited standing army be filled with non-producers, the appropriations expended are still an indirect factor in annual revenue, and a direct factor in guaranteeing its stability.

But the nation at war is a nation feeding upon itself.

The wheels of industry turn only in the production of that which shall either destroy or be destroyed. Expenditure leaps as revenue ebbs. The War Office, the Admiralty, the Ministry of Munitions, or the Civil Service, are now the main support of over two million more British households than taxed their resources before the outbreak of the War of Wars.

The high-tide of militarism sweeps by every factory door, bearing on its crest munitions, supplies, and materials that will be shot, or worn, or wasted away. All the available capital of warring nations has been diverted from normal productive enterprise to the financing of war loans, and the fostering of abnormal trade.

Unemployment is a memory of the past.

Employment that perforce ignores the appeal of youth, of sex, even of human endurance, is the European nightmare of to-day.

The peaceful betterments and material equipment once reckoned as the milestones of national prosperity, have been swallowed by a bloody maelstrom.

Women and children starve, that machine gun and rifle may be fed rations of shrapnel and cartridge. The old and the infirm shiver by lifeless hearths, that the bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh may freeze less cruelly in trench and snow-bound encampment. Generations yet unborn will wear the yoke of taxation, that there may be no slackening in that golden stream which is transmuted, by day and by night in the laboratory of industry, into cannon, and all that shall transform men into food for cannon.

And the measure of national exhaustion will not be gaged by rivers of blood, or by mountains of the dead; but by the dying

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flame of the foundry; by the silence of the munition plant; by the drained treasury; and by the tragedy of the empty grain-sack.

AMERICA faces war and the tests of war!

For the nation aroused from peace, the man at the machine outranks the fighter at the front. The mobilization orders of Captains of Industry, not of Ministers of War, are the measure of national defense.

The officer from Aldershot yields place to the foreman from Birmingham or Leeds. The army recruited by the genius of Kitchener halts for the word of command from the lips of the wage-workers of Lloyd George.

The inner story of retreat, of stubborn deadlock, and of the final hammering back yard by yard of that impregnable German front somewhere in France, is written not in the pages of contemporary English history, but in thin Governmental Reports on Efficiency in the Munitions Plant.

Against days and nights of miserable inaction in trench and stronghold during the first year of the campaign, must be matched early months of continuous industrial toil for armament, whose limits exceed all modern records of endurance.

Against speeded recruits, sleeping where they dropped after double drill, must be matched speeded shell-makers, staggering —after fourteen-hour shifts—from plants whose line shafting was never idle.

Seven days out of the seven, on foot or in crowded trams, hundreds of thousands—ill-housed, ill-nourished—started to work at dawn. Seven days out of the seven they dragged themselves back at night, to beds still warm from the bodies of those traveling in counter streams to fill the ranks of the evening shift.

Spurred by the peril of unpreparedness, the mobilization of industry challenged the immemorial law that production and the producer are bound by indisolluble ties.

Women gently reared, like their humbler sisters, surrendered limitation of hours and prohibition against night work, in force for their protection for seventy years. Young lads, like their speeded elders, matched waning vigor against tasks claiming eighty and even ninety hours per week. Managers, foremen, and superintendents—haggard of eye and grim of jaw—stayed at their posts and fought to avenge their unarmed dead for eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty-six hours on end.

Although factory after factory swung into Lloyd George's line of industrial defense; although the technical machinery of British trade responded to the compelling force of national demand—yet the waiting army of the Allies still prayed or cursed for the sinews of war, while wave after wave of Prussian advance broke over Belgium and swept the frontiers.

While the inexhaustible preparedness of Berlin poured out the munitions stores of twenty years in an unbroken flood, the first frenzied over-speeding of English flesh and blood rose to its barren climax, wavered, and slowly ebbed.

And as hours dropped, the scale of output rose. Where one day's rest in seven again barred the road to exhaustion, illness and absence waned. With the conservation of foreman and trained mechanic, workmanship gained in skill. As the lunch canteen and welfare service entered the door of the munitions plant, temperance and staying power followed close behind.

To-day the streams of equipment traveling to the victorious line of advance; the thousand products wrought by the soldier of the machine for the soldier of the line, are pouring from coordinated industries steadied by rational control, and no longer licensed to gamble with the brief limits of endurance of those who must fight the year-long battles of labor in their ranks.

The raising of regiments may be reckoned in terms of months; the equipping of navies in terms of years; but the standards of national industrial efficiency — without which both are meaningless in modern warfare—must be the outcome of a generation of technical development, based on the policy of physical conservation.

AMERICA faces war and the waste of war!

For thirty years the constructive militarism of peaceful Europe had set a new value upon human life. The mailed hand of the War Lord had made safe the toil of those who were reckoned the hostages of the industries they served.

The sword of governmental regulations had barred preventable accident and disease from factories manned by potential soldiers and sailors of the reserve. The

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THERE MUST BE THE SHRIEK OF THE SHUTTLE-TRAIN, THE CLINKING CHAINS OF THE TRAVELING CRANE.

conservation of the human factor in a thousand trades was the economic basis for the expenditures of a preparedness that was the supposed guarantee of peace.

Up to the cataclysm of Serbian revolt the findings of the recruiting-sergeant (as to the disabilities of workers) had led to the prevention of more death and human suffering than had been caused in all Europe by an entire, troublous century of her earlier wars.

Dramatic as was the horror of those battle-fields, they were found to have left no such scars on national life as those inflicted by the sapping of vitality in mine and factory and mill. Costly as had been their drain upon the treasuries of warring nations, the daily human wastes of industry were found to be a greater menace to commercial victories won in the open markets of the world.

The expenditures by Germany, Austria, and France for official literature on diseases of occupation, would ransom a province, and forms a library in itself. For half a century England has fought sickness and mortality in her myriad trades with costly commission after commission of government experts.

Vienna has its official Institute of Industrial Hygiene; Paris and Milan their Clinics of Industrial Disease.

Berlin, Amsterdam, Petrograd, Frankfurt-on-Main, Gratz, Helsingfors, London,

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Odessa, Stockholm, Warsaw, Paris, Vienna, Barcelona, Moscow, Budapest, Munich, Brussels, Zurich, Dresden, and Copenhagen have their official Museums of Safety to teach by exhibit, lecture, and publication, the doctrine of human conservation among every class.

Not only compensation for industrial injury, but health insurance and compensation for industrial disease have cooperated to protect from exploitation the worker in the hazardous trades. For every subtle risk of poisonous fume or dust, the scientist has offered his antidote, and chemist and engineer the safeguard of their skill.

In modern Europe industrial efficiency, no less than that of militarism, was based upon the bodies of the physically sound. The nation rejecting four men out of five for service at the front could hope for no one hundred per cent. output from factories manned by those whom the recruiting station had discarded. The government hoarding its gold for budgets of preparedness could spare no needless toll from its industrial revenue.

In war or in peace, for supremacy in battle or in commerce, the wealth of continental nations has long been reckoned as the health of nations.

AMERICA faces war and the toll of war!

We who are the most patient among world powers, yet the least reverent of human life; the most cautious on the score of militarism, yet the greatest spendthrift of national resource—we must face the hour that preaches from the iron throat of cannon the creed of humanity and economy we would not heed from the lips of peace.

For a generation, we have challenged European policies of conservation with a destructive commercialism whose needless waste of treasure might have floated the navies of the world. While the War Lords have striven for the industrial conservation of their national vitality, we have been content that the red blood of other countries should replenish our arteries of trade, drained by our savage wars of peace.

We who have preached the ethics of the sanctity of human life, have dared to watch a yearly carnage in the ranks of our Army of Labor that exceeds the losses of the Russo-Japanese War.

We who have granted a tardy policy of protection to minerals, land, streams, and forests, have withheld from the thirty-five million men and women and children of industry the protection of governmental reduction of a heavier percentage of occupational accident and disease than exists elsewhere in the civilized world.

We who have been proud of a Spanish and Philippine war-record of but six thousand killed or wounded in a decade of world-peace, have left unread the blood-stained page of labor with five million killed or wounded in a decade of industrial toil.

In one year of peace our workers in mine and railway and factory and mill have faced more death and suffering than those of Austria, Belgium, Germany, France, England, Italy, Norway, and Spain combined.

Each year ten thousand new-made widows, and thirty thousand minors orphaned by sudden loss, appeal to American employers for compensation, and to state or private charity for aid.

In thirty-four months, since Austria drew the sword of vengeance, our trenches of labor have buried sixty thousand killed in the early prime of life.

Since an international agreement became a scrap of paper, one million six hundred thousand major injuries have marked industrial thresholds red.

Since the guns of Germany swept across the frontier, one hundred and eighty thousand—racked and tortured of lung—have been lost through the Captain of Death in ninety American trades.

Our Army of Defense will be less swift and sure in its recruiting than the ranks of our standing industrial army of consumptives, full seven hundred thousand strong.

Our budgets for naval appropriations shrink in costliness beside the two billion dollars lost to industry by approximately six hundred and fifty million days of illness since England joined the Allies.

A dozen battle-ships might have left the ways for the price of two million man-years wasted in wage and product since the first transport was sunk by German mines.

The daily wage loss of the two million workers perpetually absent from the muster roll of labor, would cancel in seven and a half years the bonded war loan of seven billion dollars voted by Congress on our entry into war.

While we alone have held the olive-

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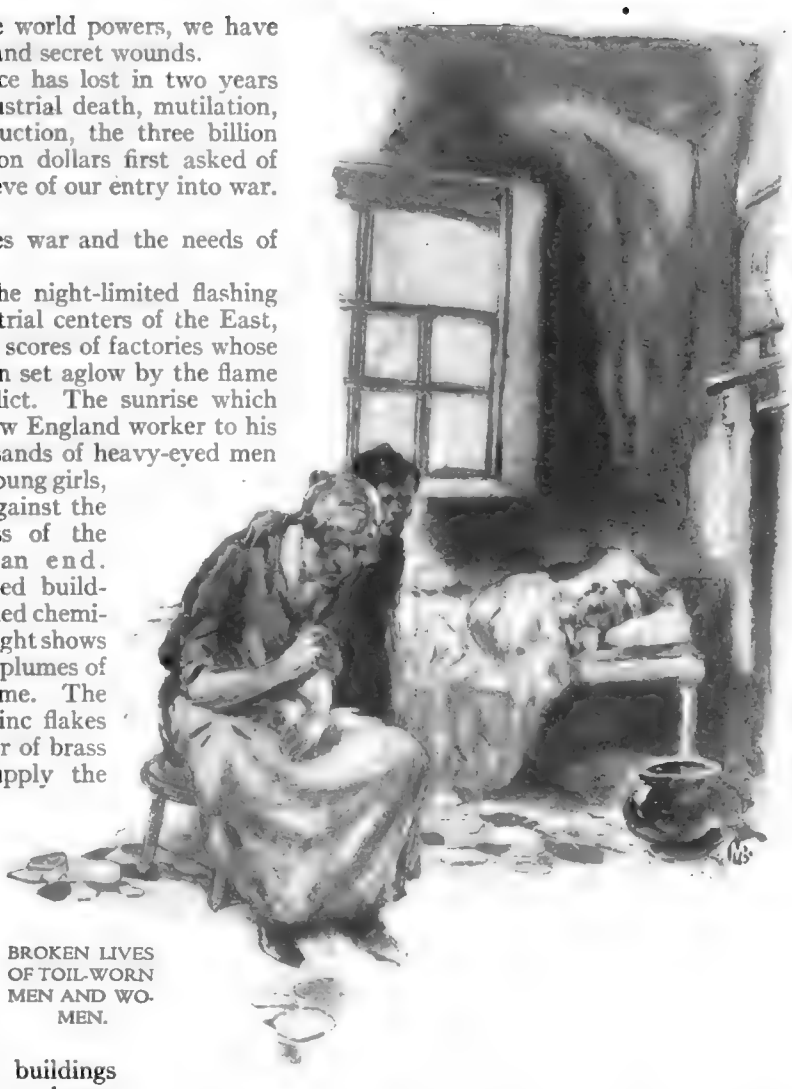
branch among the world powers, we have bled from a thousand secret wounds.

America at peace has lost in two years and a half of industrial death, mutilation, and lowered production, the three billion five hundred million dollars first asked of Congress on the eve of our entry into war.

AMERICA faces war and the needs of war!

The lights of the night-limited flashing through the industrial centers of the East, are answered from scores of factories whose windows have been set aglow by the flame of European conflict. The sunrise which once called the New England worker to his task, signals thousands of heavy-eyed men and women and young girls, that their fight against the physical weariness of the night-shift is at an end. Above the scattered buildings of still unfinished chemical plants, the daylight shows the danger sign of plumes of yellow nitrous fume. The flurries of white zinc flakes which cloud the air of brass foundries that supply the cartridge plants for Russian guns drift from louvres whose openings are closed one day in seven.



BROKEN LIVES OF TOIL-WORN MEN AND WOMEN.

In sections of the country may be glimpsed acres of scattered buildings which yield, at every change of shift, men whose skins are tinged with the once unfamiliar blue or yellow hue of the high-explosive worker. On the outskirts of new-built hamlets are jagged craters torn in American soil by exploding shells destined for the Somme.

While those in authority have watched, and talked, and waited, the bodies of learners in the industrial school of war have been mangled by detonation and poisoned by noxious fume and dust. It is the hundred thousand who have risked life and health that the cannon of the Allies might speak, and the two hundred thousand who, at the command of our Captains of Industry, have fashioned rifle, and fuse, and cartridge, and shell for foreign need, who to-day form our advance-guard preparedness, when our own cannon shall break their silence of twenty years.

Yet these trained soldiers of the machine are but a handful among the millions whose unrecorded labor must furnish the sinews of war before the screws of our Navy leave a white wake astern, or our Army of one million—mother-naked after its recruiting—is clothed, fed, equipped, and ready for service in the field.

Regiments of men must swing the pick and blast the obstructing rock, to free the coal and metals that build the skeleton of defense. There must be fiery beacons by

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night, and pillars of smoke by day, as the undying flames of smelters and steel-mills feed their ruddy streams of molten copper, and lead, and iron. There must be the shriek of the shuttle-train; the clinking chains of the traveling crane; the roar of the converter; the pungent fog of the electrolytic tank; the scintillating sparks of the iron cupola; the warning-gong of the glowing ladle; the deep-throated diapason of the shipyard; the deafening iteration of the blows of the riveter; the white glare of the welder; the choking smoke and vibrant life of the foundry floor; the blows of the drop-forge; the silence of the hob, or the shout and reek of the oil-fed tilt-furnaces for brass and bronze; the ringing blow of the ax; the shivering crash of falling timber; and the shriek of saw and planer.

Yet these are but heralds of the mobilization of industry, and the background for the million who must sweat, and strain, and speed through weeks and months that slip over the grudging year, before the battleship stirs on the ways, or the gun is limbered at the word of command.

There must be the swing of seasons through the planting and reaping of grain; the noonday glare of the cotton-field; the shearing of flocks; the clank of the grain-elevator; the white dust of the flour-mill; the monotonous clack and vibration of the unresting loom; the unwholesome vapors of the dye-vat; the roar of the power-driven sewing-machines of underwear and uniform contractor; the poisoned fur and steam of the hat factory; the reek of the stock-yard and tannery; the pungent dust of a hundred shoe processes; and the swift shuttles of the hosiery mill.

BATTLES FOUGHT BY TOILING WOMEN AS WELL AS BY MEN IN THE TRENCHES.

Yet these in turn are but a prelude to the mobilization of our real Army of Defense, and are but a background for the millions who must give the labor of their bodies through days and nights that grow to weeks, and through weeks that drag through months, before troop-trains can leave the siding, and the motor-truck can follow in their rear.

That our new-wrought cannon and rifle may proclaim the freedom of the seas, deep-bottomed freighters must plow five thousand miles of wave from Chile's nitrate beds, and sulphur wrested from obstructing quicksands, and pyrites ores of Spain must find their way to silent plants where (through unhurried months) atom shall attract atom, until from poisonous fumes that sear the lung or starve the blood, and dusts that torture the flesh and gnaw the vitals, have been unleashed the elemental forces that shall propel the shell, and let loose the hail of steel.

Though the crisis be swift, and though our need be measured by hours, yet the forces of nature that reared the cone of the volcano and buried the primeval ore, must be reconquered and reshaped before the guns

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of defense can sound their challenge, or the sword can prove what the spoken word has proclaimed.

AMERICA faces war and the triumph of war!

Limitless in resources, united by a common cause, the countless army of industrial defense has answered to the nation's call to arms.

The genius of our Captains of Industry has wrought order out of the chaos of unpreparedness. Each hour of toil in factory or shipyard brings guarantees of protection against peril upon land and sea.

But for each slow month that straightens the spine and deepens the chest and hardens the muscle of the recruit whom the Government dare spare no pains to make fit for the wastage of battle, shall a score of workers, whose bodies the Government leaves to the mercy of accident and disease, grow more bent of back and starved of lung and racked of nerve in the seasoned ranks of labor?

Shall we challenge war with the untried vigor of youth, and pave our pathway to the victories of peace with the broken lives of toil-worn men and women?

Shall we shield from the toll of the coming reign of blood and iron our soldier of the line, and leave defenseless in the trench of labor those whose hands have forged his myriad weapons?

Shall the nightmare of toil turn the speeded nights of millions into day, while week after week denies their plea for one day's reprieve in seven?

Shall each day's march that brings us nearer to the outposts of defense, demand that our army of industry mark its rear with the graves of a hundred dead and the blood of a thousand injuries?

Shall the Government, safeguarded in its hour of peril by Captains of Industry, turn from their service with a grudging hand?

Shall it feed with a double stream of gold from industrial treasuries the insatiable needs of the coming months of war?

Shall employers of labor, who have shouldered the burdens of our national crisis, still bear the burdens of the productive wastes from which employers of our commercial rivals have been freed?

In the name of humanity and of reason, shall we not pause upon the blood-stained threshold of militarism to stanch our cruel and costly wounds of peace?

In honor to those who in State Departments of Labor and in Safety Councils of Industry have striven to safeguard our soldiers of the machine, shall we not call upon Federal authority to set its belated seal upon their policies of conservation and to make good our nation's violated guarantees of right and law?

AMERICA faces war and the lessons of war!

And industry must not pay the double price!

The nation that has watched the ruin of sturdy peoples, and the growing shadow of universal bankruptcy, can no longer condone an occupational waste of health and treasure that can be reckoned only in the language of the trench.

It dare not mobilize an industrial army that will be mustered out as an army of the physically unfit. It must not be free to thin its ranks through speeded months that should bring us nearer to the mastery of the markets of the world.

Whether the aim of a nation be supremacy in war or in peace, the attainment of its ambition must be based upon the bodies of the physically sound. We who have hoped to win the highest goal of prosperity can not gamble more recklessly than the War Lords with the most costly asset a nation can possess.

Our mantle of peace (long flung aside by those who breed men fit for war) must no longer shield the mutilations, the deformities, and the wasting disease condoned by us as the heritage of those who toil.

If we draw the sword of honor from its scabbard, let us do so with hands clean of the blood of weary children, and childless women, and labor-stunted men.

From the world-evil that has come upon us let us wrest the good of a justice unswayed by the blindness of commercial greed. If lives must be lost, let them be lost in defense of liberty, not of the bondage of tradition. If treasure is to be poured out, let the more costly wastes of industry be checked. If we must mourn our dead, let there be pride in their patriotism to comfort us, not shame at their exploitation to answer for our cause of sorrow.

So may America at war become a nation reborn and rededicated to a new reverence for peace and the blessings of peace.

So may the call to arms sound not the

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doom of national prosperity, but the awakening of an era whose clearer vision shall bring the realization of our world supremacy.

WHY NOT?

BY ARTHUR H. YOUNG
Director, The American Museum of Safety

"IN THE TRENCHES OF LABOR" makes a vital appeal in a manner tense—dramatic—gripping. It is the earnest hope of those interested in the safety movement that this presentation of the necessity for the elimination of needless human wastage may galvanize the American conscience into action.

Let us discharge our duty in a manner worthy of our motives. Not leisurely, for every hour of idleness will exact a toll of blood and souls; but let us not be hysterical; for misdirected energy will mean delay and waste of priceless resources.

England blundered thus, and suffered cruelly. Grimly she bared her wounds to industrial surgery; gamely she followed the remedies prescribed, and buoyantly she returned to her industry more vigorous, more productive than ever before. Her experience forms a clinic from which America may well perfect a practise of untold value.

Already our toll of industrial deaths is at the rate of more than fifteen full regiments every year. Over three hundred full regiments of our industrial employees are injured so seriously as to be off duty more than four weeks during each year.

Why should we tolerate this needless waste of our industrial sinews of war? Why countenance this slaughter of the men whose labor practically determines the outcome of this struggle?

If American genius will but focus its attention on this problem as it has on explosives, ship-building, or food supply, we may quickly organize such accident-prevention measures as, enduring for all time, shall repay by lives thus saved for the coming days of peace the staggering total of our sacrifices to Mars.

WHY NOT—

I. Appoint a Commission of Practical Safety Experts, who shall not only see to it that our machinery is guarded, but who shall inaugurate a national campaign of teaching safety to managers, foremen, and workers?

II. Appoint a Commission of Experts on Hygiene and Sanitation to stop the ravages of poisonous fumes, noxious dusts, unnecessary strains, fatigues, and exposure in the industries covered by their reports?

III. Make such commissioners government officers, clothing them with such authority as will insure the success of their mission? Their efforts, begun as a war measure, would by popular acclaim be continued in peace, thereby eliminating by Federal standardization the unequal industrial regulations now imposed by forty legislatures.

IV. Insist on the maintenance of a national standard code of sanitary ventilating and lighting equipment for shops, to replace the faulty or missing state codes?

V. Proclaim that every industrial worker in this land shall have one day of rest in seven; and that his total hours of labor shall be within such a maximum as will insure adequate recuperative periods?

VI. Begin, to-day, in our manual-training shops, our colleges, and engineering schools, to replace present mechanical equipment with types embodying the ideal development of safety devices? Tear out admittedly improper lighting, ventilating, and sanitary equipment; and keep ever before our students and graduates the newest and best developments of the arts? These students are to become our leaders of industry, and will direct our progress in industrial achievement. School them as well in human efficiency as in the sciences of material qualities.

We are to-day confronted by a condition, not a theory. Industrial plants in America have already tried the foregoing activities—their success, and that of the broader national regulations of England, are a guarantee of the soundness of the principles.

Is it fair to the man on the firing-line to shrink his munitions supply by letting lathes stand idle through unnecessary sickness and injury? Is it fair to the munitions workers not to interpose a barrage of scientific preventive measures between them and a premature Grim Reaper? Is it fair to society to continue to endure this culpable burden of pain and blood and manslaughter?

In the shadow of war shall not the hope of enduring peace proclaim to American industry that "Every accident prevented helps the nation to prepare"?

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THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

THIS is the second instalment of a startlingly original and powerful four-part serial that is different from anything ever published in this magazine. The story begins a short time before the outbreak of the great world war, and Arnold Pennell, who tells the story, is projected into the next century by means of a vacuum cylinder equipped with time-clocks set at a hundred years. The cylinder is the idea of Herman Lazaroff, a brilliant young materialist who looks forward to a scientific world freed of faith and humanitarianism. Lazaroff is associated in a biological laboratory with Arnold —and the two men are both in love with their chief's daughter, Esther. One evening Lazaroff takes the other two into a secret cellar to show them the three vacuum cylinders, in which, he professes, he means to seal up some monkeys and send them on a hundred years. By way of jest, he induces Arnold to enter one of the cylinders—and immediately the automatic cap shuts him in . . . .

When Arnold regains consciousness, he is in a desperate state of weakness and bewilderment; but he is able to struggle out of the opened cylinder. At length and the astounding truth dawns on him that he has been unconscious for a hundred years. He makes his way outside at last, and is presently seen by an aviator, who asks him strange questions, and offers to carry him to London. This is a city he never dreamed of—buildings fifty stories high, all dazzling white, moving streets roofed with crystal, people strangely dressed. Arnold is conducted to the Strangers' House and placed in the care of David, the Strangers' guard, and his daughter Elizabeth. Gradually they explain to him this curious life he has entered. David tells him that most of the world is ruled by Science, that faith is dead, and that the Federation of Nations is dominated by two men—Boss Lembken and Doctor Sanson. Finally David confides to him the secret that the people are looking forward to the coming of a Messiah who will give back to man his ancient liberties.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Goddess of the Temple

"ARNOLD! Arnold!"

The telephone funnel between the rooms was calling me, not in its usual strident tones, but in a muffled, intimate appeal.

David was at the bureau, and Elizabeth had gone out on one of her infrequent journeys. It was as if the voice had guessed

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I was alone, for it had never spoken to me before, and I had hardly even been alone before. I went to the funnel and listened.

"Arnold, I am your friend," the voice continued. "You are in the hands of enemies. You will come to no good in the Strangers' House. Go out quietly by the external elevator at once and proceed toward the Temple, where everything will be explained to you. Your friends are with you."

I went out of the apartment. I descended by the external elevator, and a moment later I was upon the moving street, feeling like a runaway schoolboy, and animated by an intense eagerness to solve the secrets which lay hidden from me.

Before I became aware of it I had drawn near to the domed building toward which the street was running. The houses suddenly dropped away, and the splendid structure, which had seemed to float with tantalizing elusiveness above the housetops, revealed itself to me. I was half-way up a rather steep hill, whose superior portion consisted of a smooth glacis composed of neatly joined stones, across which the streets, converging, moved toward the castellated fortification that I had seen from the air-plane, each terminating before a gate in this wall.

The gate in front of me was composed of huge blocks of stone, probably laid on a steel frame, and swung upon hinges of some metal that must have possessed enormous tensile strength. It was open, and, like the fortifications and the great Ray guns mounted on them, was covered with glow paint or plaster, a dazzling mirror, now white, now blue, and bright as sunlight.

I passed through the gateway beneath a massive arch. Now I saw that the space of ninety feet between the outer and inner walls formed a narrow fortress surrounding the inner courtyard, and connecting with the domed building, as I had seen from aloft, by long bridges stretched upon arches. The court within was laid out in grass-plots and was most spacious.

As I stood still, amazed at the magnificent conception of the architect, suddenly I knew what the domed building was. It was St. Paul's Cathedral. I had not recognized it, for the cross was gone.

My wonder grew as I looked on it. Even of the old building I could see that the greater part was a restoration, but the dome designed by Sir Christopher remained intact. Yet it no longer rested on the summit, but seemed to soar, supported on numerous low pillars; and twenty feet beneath it, on a flat under-roof, was a garden of luxuriant palm-trees, doubtless enclosed by invisible crystal walls. I saw the gorgeous coloring of tropical flowers, and scarlet creepers that twined round the gnarled trunks of trees. What a magnificent pleasure-ground for the Council of the Federated Provinces, high above the London streets in the January weather!

An elderly, bent man in blue, with the sign of a hammer upon his shoulder, came slowly toward me.

"Can one obtain a permit to go up to the Council garden?" I inquired of him.

He stopped and looked vacantly at me. "Eh?" he asked.

"I want to go up and see the aerial garden," I responded, pointing.

"You want to go up there?" he exclaimed, and then began to chuckle, and slapped first one knee and then the other. "Ho! ho!" he roared. "That's good! But listen! You don't know whom you're talking to. My daughter lives up there. I'll never see her again, but I like to walk here and look up and think of the good luck that came to us. It gives me standing. I've got to earn a hektone and a quarter minimum a month, haven't I? But I tell you I don't produce fifty ones a month, and I lay off when I want to, and there's not a Labor Boss dares say a word to me, for all my swank and pout. And down I go on the books for my hektone and a quarter monthly, as regular as the sun rises."

His hard, shrewd laughter convulsed him again, and he slapped his legs and leered up at me. He drew nearer. "You've heard this new freedom that the people are whispering about?" he asked, glancing apprehensively about him. "They're never satisfied, people aren't. They want to get back to the bad days a hundred years ago, when there wasn't food to go round, and the rich sucked the poor men dry. I've read about those days. But they've been forgotten too soon. Sanson will crush the people when the outbreak comes. I know those Christians. London's full of them to-day. The defectives' shops are full of them. They're talking and planning for an uprising to turn back the hands of the clock. But Sanson'll out them when he gets ready.

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I SAW HER EYELIDS QUIVER AND HALF UNCLOSE AN INSTANT, AND, THOUGH THERE WAS NO OTHER SIGN OF AWAKENING, I KNEW SHE LIVED.

He'll send them to the Rest-Cure Home. They say there's a Messiah coming to mate the Temple-goddess and bring back the old bad days. Do you know what Sanson means to do? He's going to mate her himself. And then he's going to make us immortal. We'll have our heaven and keep our bodies too. What's the use of a heaven if you haven't a body to enjoy it with?"

He stopped, and began scanning me shrewdly. "You're a stranger," he said with slow suspicion.

"Yes," I replied. "Now tell me how I can go up to the Council garden."

"Garden!" he repeated, as if stupefied. "Don't you know that's Boss Lembken's home? That's the People's House, where Boss Lembken lives. People can't go up there. Don't you know that's Boss Lembken's palace? Who are you?"

He started back and a malignant look came over his face. "You're a wipe!" he shrieked. "I know you now. You want to trap me and send me to the Comfortable Bedroom because you think I'm too old to work. And never a month passes but I produce my full hektone and a quarter! You want to switch an old man who minds

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his own business and produces his hektone and a quarter, you rotten moron!"

His old face worked with excitement and fear, and he raised his fist in a threatening manner; then, suddenly changing his intention, he swung on his heel and hurried away toward the gate. I saw him glance back furtively as he made his way toward the street terminal.

As I turned to watch him I perceived that a small wooden gate on the interior side of the fortification stood open, and between the walls I saw a troop of the Moslem Guard in their dark-blue uniforms and red fezzes, drilling.

The man in blue with the machine badge on his shoulder, who was waiting for me at the entrance which I was approaching, surveyed me with a smile of tolerant amusement and considered no preliminary of introduction essential. He led me within the portico and through a swing-door on the north side of the building. I found myself within a circular chamber like a hospital theatre, with marble seats rising from the floor almost to the roof round a small central platform.

"This is the Vivisection Bureau," he began, taking his stand beside a table of reddish marble mottled with blue veins, with a shallow, cup-like depression at the head. Beside this table stood a mechanism consisting of a steel framework from which a number of powerful clasps extended above the table surface.

"The people call this, jocularly, of course, the Rest-Cure Home," my guide continued. "You can guess why. A number of criminals and other suitable subjects for experimentation are always on hand. Doctor Sanson is said to be making investigations which will prove of a revolutionary nature. Experimental operations are also performed here, for the supply of moron children is fortunately adequate."

Through the glass of the door I perceived a large throng pouring into another part of the building, following in the wake of an old man, perhaps eighty years of age, who was being conducted by two Moslem guards. Behind him trailed a little rat-faced fellow, who glanced furtively to the right and left and wore an uneasy smile. We accompanied the crowd into the next chamber.

It was about the size of the first, and in the center was a large structure of steel, with a swing-door. The brass rail that surrounded this held back the spectators, who lined it, staring and uttering exclamations of suspense and interest. The room was filled with the stench of an anesthetic.

One of the guards raised a drop-bar in the rail, and the old man passed through and walked with firm steps toward the steel structure. His white beard drifted over his breast, his blue eyes were fixed hard, and he had the poise of perfect courage. At the door he turned and spoke to the spectators.

"It's a bad world, and I am glad to go," he said. "I remember when the world was Christian. It was a better world then."

He passed through, and as the door opened the anesthetic fumes became intensified. I heard a creak, as of a chair, inside the structure, a whisper, a sigh, and the soft, dabbing sound of a wet sponge. That was all, and the mob, struck silent, began to shuffle, and then to sigh. I saw the rat-faced man slinking away.

"This," said my guide, "is popularly called the Comfortable Bedroom. The old man can no longer produce his hektone and a quarter monthly, and his grandson, who has the right to take over his burden on a very liberal extended credit system, has just been mated. Most of our old qualify for pensions, but no doubt he dissipated his credit margin and ran into debt when he was younger."

I could endure the fellow no longer. I broke from him and forced my passage through the crowd. I ran on through hall after hall, approaching the central part of the building, until I found my way blocked by a crowd of young men and women in blue, who were reading a lengthy list of numbers, printed in huge figures, and suspended high above their heads. Most of the young people were in pairs, and as they read they nudged each other and exchanged facetious phrases.

But one couple I saw who, with clasped hands, turned wretchedly away and passed back slowly toward the entrance.

"This is more cheerful than the Comfortable Bedroom," murmured a voice at my side.

This speaker was a dapper young fellow with a small, pert mustache and an air of familiarity. He placed his hand upon my arm to detain me as I started to move away.

"The kindly Council, which relieves old age of the burden of life, also provides that

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the life to come shall be as effective as possible," he said. "I see you are a stranger, and perhaps you do not know that these young people are here to learn the numbers of their mates."

"Do you mean that the Council decides whom each man or woman is to marry?" I asked.

"To mate!" he corrected. "Not in all cases. There is no mating for one-fourth of the population—that is to say, those of the morons who are just intelligent enough to be permitted to reach maturity. Grade 2, the ordinary defectives, who number another fourth of the populace, are at present mated, though Doctor Sanson will, it is believed, soon abolish this practise. The sexes of this division are united in accordance with their Sanson rating, with a view to the production of a perfect race."

"And these are defectives of what you call Grade 2?"

"No; all these are Grade 1 defectives," he answered, regarding me with a smile of amusement. "These comprise twenty-five per cent. of the population. This is the average type of the race, to which, presumably, we both belong. Whereas Grade 2 have their partners provided for them and are bound in strict monogamy, unhappy beings, they are free to choose within certain limits. The Council provides periodically a list of young men and women in each district who are physically and mentally adapted to each other, and those on one side of the list may mate any of those on the other side. Monogamy is not considered an essential feature of this system—in fact, it is frowned upon."

A rush of people toward the next hall carried us apart, and, not loath to lose my companion, I followed the crowd, to find myself in an immense auditorium, within which various orators were addressing the assemblage from various platforms.

Upon that nearest me a lecturer was holding forth with the enthusiasm of some Dominican of old.

"Produce! Produce!" he screamed, smashing his fist into his palm. "Out with the unproductive who can not create a hektone and a quarter monthly! Out with the moron! Out with the defective! Out with the unadaptable! Out with the weak! Out with the heretic who denies the consubstantiality of Force and Matter! No compromise! Sterilize, sterilize, as Doctor Sanson demands of you! There are defectives in the shops to-day, spreading the pestilential Christian superstition—yes, and even under white robes, both men and women, bearing the burden of the physical ills that they have concealed so cunningly. There are bow-legs, there are asymmetries, variations from the Sanson norm, legacies of malformations from degenerate ancestors, producing offspring in their own likeness. There are hæmophiliacs and the color-blind who have escaped the test, defectives wrongly rated upon the Binet board. Let us increase the rigidness of all tests, citizens! Sterilize ruthlessly, go through the populace with sickle and pruning-hook! Praise Sanson and the perfect race that is to come! Praise Boss Lembken!"

"Will you not go up and see the Temple goddess?" whispered a voice in my ear. I looked round, but I could not discover the speaker. I looked up. On each side of the auditorium a high stairway of gleaming marble led to a gallery. Doors were set in its walls in many places, and above were more stairs and more galleries, tier above tier. At the head of each stairway a Moslem guard was posted. He stood there in evident disdain of the blue-clad multitude beneath, splendidly picturesque in his darker blue, with the red fez that made a splotch of color against the white marble wall.

"Go up and ask no questions," whispered somebody upon my other side; and I turned again, but could not discover the speaker.

I went up the stairway nearest me, passing the guard, who did not question me. As I halted in the gallery above the auditorium a door opened, and there came out a man of incredible old age, dressed in white, with a gold ant-badge on either shoulder. He propped himself upon a staff and stood blinking and leering at me, and wagging his head like a grotesque idol.

"A stranger!" he exclaimed. "So you have come to see the goddess of the Ant Temple! Would you like to stand on the altar platform and see her face to face? It only costs one hektone, though it is customary to offer a gratuity to the assistant priest."

I thrust the money into the trembling hand that he stretched out to me.

The old man preceded me into a chamber on the south side of the auditorium, beyond which I saw another door. This room in

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which I stood was evidently the priests' robing-room, for white garments with the gold ant-badge hung from the walls, which were covered with mirrors, in each of which the horrible old face grimaced at me.

"You are to go through that door," said the old man, pointing to the far end of the room. "But wait!"—for I was hastening toward the door. "You must put on a priest's robes. It is not licit for a stranger to look upon the goddess."

He indicated a white robe with the ant-badge that hung on the wall beside me.

"What is this Temple?" I inquired. "Do men worship an ant, and are you its priest?"

He chuckled and leered at me. "Oh, no. I am a very humble old man," he answered. "I am as humble as the Christian priests used to be. I am only an assistant priest. Boss Lembken is the Chief Priest. So you ask about the ant. The people worship it, but it is not known whether they see it as a symbol of humanity's ideal or whether they think it is a god. The religious ideas of the people were always a confused and chaotic jumble, even in the old days of Christianity.

"I remember Christianity well. In my young days it was a power. I used to go to church," he cackled. "But already, when I was a young man, only the intellectuals believed in Christianity any more. Once it had been the masses. But Haeckel had proved that there was nothing but Matter, and the momentum of the materialistic impulses swamped the reviving superstition. And then the aristocrats had made Christianity a social organization. They set up little rival bodies because of pride, and because they wanted different forms of church government, when Christ prayed for them to be one. After the Revolution, Christianity continued to be taught among the other myths. But it aroused antisocial instincts. Christians were the enemies of humanity. They used to go into the Rest-Cure Home and ask to be vivisected in place of the wretched morons there. You can't build up a civilization with people like that. So the belief was made a capital offense. That was after we burned the bishops."

"What!" I cried.

"Death by burning came to us from the great transatlantic democracy, you know," he said, leering at me again. "Europe had forgotten it. But we set up the stakes once more. I saw the Archbishops of Tremont, of York, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster burned side by side in the ruins of Westminster Hall. Then there was Bonham of London, and Bethany of Manchester, and Dean Cross of Chichester; we put them in plaster of Paris and unslaked lime first and then into the fagots. The morons could have fled to Skandogermania, which was not free then. But they went, all three, into the Council Hall, and preached to the Council. So they had to go. And they blessed us while their bones were crackling. You can't make a progressive people out of morons like that!"

I went toward the door. I pushed it open and it swung noiselessly behind me.

Within the vastness of the Temple I heard a murmur rise, a wail of misery that made the ensuing silence more dreadful still. For now I encountered only thick gloom and emptiness, and soundless space, as though some veil of awful silence had been drawn before the tabernacle of an evil god. My limbs trembled as I advanced, clutching the rail beside me.

I found myself upon a slender bridge that seemed to span the vault, widening in the center to a small, square, stone-paved enclosure, like a flat altar-top, surrounded by a close-wrought grille that gleamed like gold. I halted here and, looking down, saw far beneath me a throng of people whose white faces stared upward. Again that chant arose, and now I heard its burden:

"We are immortal in the germ-plasm: make us immortal in the body before we die."

Then something beneath me began to assume shape as my eyes grew used to the obscurity. It was an enormous ant of gold, five hundred tons of it, perhaps, erected on a huge pedestal of gold; where should have been the altar of the Saviour of the world, there the abominable insect crawled, with its articulated, smooth body, and one antenna upraised.

The symbol was graven clear. This was the aspiration of mankind, and to this we had come, through Science devoid of faith, and the progressive aims of ethical doctrinaires that had discarded the old safeguards, Christ's light yoke of well-tried moral laws,

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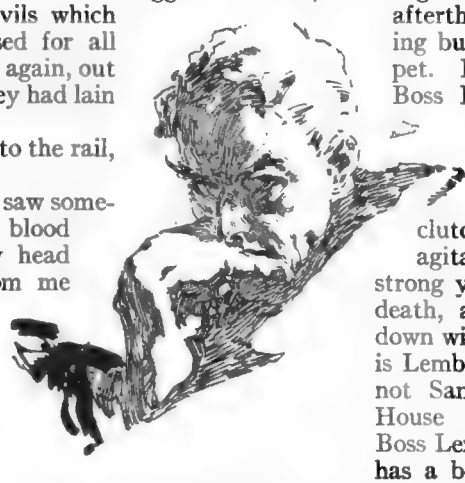
sufficient to centuries; through all the fanatical votaries of a mechanistic world; polygamy and mutilation, and all the shameful things from which the race had struggled upward. All the old evils which we had thought exorcised for all time had crept in on us again, out of the shadows where they had lain concealed.

I stood there, clinging to the rail, sick with horror.

Then I looked up and saw something that sent the blood throbbing through my head and drew my voice from me in gasping sobs.



At the edge of the platform on which I stood, out of the gloom loomed the round body of the second cylinder. And inside, through the unbroken face of glass, I saw the sleeping face of Esther, my love of a hundred years ago.

And the cap of the cylinder was half unscrewed.

CHAPTER NINE

The Lords of Misrule

I SAW her eyelids quiver and half unclose an instant, and, though there was no other sign of awakening upon the mask-like face of sleep, I knew she lived. The indicators upon the dials showed that five days remained before the cylinder-cap would fly off.

As I stared through the glass plate, so horror-struck and shaken, some power seemed to take possession of me and make me very calm. An immense elation succeeded fear and rendered it impotent. Esther was to be restored to me. We had not slept during that entire century to be lost to each other now. All the love in my heart surged up triumphant, and this new world seemed as fantasmal as a dream.

With steady steps I returned to the priests' room. The dotard was waiting for me, and, blinking into my face, he searched my soul with eyes as hard as agates.

"I am going to Sanson," I said calmly.

He started and looked at me in terror. He seized me by the arm. "No, no, no!" he exclaimed. "You are to go to your friends! Sanson is not your friend! Don't you understand? Sanson is working on the problem of immortality, and soon he will himself be proven mortal. Except, of course, in the germ-plasm," he added, in afterthought. "Sanson is nothing but Boss Lembken's puppet. Don't you know it is Boss Lembken who is your friend?"

"No," I answered contemptuously.

The old man clutched me in extreme agitation. "If you are headstrong you will go to ruin and death, and drag your friends down with you," he cried. "It is Lembken who is your friend, not Sanson. The People's House is above the Temple. Boss Lembken lives there. He has a beautiful palace, full of flowers and lovely girls. You will be happy there. Sanson only lives above the Science wing, where he experiments with the morons. He has no palace, no comforts at all. They say he has only a single room. So you will not wish to go to Sanson. But we must be cautious, and if he is in the Council Hall we must wait till he is gone, for he controls the guard, and if he saw you he would seize you. That is why I gave you a priest's robes—because Lembken is the Chief Priest, and the guard dares not stop the priests. Come with me!"

I accompanied him out into the gallery above the auditorium. We mounted the marble stairway, the Moslem soldiers making no attempt to stop us. There were two at the head of each flight, each armed with a truncheon similar to those that I had seen in the cellar, and they raised these weapons in salute.

We ascended several flights, and always the two guards saluted us and stepped aside. We passed across a small covered bridge, and presently came upon a little rotunda, in which sat a dozen of the guard, sipping coffee and chatting in low tones. Behind them was an immensely high door, marked COUNCIL HALL in Roman characters.

We did not enter this, but a lower door on the right, and at the entrance the priest paused and whispered to me: "You must be perfectly silent. If Sanson is in Council he must not hear us."

I found myself in a narrow, long room,

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with the inevitable door at the farther end. Upon one side were two apertures in the wall, covered with glass—spyholes, looking like the port-holes of a ship, but each no larger than the crown of a very small hat. The priest stooped down before one and I followed suit, looking through the other into the Council Hall.

The immense hall was dim, and it took some time before my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity. Then I saw that at the farther end was a raised platform, on which were placed two high chairs, like thrones.

There were three men upon the platform, one occupying each chair, and the third standing.

One was Lembken, the obese old boss of the Federation. He wore a trailing gown of white, with a short mull cape about his shoulders, and golden figures, which I discovered subsequently to be ants, stamped all over the fabric. He was lying, rather than sitting, with his feet resting upon a stool, and he was stout to the verge of disease. I could not see his face distinctly.

Upon the second throne sat a man with a fanatic's face and a square beard of black that swept his breast. He had a large ant-badge on either shoulder of his white gown, and on one finger a golden ring with an immense stone that projected beyond his knuckles. I surmised that he was the Deputy Chief Priest, Lembken holding the titular dignity only, as Julius Cæsar held the formal office of Chief Pontiff.

Standing in the shadows between the two, lolling half insolently against Boss Lembken's chair, to whisper in his ear, and again turning to the priest, was Sanson. He wore a tight tunic of white, without a badge, and he bore himself with a complete absence of self-consciousness. There was no trace of pose in the completeness of that manifested personality; the man lived altogether in action, and the alert poise, cat-like and tense, showed that each nerve and sinew had been disciplined to obey the master-soul within.

A strident, metallic voice began calling loudly somewhere in the chamber: "Wait till the goddess awakens and the Messiah comes! He'll make an end of Sanson and his cruelties and give us liberty again."

Now I perceived that behind Sanson and between the two thrones stood a telephone funnel, attached to some mechanism. It was from this the voice had come. It was followed by the clacking sound of a ribbon of paper being run off a reel. Sanson stepped back, picked up the ribbon, and ran it through his fingers, glancing at it indifferently.

"The speaker lives in Sub-District 9, Block 7, but we do not yet know his number. A trapper is watching there," the voice in the funnel continued.

A bell rang, the door on the left of the Council Hall was opened by a guard, and a girl of about eighteen years entered. She was robed in white and on her shoulder was the sign of a palm-tree. She stood before Boss Lembken's throne with downcast face and clasped hands. I saw her tremble violently.

"They told me to come here," she said in a low tone.

I saw a smile break over Lembken's face. He looked at her for a few seconds; then he shifted each foot down from the stool and gathered himself, puffing, upon his feet. He put his hand under her chin, raised it, and examined her face. The child twisted herself away, screamed, and began running toward the door.

"Let me go home! Please—please," she cried.

The guard at the door placed one hand over her mouth and dragged her, struggling, through a small door behind the funnel, which I had not perceived.

"Ascribe the heretics," said Lembken to the deputy priest, and puffed out behind the guard.

Sanson stepped backward and started the funnel mechanism, which instantly began to scream. "Heresy in the paper shops!" it howled. "Examine District 5. They say there is a God. Weed out the morons there!"

Again the bell tinkled and there came in a man of about thirty years, in blue, leading a little boy by the hand. He looked about him in bewilderment, and then, seeing the priest, flung himself upon his knees and pressed his lips to the hem of his robe.

"It is not true that I am a heretic," he began to babble. "I believe in Science Supreme and Force and Matter, coexistent and consubstantial. No God, no Christ, no soul. I believe in the Vienna Creed, and in the Boss, the keeper of Knowledge; that man dies as the beast dies, and that we are immortal in the germ-plasm, through our descendants. I believe in Darwin,

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Haeckel, Nietzsche, Mendel, and Tapp, who brought us to enlightenment——"

"That boy is a moron!" cried Sanson, interrupting this parrot-rote by leaping from his chair. He dragged the screaming boy from the father and carried him toward a window. He set him down and peered into his face; he took the head between his hands and examined it. His expression was transformed by cruelty; he looked like a madman. And then I realized that the man was really mad: a madman ruled the world, as in the reign of Caligula.

The father crept humbly toward Sanson, shaking pitiably. "He is a Grade 2 defective," he whispered hoarsely. "You don't take Grade 2 from the parents. He is Grade 2—Grade 2—Grade 2—" He repeated the phrase over and over again, standing with hands clasped and staring eyes.

"I tell you he is a moron!" Sanson shouted. "The doctors were fools to pass him. He is a brach. Look at that angle and that index! Look at the cranium, asymmetrical here—and here! The fingers flex too far apart, a proof of deficiency. The ears project at differing angles, my eighth stigma of degeneracy. He is a low-grade moron, and must go——"

With a passionate, unhuman scream the father leaped at Sanson and flung him to the ground, snatched up the boy in his arms, and began running toward the door. From his throne the priest watched the scene impassively. A guard appeared. But before the man had reached the door Sanson had leaped to his feet and pulled a truncheon from his tunic. He pointed it. I heard the catch click up. A stream of blinding, purple-white light flashed forth. I heard the carpet rip as though a sword had slashed it. A chip of wood flew high into the air. On the floor lay a charred, unrecognizable body.

I confess fear was my dominant feeling then. How could I confront those devils in their hell, Sanson or Lembken, when, for Esther's sake, I must be cautious and wise? I plunged frantically toward the farther door. The priest caught at me, but I shook him off and flung him, stunned, to the floor. I opened the door and rushed outside.

I was amazed to find myself upon a long, slender bridge that spanned the central interior court of the vast mass. I stopped, bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. and the whole scene burned itself upon my brain instantaneously.

The entire mass was divided into four separate buildings. That from which I emerged—the Council Hall—was on the south side, and, looking beyond it, I saw the Thames winding, a silver ribbon in the distance. Facing me was the north wing, which I had entered, containing the Vivisection Bureau and other halls of nameless horrors, Sanson's headquarters. On my left hand stood the Temple, towering high above me. Over my head I saw the outlines of the noble dome, and the palm-trees behind their crystal walls. A blood-red creeper trailed through a chink above me.

Upon my right was a massive fortress which I had not hitherto perceived, anchored above which was a whole fleet of air-ships, evidently the same that I had seen when I entered London. There must have been more than a hundred of them, ranging from tiny scout-planes to huge monsters with glow shields round them and projecting conical ray-guns within. On their prows were jaws of steel, in some cases closed, in others open, fifteen feet of projecting jaw and mandible, capable, as it looked, of crushing steel plate like eggshell.

The bridge on which I stood ran from the Council Hall to the wing where Sanson dwelt. A bridge from the Temple building ran straight to the fortress of the air-ships at right angles to this, crossing it in the center. At various places bridges from the Moslem fort that encircled everything crossed the court and entered the pile of buildings, radiating like the spokes of a wheel. And the whole concept was most beautiful.

I did not know whither to turn. In front of me, where the bridge entered the Sanson wing, a Moslem guard stood watching me. As I crossed the central space where the two bridges met, he raised his truncheon and aimed it at me.

I turned toward the right. Here, where the bridge from the Temple entered the fort of the air-ships, I saw an air-scout in blue, with the white swan on his breast, watching me. Again I stopped. My mind was awhirl with the horrors that I had seen; I could not think; I did not know what to do.

Beneath me lay the court, a broad expanse of white, inlaid with geometrical figures of grass. On it crawled tiny figures in blue. I was half-way between the court

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below and the Temple dome above; yet everything was so still that the voices of those upon the flags floated up to me.

A group of men and women had gathered, chattering excitedly, around something that lay hard by the Temple entrance. As they moved this way and that, I saw that it had been a woman. She had been young; her garments had been white; there was a golden palm on a torn-off fragment of cloth that a gust of wind drove up toward me. I caught at it, but it went sailing past and fluttered down the breeze into the central court between the buildings.

I saw the spectators looking up toward the aerial gardens. The blood-red creeping vine now swung from an open crystal door. It clashed to and reopened as the wind caught it. It seemed to clang rhythmically, like a tocsin, high up beneath the dome, a bell of doom to warn the blood-stained city. Again it sounded like a workman's hammer; and the silence that covered everything made the sounds ominous and dreadful, as though fate hammered out the minutes that remained before she slashed her thread.

An old man pushed his way through the gathering crowd. He peered into the white face, and wrung his hands, and wept, and his voice rose in a high, penetrating wail.

"It's all over," I heard him cry. "I can't work now. I can't make up my time. I've spent my credit margin. I'm old and done with. I'll have to go to the Comfortable Bedroom."

It was the old man whom I had seen earlier in the day. The crowd jeered and pressed forward, those who were behind craning their necks and rising on their toes to see the spectacles of death and grief. The old man shook his gnarled fist at his dead daughter.

"You've killed me," he sobbed wildly. "Why couldn't you stay up there till Sanson had made us all immortal? I'm going to the Comfortable Bedroom now, and my body will die like a beast's, and I'll be ended."

And he broke into blasphemies and atrocious curses, while the crowd screamed with delight and mocked his passion.

The little gate on the interior side of the fortress opened, and a troop of Moslem soldiery emerged, bearing a stretcher. At the sight of them the mob scuttled into the shelter of the portico, and the old man hastened away. Reverently the Mohammedans raised the body upon the canvas and carried it within the gate. One began scattering sand.

Out of the crowd leaped an old man with flowing hair and beard. He stood in the court and shook his fist at the Temple dome. "Wo to you, accursed city!" he screamed. "Wo to you in the day of judgment! Wo to your whites and harlots when the judgment comes!"

The crystal door banged and clashed open. A woman in white put out her hand and closed it. A latch-click pricked the air. The sun gilded the dome and turned it to a ball of fire. Down in the court the madman cried unceasingly.

CHAPTER TEN

The Palace of Palms

I TURNED to the right across the bridge that led toward the fortress. The sentinel stood still and watched me. He raised his truncheon, not to fire, but to salute me; then the weapon shook in his hand, and the fear on his face matched the astonishment on mine. For I recognized the man Jones, who had carried me to London in his air-plane less than three weeks before.

The door behind him opened and there stepped out a man of about fifty years, dressed in white, with a golden swan on each shoulder. Jones stepped aside and saluted him with his truncheon. The newcomer approached me; his hard, clean-shaven face was as impenetrable as a mask, and his eyes burned with a dull fire. Then a second figure emerged from the door. It was the old priest whom I had flung down and stunned in the Council ante-room.

"There he is! Seize him!" he shrieked.

The first man placed his hand courteously upon my shoulder. "I am Air-Admiral Hancock," he said. "You are to accompany me to Boss Lembken."

I went with him across the bridge into a doorway set in the west side of the Temple building. I expected again to see the vast interior beneath me, but we entered a narrow corridor and stepped into a small automatic elevator. In a moment we had shot up and halted inside the palace entrance. Hancock opened the door of the cage.

We were standing in a spacious hall,

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bare, save for the hanging tapestries and heavy Persian rugs on the mosaic floor. It was half dark, and there was an all-pervading perfume that made my head swim. Before the curtained aperture opposite us stood a negro boy with a truncheon in his hand. As we approached he threw the curtain aside and stepped back.

At first I could see nothing. Then gradually the outlines of the room came into sight. There were low divans and rugs, and mirrors on every wall manifolded them.

I heard a rasping sound, and a blotch of crimson and green became a brilliant, silent macaw that scraped its way with its sharp claws from end to end of a horizontal perch. Behind it I now saw the white gleam of Lembken's robe; then the couch upon which he lay; then the girl who crouched, fanning him, at his feet; then the rotund form of the old man, the sharp eyes and the heavy jowl with the pendulous cheeks.

"I have executed your orders," said the Air-Admiral.

The old boss rose upon his feet heavily and came puffing up to me. His heavy hands, soft as a woman's, wandered about my robes, patting me here and there, while he puffed and snorted like some sea monster.

"You haven't a knife or a ray-rod?" he inquired suspiciously. "You haven't anything to harm me? I am an old, weak man. I am the people's friend, and yet many want to kill me."

He satisfied himself with the result of his inspection, and withdrew to his couch, picking up a ray-rod, which I now understood to be the name of the truncheon with which the guards were armed, and resting it across his knee.

Hancock withdrew at his signal, and he dismissed the girl. She rose to her feet briskly, smiling; she was about twenty years of age, dark-haired, beautiful, so far as I could discern; but there was a cruelty about her mouth that shocked me, and the soul behind that mask of youth seemed centuries old.

"Amaranth wanted to stay, to hear what I was going to say to you," said Lembken, "but I make everybody mind his own business in the People's House. Besides, she might have fallen in love with you. I like to have good-looking people about me." He looked at me and at the ray-rod, and then at me again; and then, with a petulant gesture, he sent the weapon flying across the room.

"There! You see I trust you!" he exclaimed, smiling. "Sit down beside me. We understand each other, so we will be frank. Men such as we are above petty deceptions. You ought to be about a hundred and thirty years old."

He spoke jocularly, and yet I could see that he was anxious to assure himself I was the man he sought. Evidently he knew my history. When I acquiesced he heaved a sight of immense satisfaction.

"I was not sure it was you," he said. "One has to be cautious when so much depends on it. And Sanson was beginning to suspect. What do you think of his Rest-Cure and his Comfortable Bedroom? I wanted you to understand his mind. They are his inventions, not mine, you know."

"I think he is Satan himself," I answered. And then, recalling what I had witnessed in the Council Hall before Lembken left it, I was not sure that I preferred this perfumed degenerate to Sanson, with all his maniac cruelty.

Lembken placed his hand on my shoulder, and a pleased smile crept upon his flabby face.

"Sanson doesn't see that he has embittered the people," he said. "He is harrying them with all his laws, and they blame me for them. Now there is Hancock. He is a Christian and ought to go to the defectives' shops, according to the law Sanson made. But I don't care. I would just as soon have Christianity as the Ant, or Mormonism, as they have in America. I don't like tyranny. If I had my own way every one would be perfectly free. I am the people's friend."

With a sudden hoarse scream the macaw flew from her bar and perched on Lembken's shoulder, where she sat, preening her plumage and croaking viciously at me. "The people's friend," she cried, and broke into choking laughter.

"Yes, Sanson is really deplorably ignorant of human nature," he continued. "Sanson is crushing his own head with his ridiculous laws. The people will revolt some day and then they'll blame me too, and perhaps I'll have to abdicate. So you see it is entirely to your interest to join me and not Sanson. Reasonable men are actuated entirely by self-interest. Come, let me look at you again!"

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OUT OF THE CROWD LEAPED AN OLD MAN WITH FLOWING HAIR AND BEARD. HE STOOD IN THE COURT AND SHOOK HIS FIST AT THE TEMPLE DOME.

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"WO TO YOU, ACCURSED CITY!" HE SCREAMED. "WO TO YOU IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT! WO TO YOUR WHITES AND HARLOTS WHEN THE JUDGMENT COMES!"

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He touched a button, and suddenly the room was illuminated with a blaze of solar light. The golden ants leaped out upon his white robes. Lembken turned heavily on the divan and stared into my face.

"Yes, I can trust you," he said. "Well, Sanson will learn his mistake very shortly. And you shall live here among my whites and lead a life of pleasure. You will not need to think about the world below. We do exactly what we please: that is my rule here in the People's House."

"The People's House!" screamed the macaw, leaving Lembken's shoulder and fluttering back to her perch, from which she surveyed me coldly, her head upon one side. "The People's House! The people's friend!" she alternated, in a muttering diminuendo that gradually became inarticulate.

"My head aches to-day," said Lembken petulantly. "That is why I am sitting here in the dark. There has been an accident: one of our ladies fell through an open door and was killed. It made my head ache. I hate to see beautiful people die. So we will talk to-morrow," Lembken continued. "And for the present you are one of us. Come, I will show you the gardens."

He gave me his arm like an old friend, and with a fascinating, gracious manner that half deluded me: I could understand now how Lembken had won his way to power. The nature of the man, warped and rotten though it was, had in it that charm which the ancients called the gift of the gods. There was good-fellowship, there was discernment and culture and high-bred tolerance: and, more than that, there was a corrupting candor that seemed to strike its deadly roots down into my moral nature and shrivel it.

We passed out. The palace was all level with the Temple roof; there were no steps anywhere. We turned an angle of the building, and I stopped short and stared in involuntary admiration at the scene before me.

We might have stepped into the heart of some Amazonian forest, for we were in a tangled wilderness of palms and other tropical trees. The air was fragrant with the scent of orange-blossoms, and in a grove near by clusters of the bright fruit hung from the weighted boughs. From the dank earth sprang clusters of exotic flowers and ferns. Huge vines knotted themselves around the trunks of the old trees, through whose recesses flew flocks of birds with brilliant plumage. The path was nothing but a trail, meandering between the trees and crossing rushing brooklets. The vast concavity of the dome above was like an arched heaven of blue, studded with golden stars.

"What do you think of the People's House?" inquired Lembken, turning toward me.

"It is a paradise!" I exclaimed. "It would make a man wish to live a thousand years."

He frowned, and then I was amazed to see two tears fall from his eyes. It was the same strange emotionalism that I had discerned before. So might Nero have wept at the sweet sounds he struck from his violin.

"It is the reward of those who are the chosen of the land," he answered. "It will be your reward, Arnold. You must dream over this to-night, and to-morrow we will sign our compact. I have reserved quarters for you. You will meet none of my friends. That is the chief charm of the People's House: we meet by agreement for our festivities; otherwise we see no one."

I felt my scruples vanishing. A deadly inertia of the spirit held me. Esther, my love of a hundred years, became an elusive memory. The sensuous appeal of this wonderworld swept over me, and in heart I was almost one with Lembken.

We had threaded the recesses of the groves, passing secluded arbors of twisted vines, pergolas, rustic cottages about which clung the scarlet trumpets of pomegranate petals. Now the crystal walls came into sight again, and, as we approached, a gust of wind blew open a door, the same one that, having opened to death that afternoon, opened again now, to divert my senses from their soul-destroying dominance. For, with the opening of that door, there came the voices of a multitude below, and, above them, faint but clear, the wild, prophetic accents of the whitebeard who had denounced the pleasure-palace that afternoon:

"Wo to you, London, when your whitecoats sit with their harlots in the high places! Wo! Wo!"

Lembken put out his hand and closed the door, cutting off the voices as if an ax had fallen upon the necks of the multitude. His brow remained serene; I realized his

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contempt for the mob upon whose backs he had risen. He led me across a little shelving lawn, through a small gateway. There was nobody in the tiny close, which was surrounded on every side by a high wall. There were no windows in the small, squat house before me, cut off on each side from the surrounding buildings. It might have held two rooms.

"Three rooms," said Lembken, as if he had read my thoughts. "Open the third door quietly; there is a surprise for you there. Good night, Arnold. We do what we like in the People's House. There are no laws, no bonds. Dream of this paradise of yours, and do not think of the morrow."

He left me at the door. I opened it and went in.

The first room was a bedroom, furnished in the conventional style which had not changed appreciably since the last century. It was in ebony and teak, and luxurious beyond conception. The floor was covered with a thick-piled Bokhara rug of exquisite coloring.

The second room was fitted as a combination library and dining-room. There was an ebony bookcase with books magnificently bound; a sideboard on which stood bottles of wine and distilled liquors. A heavy dining-table, with a side flap let down, stood over a small square trap-door, presumably connecting with a kitchen below.

This room had windows, and, pausing to look out, I was surprised to see beneath me the bridge that led to the Air-scouts' Fortress, and, at the end of it, a figure in blue, the white swan on the breast brilliant in the reflection of the solar light over his head, within the entrance.

I passed on. But instead of the inevitable swing-door the further wall contained a door of heavy, iron-bound wood, with bolts of steel. I remembered Lembken's words: "Open the third door quietly."

My heart was hammering unaccountably. I felt that I was upon the verge of something tremendous. With shaking fingers I pushed back the bolts, which moved in their sockets with hardly a sound. I passed into a tiny chamber, bare, save for a divan and a strip of rug on the floor.

A girl in white, with the palm badge upon her shoulder, stood in the center. The room had been dark; the sudden glare of solar light from the dining-room which illumined it showed me the pallid face and blazing eyes of her whom I had least thought to see before me—Elizabeth!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The House on the Wall

SHE stared at me with eyes that seemed to see nothing; then a look of recognition came into them, and a twitching smile upon her lips. She put her arms out and came, moving unsteadily, toward me. She threw her right arm out and backward. I caught her by the hand as it swung toward me, and a dagger's edge grazed my shoulder.

The next moment she was fighting like a trapped wildcat. I could not have imagined that such strength and fierceness existed in any woman. She twisted her wrists out of my grasp time and again, and we wrestled for the dagger till the blood from my slashed fingers dripped over my priest's robes. Each of the stabbing blows she dealt so wildly would have pierced me through if well directed.

I grappled with her, secured her right arm, and forced it upward; but we swayed to and fro for nearly a minute before I mastered her. Even then she had one last surprise in store, for, when she saw that she was beaten, she drew the dagger quickly backward, and I seized the point of the blade within two inches of her own breast. I forced her fingers open, and the steel fell to the floor. Then she wrested herself away and crouched in a far corner, silent, watching me as a trapped animal at bay watches its captor. Her gasping breathing was the only sound in the room.

"Elizabeth!" I cried, when I could gain my voice. "I am not here to harm you. Look at me; listen to me."

Her dark eyes were fixed on my face in a frenzy of terror that precluded speech. How she watched me! Only once did her glance waver, and that was toward the dagger upon the floor. I kicked it backward with my heel.

"Elizabeth! Listen to me!" I implored her. "I did not know that you were here, and I know nothing of the circumstances that brought you here. I want to help you. I want to take you home to David."

"Ah!" she began, shuddering. "This is what you whites call a romance in the style of the first century B.C., a fashionable pastime: to dress yourselves as blues or grays and worm your way into the homes of

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I SWUNG AT THE LADDER'S END BY MY HANDS ONLY, MAKING GREAT TRANSVERSE SWEEPS, LIKE THE WEIGHT AT THE BOTTOM OF A PENDULUM.

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your prospective victims, in order to study them, and see whether they suit your taste and are worth adding to your collections. I have read of such things in the Council factory novels. But there was never any romance in them to me. So I appear to have suited you, after my father took you so confidingly into our home? You deceived him, but you never deceived me."

I saw her eyes turn stealthily toward the dagger again.

"Come, Elizabeth, you are talking nonsense," I said, with an affectation of bruskness. "Let us sit down in the next room and discuss this. I propose a compact: you shall take the dagger, provided you do not attempt to harm yourself till I have finished speaking. Is that agreed?"

She nodded after scrutinizing me for a full half-minute, and I preceded her into the library with an affectation of indifference that I was far from feeling, for I heard her stoop to pick up the dagger, and wondered each instant whether I was about to feel the point between my shoulders. However, my confidence seemed to inspire her with a measure of faith, for she followed me into the middle room and sat down on a chair at my indication.

Then I told her the events of the day, so far as I was concerned. I saw her incredulity vanish. She believed me at last. She let the dagger fall, and rested her face in her hands, and sobbed in thankfulness.

It was a long time before the girl grew calm again. When at last she raised her head and looked at me I was struck by the transformation in her expression. It seemed to reflect my own determination. I had put forth my will to the uttermost, and hers seemed fused with mine.

"I was never afraid of dying, Arnold," she said. "It is the dreadful passions of life that are so hard to bear. How they sweep us away!"

"I am going to save you, Elizabeth," I answered. "You are not destined to die in this earthly hell.

She looked at me hard. "Arnold, are you yourself in danger here?" she asked.

"Only of hell-fire," I answered. I did not know whether she understood.

"You must save yourself and not think of me," she answered.

I bade her sit still and went to the entrance of the little house. I had half expected that the door would have been locked behind me, but it stood open, having evidently become unhasped, and the sickly odor of the pervading perfume clung to the warm, stale air. I crossed the close to the gate that led into the palace garden and stood hesitating there, wondering where I could find a way to safety for us both.

The solar lights had been turned off, and all was dark inside the crystal enclosure, except for flashing sparks of vari-colored lights that twinkled among the trees. In the distance I heard the tinkle of stringed instruments plucked by the finger, subdued voices calling each other; I had the sense of things hidden in the thick undergrowth. I could not bring myself to tread those forest paths again. If hell can wear the mask of beauty, surely it did that night.

I dragged my heavy limbs across the lawn and began to skirt the graveled path that extended before me, half hiding in the thickets, working my way along the front of Lembken's palace. The squat white building gleamed against the darkness. I passed the front entrance; nobody stirred; there were no lights, but always I had the sense of something trailing me through the trees and keeping pace with me.

At last I saw the crystal walls on the west side, and, beyond them, the myriad lights of London, a city of soft day with ink-black cañons cleaving it. I stood in hesitancy. On my right were the thickets, on my left the crystal ended in a stone wall. There was no egress in that direction; only, as I perceived, within the palace itself, by means of the elevator. Lembken evidently left nothing to surprise.

As I turned back I heard the rustle of stealthy footsteps near me in the grass. A red spark drew my eyes along the vista of the orange-trees, whose perfume-laden flowers dispelled the cloying odor of the scented night. I saw beyond them a mænad's face, framed in a leopard skin, peering at me above a bank of hibiscus. It vanished with the dying of the spark, and mocking laughter followed it.

I did not doubt but that each step of mine was watched.

And every inch of that pleasure garden was clogged with memories of shame. All that was evil in the world seemed to have its focus there. I felt it, breathed it; once more its psychic dominance began to crush my soul. I saw with sudden intuition why, in a world less stable, witches were burned,

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how passionately the souls of simple men fought for their heritage of truth and law. This was the negation of life, of all that struggling life that aspired upward and set its heel upon the serpent's head. Old myths, made real in this new light, flashed into memory. I could not take Elizabeth that way, even though it were to safety.

I hurried back to the close and fastened the iron gate behind me. The sweat was dripping from my forehead when I regained the safety of the little house. I burst through the swinging door into the library.

Elizabeth was not there.

I ran into the third room. She was not there, either. Terror gripped me. Had she been lured away during the few minutes of my absence? It seemed impossible. She would have cried, resisted.

Then my eyes fell on something that hung outside the window, dangling, evidently, from some fixed point above. It was a rope ladder, and moving outward. As I watched I saw it begin to rise in a succession of short jerks.

I grasped it. It pulled me from the floor. I clung to it desperately; it drew me to the level of the window, through the window-gap in the wall, and I swung far out above the Air-scouts' Fort. Looking up, I saw that the ladder hung from a scout-plane overhead.

I swung at the ladder's end by my hands only, making great transverse sweeps that carried me high above the bridge, from end to end of the fortress roof, like the weight at the bottom of a pendulum. I saw the courts swing under me. I flew from the crystal wall to nothingness, and London was a reeling dance of lights. Then the ladder began to descend. My feet brushed the roof of the fortress. I wrenched my numbed hands free and fell, and a moment later the air-plane dropped beside me as noiselessly as an alighting bird, and two men sprang from it and seized me.

One was the air-scout Jones. He caught me by both arms and twisted me backward. But the other leaped at my throat with trembling, twining fingers. This man was David. He would have strangled me, but Jones pulled him away.

Then Elizabeth ran forward and interposed herself between us. "Arnold is not to blame!" she cried. "He tried to save me!"

David recoiled. The air-scout caught me by the arms and pulled me within the entrance. He forced me into the cage of a small elevator, the others followed, and we descended a few feet, emerging into a small, bare room with walls of unsquared stone.

Jones sent the elevator upward and pulled the door of the shaft to. "Now we will talk," he said fiercely to me. "You shall have five minutes to explain yourself. If you can not——"

He pulled a ray-rod from his tunic and stood waiting.

CHAPTER TWELVE

In the Air-scouts' Fortress

SO I TOLD them my story from the beginning. And, as I proceeded, I realized that I was no longer in the position of a prisoner awaiting death. David's whole aspect had changed; he was struggling to keep himself in control, and trembling violently Jones was hardly less moved. When I had ended they regarded me in silence, and there was awe on their faces. Nobody spoke for a long time.

Then Elizabeth slipped her hand into mine. "We believe you, Arnold," she whispered.

Three times David attempted to speak while I was sketching briefly the remainder of my adventures up to the point of my encounter with Elizabeth, and each time his voice failed him.

"Arnold," he managed to say at last, "we know that every word you have told us is true. If you had told me before! But I see how incredible you must have thought your story would seem. Now listen to me! The horrors of life, the burden laid on the world can not endure much longer. Plans are well under way to make an end of them and give back to humanity her long-cherished freedom. You have unwittingly placed a wonderful weapon in our hands. No man can be neutral in these times. Now, Arnold, you must make a decision which will affect all of us, and Britain, the Federation, civilization. You must choose your side."

He turned to Jones. "He must be told nothing until the time comes," he continued, assuming a tone of authority. "You will say nothing—nor you, Elizabeth."

They nodded assent. David turned to me again.

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"Arnold, you must make your choice now," he said. "Lembken needs you for reasons which are clear to us, thanks to the statement that you have made. If you go back to him he can give you power and liberty to lord it over the common people until the day of reckoning arrives. If you join with us you must become an outlaw and associate yourself with us in the most desperate endeavor, play a leading rôle and share our dangers——"

"How can you doubt?" I cried. "I am with you now, and at all times."

David held up his hand. "Wait!" he said. "You must first understand our situation, and why we are here to-night."

"It is not necessary, David," I answered.

"Yes, it is necessary," he replied. "Because you do not understand why we are resolved to lay down our lives, why life has grown unbearable. Ten years ago Sanson introduced his system of mating under Council supervision."

"It is abominable!" I cried.

"Yet, like every other institution, it has its roots far back in the past," said David, "and only needed the abandonment of the Christian ideal to spring full-fledged into being. The Prophet foreshadowed it, and on this point the followers of Galton and the Mendelian-eugenist school joined hands with Socialism in a concerted attack upon monogamy. This, in fact, had been the crux of the old battle between Socialism and the Church: on the one hand the old ideal of the family as the unit of society, an indissoluble bond based on duty and constancy; on the other the individual, absolved from responsibility, and seeking his own fancied freedom."

He began to explain the circumstances that had led up to Elizabeth's arrest. It appeared that the girl was one of that rare class of women who were physically almost perfect, and, as such, she had been in terror of being placed upon the list of those who were to enter the harems of the whites. Her lover, Paul, had been adjudged a defective, but had escaped to the forests. David's sole hope in saving her from the anticipated fate lay in the fact that she was penalized six points because her grandfather had had epileptic seizures. But she approximated so closely to the rigid Sanson norm that there had been little hope of saving her. This fear had been increased by the fact that Lembken had seen Elizabeth and had recently found an excuse to summon her and her father to the Council Hall, under the pretense of wishing to confer some favor on an old subordinate. And the girl's name had been posted in the auditorium that afternoon, on a list of whites, which I had not seen.

Now I understood everything. David had returned from the Strangers' Bureau that afternoon to find the apartment empty. Jones, who had learned what had occurred, had contrived to convey word to him, and had secreted him in the Air-scouts' Fortress pending a plan of rescue, a task which was rendered easier by the disaffection of the air-scouts. Jones had seen me in my priest's robes, and the two men had naturally concluded that I had been playing one of the romantic parts in fashion among the whites in order to see Elizabeth in her home before accepting her. During my absence Jones had rescued Elizabeth by means of the air-plane and the rope ladder. It was no wonder David had flown at my throat.

"But is there no law?" I cried. "Have we no judges? Is there no freedom?"

"The Statute Law is codified in ninety volumes, Arnold, and we have a very intricate hierarchy of judges. In fact, our judicial system is more elaborate than anything the Romans or the old English ever devised. But the first act of the victorious democracy was to institute the election and recall of judges. Justice died; and when elections became an annual farce of the Council you can imagine what sort of judges were chosen."

"Now, Arnold, what is your decision?" David asked.

"The same," I answered. "I made it long ago."

"Then, Arnold, you must come with us to-night. We are going to seek refuge in the forests where our friends are hiding. Jones will carry us there to-night when he takes his scout-plane upon patrol duty. It is a difficult problem to pass the night patrol otherwise, and no passes are now issued to leave London, on account of the Russian war. But Jones can get us through."

He wrung my hand hard.

"You have decided wisely," he said, "and by your decision you have taken the only possible means to save and win the woman you love. For the Sanson régime is crumbling, and only the guard upholds it. We

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have four thousand outlaws and fugitives from the defectives' shops scattered in secret hiding-places among the forests within twenty-five kilometers of London. These are to form the nucleus of our projected stroke, which was to have taken place within the next two decamerals. Now it will be sooner. We have secreted ray-rods, made in the shops. Cleared spaces in the forests were sown last summer, and we have grain. You see, we have provided for this during a long period. To-night the leaders are to assemble——"

"In the cellar where I lay so long!" I exclaimed. "And Jones had been there with ray-rods or provisions some time before I awakened."

"Correct," answered the air-scout laconically.

"We remain here until the solar lights go out," said David. "Then we shall go up to the roof, and we shall start well before the moon rises.

"I am with you to the end," I said. And I swore that I would do all in my power, so long as I had life and liberty, to fight for human freedom. And as I swore I had a vision of a beautiful young girl, mangled and crushed upon the stones beneath that tropical, aerial hell which bloomed under the dome of England's shameful Temple.

I think the resolution in my manner must have enkindled David, for he flung out his arm and caught my hand in his again, and wrung and held it.

"You do not know now, Arnold, how necessary you are to us," he said. "But you shall be told to-night. I am old, Arnold; I have little courage. I have lived through too many changes and frustrated hopes. I had grown used and resigned to things that had come to seem unchangeable. The freedom of my youth was only a dream to me. Sometimes I doubted that man had ever been free. It was your surprise, your ignorance, then the indignation you thought I did not see that made me understand the depths of my degradation. And it was to-night's work that gave me heart to set my soul altogether upon our cause. I have been one of the revolutionary committee for a year, but I lacked the courage to throw everything to the winds and leave the city. Now we will fight whole-heartedly, and together."

"David," I said with sudden conviction, "you are a Christian!"

"I am!" he cried. "As we all are. I have temporized with evil all these years, but now I can not any more. The hope of the world can never be crushed out; it is spreading everywhere. Though only the bare outlines of the faith have come down to most of us, we are all enlisted under that flag that was raised upon the Mount two thousand years ago. We see that without Christ life has become intolerable. I knew your faith from the first, Arnold, although I dared not speak; at first I guessed it because I thought you were a Russian, and that was why I befriended you and would not let you tell me; but afterward my guess became conviction. We know our own!" he cried triumphantly.

Elizabeth put one arm about her father's neck and gave her free hand to me. I clasped hers, and then that of the air-scout; and so we pledged ourselves.

There was an hour to wait. Jones left us and presently returned, carrying a gray uniform upon his arm.

"You can not wear those robes," he said. "You must put this on. It should fit you; it belonged to one of our recruits from the north who was ascribed here last week and neglected to return it to the Wool Stores."

I was glad to step out of the priest's robes. Jones left us again, brought back some food, and disappeared for the third time, promising to return at midnight.

The next instalment of ***"The Messiah of the Cylinder"*** *will appear in the August number.*

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DISCIPLINED

A Story of Plattsburg

By William Leavitt Stoddard

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

FOR one trembling moment Roger Percival McKim's job wavered in the balance. Then the general manager spoke to the junior partner—the two being in solemn conference over the personnel of the force.

"Better give him another try, first. There ought to be good stuff in that man. Can't you stretch a point?"

"I can stretch anything," replied the general manager. "Even a point; and now that I've done my duty by reporting McKim to you, I want to say that personally I like the boy, and I'm glad to be able to extend his term a little. "But," he shook his graying head resolutely, "he *is* a worry."

"He's young yet," suggested the junior partner.

"Yes, I suppose that's it. He's efficient and willing and able—to a certain degree, and after that he begins to knock, like an engine with too much carbon in the cylinders. You couldn't say he shirks, but he comes pretty near shirking. He's ambitious, but his ambition is so egotistic that it stands in its own way. I don't know if I'm shedding light or darkness," the general manager apologized. "McKim's case is hard to describe—there's so much that is good in him that I don't want to lose him, and yet the little that is bad in him is so poisonous that it nearly nullifies the good."

"He's like thousands of untrained American boys," agreed the partner. "College education doesn't discipline 'em. Nothing touches 'em but something that licks 'em into shape—and we employers must do the job and pay out wages while doing it. Speaking of wages, is McKim one of the lot that wants a month off at Plattsburg?"

"Yes," returned the general manager. "But I don't believe he'll stick. It would be like him to flinch at the last moment."

Naturally, about all that leaked down to McKim of this conference was the news that his request for a raise could not be granted "at this time." He had hardly expected that it would be granted, for it was too soon after his first raise, and he was, moreover, actually conscious of the fact that he had done nothing to deserve a raise beyond going through the motions of his job. Nevertheless, the denial of his petition for a larger share in the profits of Ward & Reber, discounted as it was in advance, was not calculated to contribute to the making of a perfect day. The fires of a smoldering resentment began to burn.

To Roger McKim—for obvious reasons he did not encourage the Percival part of his name—things thus far in life had come pretty easily. He had been born into a

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family of a brilliant professional man whose income had always been comfortably large enough to bring up Roger, two brothers, and three sisters. The hero of this narrative had gone through an excellent high school, and subsequently a big eastern university, rounding up his formal educational career with a year in a famous graduate school of business. Then, owing largely to his father's connection, Roger found himself one of a score of young hopeful capitalists engaged in the ceaseless activities of Ward & Reber's Distributing and Selling Agency. The work was absorbing and hard—but Roger had now arrived at a mood when he inwardly seethed with impatience because his advance to a higher, more responsible, more lucrative position seemed to be at an absolute standstill. Also, there was a girl who didn't know whether she wanted Roger or not—and this added to his distress and his suffering. But the girl really doesn't figure in this tale except as a *dea* miles *ex* the *machina*. Roger's real trouble was himself.

But instead of plugging and demonstrating his value in terms of cold efficiency which none would or could misunderstand, Roger was marking time, standing still, breaking the rules of the game.

The general manager guessed wrong: Roger P. McKim fulfilled his voluntary obligations to his country, and to the managers of the training camp; and, on the afternoon before the camp opened, registered under the above name and initial.

"He made mighty blank-blank sure, 'fore he went, the firm'd pay his salary during the month," the little dyspeptic secretary to the general manager mused to himself as he O. K.'d Roger's leave-of-absence slip. "Guess he thought it was a good way to get a double vacation for nothing. Government paying railroad fare and board!" Scorn curled the secretary's lip.

There was something in what the little secretary thought. Originally Roger had signed up for Plattsburg because everybody was doing it, and it was a profound principle of young McKim's not to be left out in the cold. Later, as the general manager had shrewdly guessed, he had begun to wish that he could get out of it, and listened to the stories of those who attended the June camp with a feeling that to go from the grind of Ward & Reber's to the mill of a rookie's life would be to jump from the frying-pan into the stove—or the hotter fires of actual war. Then came the refusal of the firm to raise him, and that settled the problem: He would go, accepting the firm's two weeks' additional pay for patriotism.

On a sultry day with threatening thundershowers, McKim tumbled off the Pullman at the Plattsburg camp. In common with him, there tumbled off a hundred other men bound on the same mission, some already dressed in khaki, some in business suits, carrying bulky suit-cases—the kind of throng which is visible in a city street almost every morning. He felt like a boy going to begin a school year in a new school; here were a lot of fellows, constrained and silent, headed for the same place.

By late afternoon of that day, Roger Percival McKim had successfully passed through the requisite formalities and had been assigned to B Company, Eighth Regiment. By dint of standing in line in the dusty company street, he had secured a large number of articles which a generous government had lent him for the period of his instruction. The bulk of them—blankets, pack, bayonet, half a shelter tent, haversack, and eating apparatus—came in a blue-cloth bag. The cot, mattress, pillow, and rifle came unwrapped. Before sunset of the same day, by a miracle of organization under the spirited and driving efficiency of the Regular Army officer who captained B Company, McKim had been permanently assigned to the position of No. 4, rear rank, squad 8. And to the tent set apart for squad 8 he lugged his new and perplexing goods and chattels. Then, having spread them out on the cot, he sat down, feet buried in the dust, body dripping wet from the exertions of the day, and wondered if he wouldn't prefer to be back home. Outside a bugle was blowing, and then a whistle. Men scrambled. A red-faced youngster stuck his head into the tent:

"All out, number eight! Don't you know your dinner call? Hustle!"

In the sandy street, made by the simple expedient of pitching two parallel rows of tents facing each other, B Company was lining up for mess. Although mess was less than fifty yards away it seemed to be necessary to go through this formality: bugle-call for the whole camp; whistle for the individual company; arrange a hundred and sixty men in two rows, precisely forty inches apart, each man to stare straight to the

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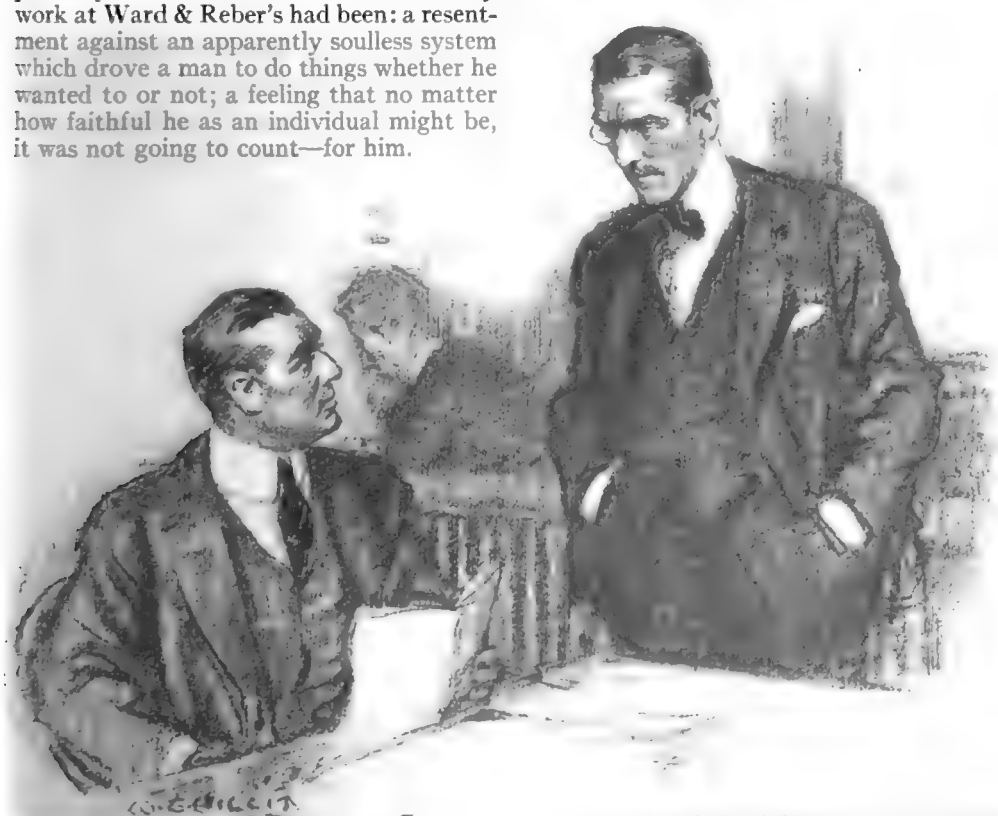
front, each stomach, no matter how empty or despondent its tendency, bravely tucked in; then five minutes of tense standing with left hands on hips, heads and eyes turned to the right, while a fussy old maid of a top sergeant corrected imaginary irregularities in the line. Then a report from the corporal of each squad, stating the number of present and absent; and then the order, "Squads left—Huh!" whereupon the starving rookies were marched to the mess shack, halted at the proper places at the tables, and finally commanded to "Sit down!"

By the end of a week at Plattsburg the military instructors estimate that the rough edges ought to be whittled off of the majority of the rookies. The treadmill of discipline compels a man, willy-nilly, to do about what his superiors demand of him, and the force of the public opinion of his fellows is extremely apt to operate in the same direction. No. 4 rear rank, squad 8, after seven days of the training camp, began to feel this, and his reaction to it was precisely what his reaction to the steady work at Ward & Reber's had been: a resentment against an apparently soulless system which drove a man to do things whether he wanted to or not; a feeling that no matter how faithful he as an individual might be, it was not going to count—for him.

To begin with, McKim didn't like the second lieutenant of his company, a Reserve Corps man, not a Regular Army man, and who, equipped with more text-book knowledge than actual experience, demanded a lot of unnecessary work, executed tedious delays, and was an uncompromising stickler for the purity of the rifle-barrel. McKim also did not like, though he as yet did not actively dislike, the captain of his company, a man whose roving eye caught the slightest motion in ranks when ranks ought to be motionless, and who barked orders and criticisms in a fashion that offended the Percival part of McKim—the part accustomed to the comparatively civil rebukes of business.

Plattsburg was working its way, painfully, into the boy's bones. In the process he revolted.

He revolted because of the strict schedule. Because he must fail out of bed



"HE'S ONE OF THOUSANDS OF UNTRAINED AMERICAN BOYS," AGREED THE PARTNER.

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precisely between 5.30 A. M. and 5.45 so as to be precisely in his appointed place in the ranks when the squads were reported. He revolted because he must wait until 6.20 for his breakfast; because at 7.20 precisely the company again lined up with precisely the equipment ordered by the commander, for the morning's work. He nearly came to open secession one overcast day because the orders were that ponchos should be carried outside, not inside, the packs. Having carefully rolled his poncho inside before breakfast (after having with equal care surveyed the skies and concluded that it was not going to rain), the idea of undoing his toil because the captain set up for a weather prophet, failed to amuse him.

At first he refused to rearrange his property preferring to watch the others of his squad faithfully rearrange theirs before the final call. At the last moment he decided to make the shift—and the bugle blew with McKim's pack, belt, canteen, and poncho in a tangle on his knees.

He burst out of the tent a full minute late with his gear flapping about him.

"Keep that man out of the ranks, sergeant," commanded the captain, "till the squads are reported."

"Where have you been?" he hurled at poor McKim; and the simple question paralyzed his lips. "Where have you BEEN?" demanded the voice.

McKim could not reply, but rage filled his heart that he should be asked.

He had put a black mark on the record of his squad.

At the first opportunity during a rest period, McKim's corporal, a young Harvard undergraduate who had been through the Plattsburg school before, drew McKim aside.

"Look here," he said. "You've got to realize that this squad has a reputation to maintain. You're the first man late for formation. There wasn't any reason for it—you know that just as well as I do."

The two men were stretched by the roadside while the company made its hourly ten-minute halt. The sun blazed through the scant shade of the trees.

"First they told us to put our ponchos inside, and then they told us to put them outside," complained No. 4 rear rank. "How was I to know that they wouldn't change their damned minds all over again?"

"That's all right," replied the corporal. "That's their business. The captain had his eye on the weather, and we did get a shower half an hour ago."

McKim was wrong, and he knew it. Therefore, quite naturally, he began to seek reasons for justifying his stand.

"There's too blamed much of this worrying about small things," he declared. "What's the use? A soldier's got to be taught to march and shoot and take care of himself and that's about all. I'm against this running things off on schedule as if we were a personally conducted excursion. Let's have a little leeway. Let's——"

Suddenly the international Morse code letter "B" blew from the first sergeant's whistle.

"Fall in, B Company!" came the voice—a patient, compelling voice which one of the enthusiastic first-year men described as a voice he would follow into Hades itself.

"'Ten-shun!—Forward—Huh!"

And the column of fours, sweating under the weight of unaccustomed packs and rifles, moved down the road at route-step. A tenor somewhere in the middle of the company began to sing a song which had become B Company's own particular ballad. McKim, whose shoulder was sore and whose temper was growing worse, heard fragments of it:

"And round her leg she wore a yellow garter,
Wore it in the winter time,
And in the month of May.
And when they asked her why the hell she wore it—
She wore it for her lover, who was far, far away."

"Far away," sang the tenor.

"Far away," replied the bass.

"Far away," called the chorus, the notes softening, till the song died out into the tramp of the thirty-inch step of a hundred and sixty men hitting a hard highway.

Twice in the morning march a file-closer, which McKim had bitterly learned was the title of the officers who strode beside the column, got after him for lagging.

"Keep your interval, No. 4!" cried the file-closer. "If every man in the company marched six inches back of where he ought to be we'd string out here a couple of miles."

"Every man wouldn't get six inches behind," muttered McKim, for it was permitted to argue with file-closers.

"But if every man *may* do it, every man *might* do it," retorted the other. "Close up!"

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Without intention or desire on his part, Roger P. McKim gradually turned into one of the very few sloppy men in B Company. Either he was late to formations or he scraped in just under the line. It seemed as if he was the one man who had to raise his hand in ranks—an unforgivable military crime—for his face itched irrpressibly at moments when it shouldn't itch. Of his shooting he made such a mess that he brought down the entire company average a full point. He dropped his rifle at drill—another crime against order and a fine mechanism—no less than twice within a week; and when he let it tumble for the third time on parade, the captain himself ordered McKim to the punishment of special police duty in the company street on the following Sunday. This meant picking up cigaret butts and scraps of paper, raking the sand, and similar elevating jobs from sunrise to sunset.

"There's nothing personal in this, Mr. McKim," said the captain. "When I call a man down, I don't criticize him as an individual. I criticize him as a soldier. You are a unit in my company, and I've got to have you do things just so. You've read Kipling's poem about the heathen?"

"No-o-o, sir," stammered McKim. He could not adjust himself to the situation. The captain stood in the door of his tent, humbly furnished with a small iron bed, a trunk which was also a desk, and a clothes-tree. He wore the plain breeches and necktieless flannel shirt of the rawest rookie, and except for his hat-cord and the silver bars against his collar, he was undistinguished from the multitudes of men in khaki. His face was a fine, worn face, which had seen much that was unpleasant; but it possessed, beneath the hard lines, a sweetness that puzzled McKim.

"Read it sometime," suggested the captain. "The lines which are particularly applicable to your case are:

> "'All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
> All along o' doing things rather more-or-less,
> All along o' abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho,
> Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!'

"These encampments," he continued, "are intended to demonstrate to professional and business men the value of discipline and training. We are surely not unreasonable; we don't ask a thing of the student which we will not do ourselves. Your case, Mr. McKim, isn't a common one. Most of the men take their work to heart. You don't, and your course is injuring the company as much as it is injuring you. This is the last warning. At the next offense I shall have to discharge you."

McKim looked up at the quiet, athletic figure before him and blinked. The captain waited to give him a chance to reply. McKim had never seen a man capable of such biting accusations make them so dis-

THERE WAS A GIRL WHO DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER SHE WANTED ROGER OR NOT.

passionately. He felt resentment; yet he was beginning to feel that there might be something the matter with him, too.

"If you have nothing to say," said the captain presently, "you may go back to your squad."

McKim turned on his heel.

A sharp voice recalled him. The captain's eyes blazed.

"Haven't you learned after two weeks that that isn't the way to take your leave of an officer? Now, do it right!"

"You—" began McKim; but his better self jumped to the rescue. With a click of

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heels he threw his body to attention, raised his hand in salute, held it rigidly till the captain acknowledged it, snapped it down to his side, effected the about-face, and marched off, a tumult of emotions rising and falling within him.

Had McKim known his Kipling, or had he known human nature, which is very much the same thing, he would have been able to understand his own trouble. For Kipling's poem on the young recruit, though descriptive of a common Tommy Atkins in the process of refinement into a soldier, applies in principle to the more select young recruits who attend the Federal training camp in America.

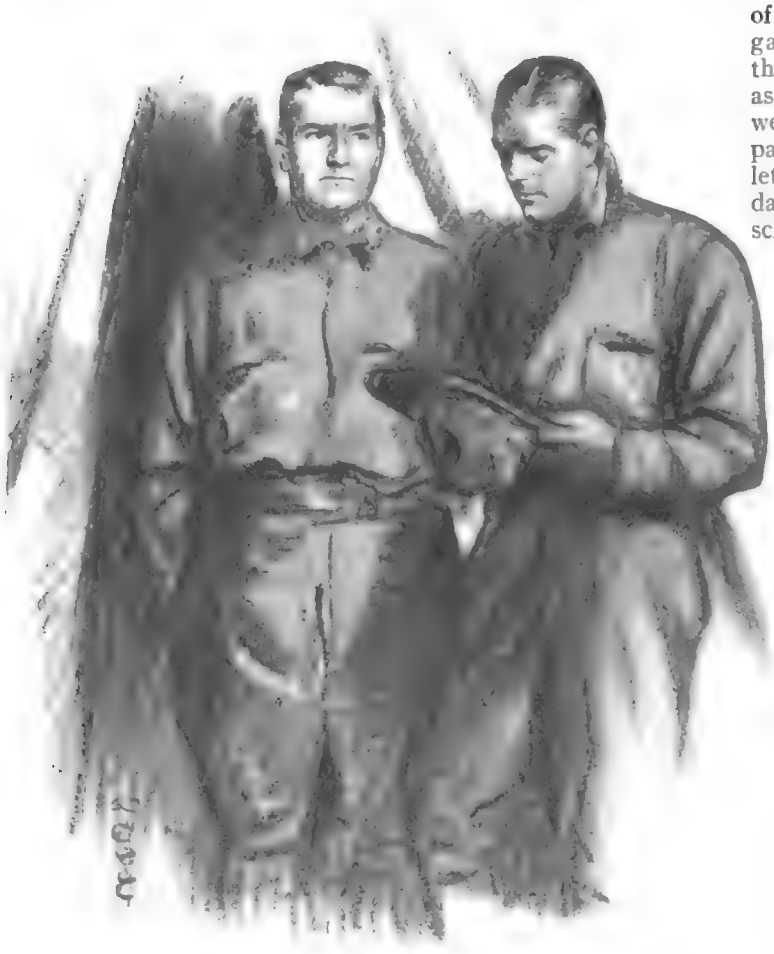
The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from Gawd knows where;
(a first-class, gentlemanly job in Ward & Reber's for example!)

They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know no more—
An' then up comes 'is Company an' kicks 'im round the floor!

It is not pleasant, at Plattsburg or elsewhere, to be regarded by your fellows as a menace to the community. McKim at last realized that B Company so regarded him, deemed him a handicap capable at any moment of upsetting all calculations.

In B Company esprit de corps ran high. Within the short fortnight of the camp, among these men, once total strangers to each other, there had developed a strong sense of loyalty to the organizations which they formed. Whereas a little over two weeks before, B Company had been but a letter and a name, today it was a self-conscious community, ambitious, alert, progressive, cohesive. B Company worshiped its captain, and obeyed him unfalteringly. B Company, with the sole prominent exception of McKim, had learned the first lesson of real citizenship—that the individual must subordinate his interests to those of the mass.

B Company now knew collectively what only a few of its members had previously realized: that neither a business nor a nation—to say nothing of an



"IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY," SAID THE CAPTAIN PRESENTLY, "YOU MAY GO BACK TO YOUR SQUAD."

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army—can attain its goal without organization, without the efficiency which comes from obedience to the principles guaranteeing the common welfare. B Company was not quite ready to kick McKim around the floor, but it might do it later if the captain failed to get there first.

Meanwhile McKim was mad at the captain, mad at B Company, and mad at himself. The captain's quoting of Kipling cut him to the quick—it was so true and so apt. McKim confessed to himself that he had not been following the rules, that he had been cutting corners. He could see that both B Company and the captain were thoroughly justified in their attitude toward him. He was merely prosecuting, in training camp, the policy which he had prosecuted in his profession up to date: not to overwork, not to make himself a slave to his chief, not to lose his own independence, even for a moment, in the interests of the organization.

Yet nothing impelled him to change his course. Rather was he confirmed in it by the criticism, friendly or otherwise. McKim was one of the obstinate people who prefer continuing wrong to admitting their errors. In his loneliness only one voice spoke a word which meant anything to him.

"I suppose you are having a wonderful time," said the little letter which he carried buttoned in his shirt along with three others from the same person, "and I do hope that you won't get hurt or anything. I am so set up to know that you are at Plattsburg 'for service.' Jimmy Reynolds is back and enthusiastic about the July camp. Does it mean that you'll have to go to war? I don't want you to."

Jimmy Reynolds was the "other man." Roger read the letter over for the fifth time before buttoning it up. Then the ever-calling bugle sounded.

No. 4, rear rank, was late that day to parade. At the last minute his corporal discovered that No. 4's rifle-barrel was as full of soot as a factory chimney.

"Clean that gun, McKim," commanded the youngster. "We're liable to get inspection this afternoon. Hustle! There's only ten minutes."

Roger took his time, and was late. The captain glared right through him.

After parade and just before supper McKim's little corporal took him aside.

"I want to speak to you a second, McKim," he said.

"What is it this time?" retorted McKim.

The two men were alone in the tent.

"Oh, I've quit trying to jam sense into you," responded the little corporal wearily. "You're the worst man in the company, and if I hadn't drawn you, my squad'd be in the way of making a record. No, I just want to give you a tip. You're slated for discharge to-morrow. That's all. Thought you might like to know in advance."

The blow struck McKim hard.

"Is that final? he asked.

"Practically," In the little corporal's voice was an understanding note. "I'm sorry, McKim. This military business doesn't seem to suit your temperament."

"What do you mean, 'practically'?"

"You were late to parade, and you had been told that the next mark against you meant you'd be canned. I'm awfully sorry——"

McKim looked the little corporal over coolly. No doubt he was sorry. McKim was sorry—sick and sorry; disgusted with himself, with the training camp, with his corporal, with his rifle. For a cent he would have taken the night-train to New York, and home. . . . But in the Plattsburg schedule emotions can not be indulged. The mess bugle blew.

That evening, as the powers that were in this training camp decreed it, the bugles, wholly out of regular order, called assembly at seven o'clock. Two regiments of rookies, scattered about their respective company streets, smoking, letter-writing, and resting, answered the whistles which followed the bugles, and in about as much time as it takes a grammar-school to summon in from recess and seat its population, twenty units, fully equipped in heavy marching order, stood at attention. It was an overcast, murky night. The air had been filled with the wildest rumors, and in spite of the fact that each man's belt was loaded with blank cartridges, some gave currency to the rumor that the order had a connection with the activities of a new German submarine, off the Atlantic coast.

"The problem to-night," the captain was saying in his best instructing voice, "is a problem of defense. We are holding the town of Plattsburg against the advance of the First Regiment, which is advancing from the southwest. The first battalion of

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our regiment will form the support and B Company will furnish the outposts and patrols. Our object will be to obtain every possible bit of information about the enemy with a view to holding our position and protecting the town. The tactics to-night are exactly the kind of tactics that you men would be called upon to perform in case of a sudden invasion of the United States by a first-class power. All right, now. Company—'Shun!—Squads right—Forward! Hep!"

With a precision of movement of which they would have dispaired a week ago, B Company quietly, efficiently swung out of the company street and into the highway. Even McKim thrilled a little as he worked into the rhythm of the stride and got the feel of human flesh and blood power which is the pith and marrow of a successful fighting organization. He began to forget that he was to be canned to-morrow and in spite of tired back and feet, he was glad to be where he was—an end-man on the left flank of B Company, marching as to war with a hundred and fifty-nine other Americans, ready to die fighting, if they could not fight and live. McKim remembered—as any soldier would on a night-march—the letter in his shirt pocket, and he wondered, were this real war instead of maneuvers, if he would be carrying a letter from the same girl.

Down the road toward the town; sharp to the left along the old railroad embankment to the Peru road. A halt; one company marched off through brush here; another there. Finally the call came.

"B Company—No talking—Forward—Huh!"

A narrow lane led through a scraggly wood that covered a hill. Just over the crest in a clearing, B Company halted. McKim saw dimly that a meadow and woods lay before them as far as eye could pierce the darkness. Somewhere ahead, no one knew where, lay the enemy troops, also concealed in the woods, perhaps even now creeping forward to attack. The task set B Company was to find out the earliest sign of hostile movement, report it to the "support," or line of holding troops to the rear, and then, after conveying the information, to assist in blocking the advance. It had all been explained on blackboard and by text-book, but here was the thing being played out on the face of the earth, rough, rude, irregular.

"You get some idea of how little one man in a battle knows what's going on," ventured a talkative rookie of McKim's squad, while they awaited orders. "Take us. Here we are in the woods, at night. We don't know who's ahead or where or what they are doing. We don't know anything."

"We'll know what we've each one of us got to do," said the corporal, "and then we won't care whether we know anything else or not. For God's sake, McKim," he added, irrelevantly, "don't get lost, whatever happens. It all goes into the record."

McKim, lying on his pack and peering into the muddy sky, just grunted.

"Why shouldn't I get lost?" he thought. "Then they wouldn't have to fire me."

A sergeant loomed up out of the brush.

"Squad eight?" he called.

"Here, sir," replied the corporal.

"Take your men one-fourth mile southwest of here. Send out patrols of not less than two men from the railroad line, covering a radius of one-half mile from that point as far as the swamp. You remain in the railroad cut, and keep one man four hundred yards ahead of you to warn of any surprise or carry messages. All right. Move along quickly."

"Follow me," said the corporal, and led the way.

"Number Ones will strike west toward the river and cover that flank," he directed. "Number Twos will strike southwest, feeling their way carefully. Number Threes will strike southeast, doing the same. McKim—" he hesitated. "McKim will strike out straight south and act as a connecting file. Transmit information to him unless you have to come back yourselves. All right. Forward! Huh!"

As McKim was about to learn, a war game is a good deal more than a game. In fact, as they play it at Plattsburg, it is as grim and earnest as war, and the only advantage over war is that the battle nearly always ends in time for dinner or bed, as the case may be. But although no blood is shed and there is no hard feeling on either side, no matter who wins, the thrill of keen, martial excitement is in the air, and when the blanks begin to pop, invisibly through the woods, even the columns of mounted umpires riding between the lines of fire, fail to subtract the sense of reality.

"Now, for God's sake," repeated the little corporal, "don't get lost. Just go out ahead

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there, keeping in sight of the place, and watch for messengers. The whole damned company may depend on you."

"All right," replied McKim. "I'll do my best."

"It's time," shot the corporal. "Beat it."

McKim stumbled ahead. A barbed-wire fence, under which he ducked, caught the top of his haversack, ripping it open so that his tin plate and spoon fell out with a clatter. It delayed him several moments in the darkness to find, disentangle, and replace his appurtenances. When he had done so, he moved on in the same direction. Back whence he came, he could just distinguish the line of telegraph-poles which marked the railroad. In front was a wood. He plunged in.

"HELLO, McKIM, WHAT'S DOING?"

A branch crackled loudly as out from the obscurity emerged a man in khaki.

"Hello, McKim," said Clark, of his own squad. "What's doing?"

"Nothing," said McKim. "Just had an accident. I suppose now I've got to run back with your message."

"No," replied Clark. "I came to find you. They've moved a platoon up to the end of the marsh where our first two patrols went, and I've been sent back to notify the major. The idea is to make the enemy think we're holding that end of the line in force, whereas our troops are heaviest on the left."

A convenient stump on the edge of the cleared meadow afforded McKim a seat. Enthroned thereon he listened. To the rear he was vaguely conscious of movements of black masses in the east. To the front an uncanny silence except for horses' feet on the metal of the Peru road. A sudden curiosity caused him to jump up and walk through the woods.

The woods broke off short in an irregular line, just on the crest of a depression from which, white and ghostly, rose a pungent marsh mist. Like a river the marsh, yards wide, stretched almost due east and west. McKim remembered that he had seen it by daylight once—a nasty, greenish, slimy swamp approaching the Peru road, and running down into ravine lands, usually, in polite warfare, deemed impassible.

"Our rotten enemy must be expected to march down the Peru road in full sight of everybody," McKim sneered, enjoying the stupidity which he gladly attributed to some one else. "If I was an enemy, I'd walk right through that platoon at the end of this swamp and cut in behind Hello!"

Flashes of an electric torch pointed toward the marsh by some one on the opposite bank. Then the flashes turned to the ground, and McKim saw six legs—puttee-covered legs. "That means three men," he told himself, "going west. . . . By George, I'll bet they're planning to turn our right flank and get by!"

McKim was up, alert, tense, for the first time since coming to Plattsburg, really alive.

Horses' hoofs on the highway.

"Maybe umpires," he thought, and stood again, irresolute.

"The tactics to-night are exactly the kind of tactics that you men would be called on to perform in case of a sudden invasion of the United States by a first-class power." The captain's explanatory words of the

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McKIM STUMBLED AHEAD. A BARBED-WIRE FENCE CAUGHT THE TOP OF HIS HAVERSACK, RIPPING IT.

early evening repeated themselves to McKim. When he had heard them before, he had smiled cynically—for the benefit of Roger P. McKim. But here, now, solitary in the woods, confronted with the actual problem, as real as he ever cared to experience it, the light smile faded, and his heart thumped hard.

He loaded his rifle, and as the bolt fell into place, McKim trembled—trembled from honest fear of that which he must do. To right and left the swamp. Ahead the black treachery of the swamp. He wavered one full quarter minute. Then he walked into the swamp.

Near its shore were little tufts of islands, seemingly, at least at night, close enough together to be used as stepping-stones—jumping stones, anyway—into the swamp itself, the no-man's land of his adventure. A short step from the shore brought McKim to the first hassock. Instantly it toppled with his weight, but by a quick throw of his body he abandoned it for the next one. There he was surrounded, all but covered, with the raw marsh mist, cut off from sight of land, able to see only the tree-tops rising above the cloud. Still he knew the general direction of his goal.

So he located another tuft and lurched for it. As he lurched, a badly buckled clasp—his own hasty fault—connecting his pack to his belt, gave way. The pack, weight eighteen pounds, swung abruptly to one side. Its momentum carried McKim with it, and the liquid mud of the marsh welcomed him in.

The shock of the cold mud, the fear of sinking below its surface, the natural wrath of a man plunged into such a plight, knocked something out of McKim and drove something into him. Up almost to the moment of attempting the passage of the swamp, he had been the sloppy No. 4 rear rank, the rookie slated for discharge in the morning. The primal man, the hunted

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and the hunter, had at last awakened.

Along with the panic which seized him at this moment, there entered McKim's soul that which Plattsburg had for two weeks been trying to teach him: the lesson of discipline, which is that every man must do his best, every time and all the time; that the entire structure and functioning of a human organization is regulated by the individual; that the whole never rises above the level of the average; that on the tail-end man in the rear rank of a squad may depend the safety of his squad, his platoon, his company, his battalion, his regiment, his army —perhaps his country.

Threshing his mucky, treacherous way through the swamp this idea got drilled into McKim. There was nothing new in it except that he had not gripped it before. Ward & Reber knew all about it, and from the general manager down had tried to explain it to McKim. The captain and the sergeants and McKim's corporal knew all about it, and they had tried to jam it into McKim. Now, at last, quite by himself, McKim's eyes opened to the vision of an amazing, new, heartening loyalty to service with his fellows, and this vision gave him strength to battle with the swamp.

"Get all the information you can," his corporal had ordered half an hour ago, when maneuvers had been a silly game instead of a grim one.

The swamp possessed a bottom, but the bottom was at a constantly varying distance from the surface, and it was made of a substance which might have been soup or a non-fluid transmission oil. There were no more hassocks. From wading, the soldier began to flounder, and from floundering he swam—swam till each muscle yelled for mercy and his toes stretching tentatively down, found something solid to grip. Then he waded, and with his rifle as a divining-rod, he tested the depth for the next waist-or-shoulder-deep step. His pack, fastened irrevocably to his back, was sheer dead weight. He would have cut it off but for the words of the captain: "An infantryman must never lose his pack."

McKim won his way through the swamp. He crawled, dripping and spent, up the bank on the enemy's side, and peered through the brush. There, against the night sky-line, he discovered a meadow filled with armed men, standing silently, imagining themselves protected from observation by the swamp which McKim had just conquered. The head of the regiment was at the western edge of the meadow. McKim had learned more than he had hoped—and the swamp still lay between him and his army.

When he had conquered it for the second time, fortunately finding an easier route, and when, painted in mud from hair to heel, he had double-quicked across the field to the railroad cut, he nearly ran down a slender figure that stood on a stump, motionless.

"Halt!" commanded the figure in a voice that McKim knew.

McKim stopped and saluted.

"Well?" asked his captain.

"Sir," replied McKim, heroically remembering the military formula, "about a regiment of hostile troops are preparing to advance around the western edge of the swamp. I—I don't know if that's news, but it's the fact."

"How do you know?"

"I saw them," replied McKim. "I went through the swamp.

The captain blew his whistle. As his messenger rose from the blackness the captain remarked: "Hitherto, Mr. McKim, that swamp has been considered impassable."

Then he gave the orders that saved Plattsburg from an imaginary, but to Roger Percival McKim a very real, invasion.

An hour later, as the tired ranks formed for the homeward march, the little corporal whispered over his shoulder to his rear-rank man: "I heard the captain tell the top sergeant to cancel your discharge, McKim. You certainly did one hell of a fine job!" he added in plain envious admiration.

McKim grinned completely, mud and all.

"It was my turn," he replied.

In December, toward the close of the fiscal year with Ward & Reber, the general manager and the junior partner again held a pow-wow.

"Now there's McKim," said the junior partner. "What about him?"

"He's a new man," said the general manager. "He's braced up. He's disciplined."

"What's the dope?" asked the junior partner. "Girl?"

"Incidentally, I guess, because from what I hear she held off till he braced up. But he went to Plattsburg last summer—and he's never been the same since."

"Promote him without raise till March," the other decreed. "Then we'll raise him."

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LONG LIVE THE KING!

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

NIKKY TURNED AND, RIDING BESIDE HEDWIG, LED HER WEARY HORSE OUT OF THE RING.

AFFAIRS at the Court of Livonia are not happy. The King, old and frail, has not more than a year to live. The heir apparent, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, is a boy of ten. There are stirrings of revolution all through the kingdom. A secret Terrorist society, which had assassinated Otto's father, has reorganized and grown powerful. One afternoon Otto runs away from the Opera and meets an American boy, Bobby Thorpe, whose father is manager of a scenic railway in the park, and to Otto's wild delight Bobby takes him for a ride. The Crown Prince returns to the palace very dirty and disheveled.

That night the King and his Chancellor, Mettlich, confer over the boy's danger, and end by appointing Lieutenant Nicholas Larisch to have constant charge of him. This arrangement appeals to Otto, who adores "Nikky," and also to Otto's cousin Hedwig, next in line after Otto, who is inclined to adore Nikky herself. But other plans are being made for Hedwig. Mettlich has convinced the King that the safety of the country demands an alliance between Livonia and her neighbor Karnia: Hedwig must marry Karl, King of Karnia, whom she loathes. The Chancellor unfolds this plan to Hedwig's mother, the Archduchess Annunciata, and wins her grudging consent. That same afternoon Nikky is told of the marriage plan and pledged to loyalty. It is not until evening that Hedwig herself is told.

But the Countess Loschek, lady in waiting to Annunciata, and spy in King Karl's service, has heard; and, loving Karl herself, she resolves to prevent the marriage.

Meantime she prepares a code letter giving King Karl full data about Livonia's army and equipment, and slips it out to a messenger. But she is seen by a member of the Terrorists, and that night her messenger is attacked, and while he is unconscious a blank letter is substituted. Nikky happens to get in on the fight, and helps the wounded messenger home.

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Later, from the cathedral steps, he sees this same man pass his letter to a confederate in a car. Nikky hides in the car, and after it has crossed into Karnia, overpowers the driver, gets the letter, and forces the man to reveal its destination. He then changes clothes with the messenger from Karnia and leaves him, bound, concealed near the roadside; puts cigaret papers in place of the supposed letter, which he tucks into his cap lining—without looking at it—and proceeds to King Karl's hunting-lodge. Here his skill is unequal to the situation: he is forced into King Karl's presence and the letter he has believed so precious—the blank substitute—is taken from him.

In Livonia, meantime, Hedwig's marriage has been pushed forward, and Mettlich starts for Karnia to complete negotiations. It is he who, coming upon the bound messenger of Karnia, discovers Nikky's whereabouts, and secures his release, as a step in the arrangements by which Hedwig is signed over to King Karl.

Nikky is given his liberty, but later confirms King Karl's suspicion that he is in love with Hedwig. The Countess, receiving a summons from the Terrorists, visits the Committee of Ten, who demand, on the strength of a discovery of her code letter, that she prevent the alliance of Hedwig and Karl and help them abduct the Crown Prince, Otto.

Nikky, though convinced they must submit to the decree which is to make Hedwig the wife of King Karl, confesses his great love for her. The Countess Loschek, shadowed by members of the Committee, visits her ancestral castle at Etzel, and later goes to Karl in Karnia intending to acquaint him with the critical conditions in Livonia, and blindly hoping that she may thus prevent his marriage with Hedwig.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

The Gate of the Moon

A CURIOUS friendship had sprung up between old Adelbert and Bobby Thorpe. In off hours, after school, the boy hung about the ticket-taker's booth, swept now to a wonderful cleanness and adorned within with pictures cut from the illustrated papers. The small charcoal fire was Bobby's particular care. He fed and watched it, and having heard of the baleful effects of charcoal fumes, insisted on more fresh air than old Adelbert had ever breathed before.

"You see," Bobby would say earnestly, as he brushed away at the floor beneath the burner, "you don't know that you are being asphyxiated. You just feel drowsy, and then, poof—you're dead."

Adelbert, dozing between tickets, was liable to be roused by a vigorous shaking, to a pair of anxious eyes gazing at him, and to a draft of chill spring air from the open door.

"I but dozed," he would explain, without anger. "All my life have I breathed the fumes and nothing has happened."

Outwardly he was peaceful. The daughter now received his pension in full, and wrote comforting letters. But his resentment and bitterness at the loss of his position at the Opera continued, even grew.

For while he had now even a greater wage, and could eat three meals a day, beside second breakfast and afternoon coffee, down deep in his heart old Adelbert felt that he had lost caste. The Opera—that was a setting! Great staircases of marble, velvet hangings, the hush before the overture, and over all the magic and dignity of music. And before his stall had passed and repassed the world—royalties, the aristocracy, the army. *Hoi polloi* had used another entrance, by which to climb to the upper galleries. He had been, then, of the elect. Aristocrats who had forgotten their own opera-glasses had requested him to give them of his best, had through long years learned to know him there, nodded to him as they swept by. The flash of jewels on beautiful necks had been his life, the glittering of decorations on uniformed chests.

And now, to what had he fallen! To selling tickets for an American catch-penny scheme, patronized by butchers, by housemaids, by the common people—a noisy, uproarious crowd, that nevertheless counted their change with suspicious eyes, and brought lunches in paper boxes, which they scattered about.

"Riffraff!" he said to himself scornfully.

There was, however, a consolation. He had ordered a new uniform. Not for twenty years had he ventured the extravagance, and even now his cautious soul quailed at the price. For the last half dozen years he had stumped through the streets, painfully aware of shabbiness, of a shiny back, of patches, when, on the anniversary of the great battle to which he had sacrificed a leg, the veterans marched between lines of cheering people.

Now, on this approaching anniversary, he

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could go peacefully. Nay, even proudly. The uniform was of the best cloth, and on its second fitting showed already its marvel of tailoring. The news of it had gone around the neighborhood. The tailor reported visits from those who would feel of the cloth, and figure its expensiveness. In the evening—for he worked only until seven—he had his other preparations, polishing his sword, cleaning his accoutrements.

On an evening a week before the parade would occur, he got out his boots. He bought always large boots with straight soles, the right not much different from the left in shape. Thus he managed thriftily to wear, on his one leg, first one of the pair, then the other. But they were both worn now, and because of the cost of the new uniform, he could not buy others.

Armed with the better of the two he visited the cobbler's shop, and there met with bitter news.

"A patch here, and a new heel, comrade," he said. "With that and a polishing, it will do well enough for marching."

The usual group was in the shop, mostly young men, a scattering of gray heads. The advocates of strange doctrines, most of them. Old Adelbert disapproved of them, regarded them with a sort of contempt.

Now he felt that they smiled behind his back. It was his clothing, he felt. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. He no longer felt ashamed before them. Already, although the tailor still pressed its seams and marked upon it with chalk, he was clad in the dignity of the new uniform.

He turned and nodded to them. "A fine evening," he said. "If this weather holds, we shall have a good day for the marching." He squinted a faded eye at the sky outside.

"What marching?"

Old Adelbert turned on the speaker sharply. "Probably you have forgotten," he said scornfully, "but in a week comes an anniversary many will remember. The day of a great battle. Perhaps," he added, "if you do not know of what I speak, there are some here who will tell you."

Unexpectedly the crowd laughed.

Old Adelbert flushed a dusky red and drew himself up. "Since when," he demanded, "does such a speech bring laughter? It was no laughing matter then."

"It is the way of the old to live in the past," a student said. Then, imitating old Adelbert's majestic tone: "We, we live in the future. Eh, comrades?" He turned to the old soldier: "You have not seen the bulletins?"

"Bulletins?"

"There will be no marching, my friend. The uniform now—that is a pity. Perhaps the tailor—" His eyes mocked.

"No marching?"

"An order of the Council. It seems that the city is bored by these ancient reminders. It is for peace, and would forget wars. And processions are costly. We grow thrifty. Bands and fireworks cost money, and money, my hero, is scarce. Very scarce."

Again the group laughed.

After a time he grasped the truth. There was such an order. The cause was given as the King's illness.

"Since when," demanded old Adelbert, angrily, "has the sound of his soldiers' marching disturbed the King?"

"The sound of wooden legs annoys him," observed the mocking student, lighting a cigaret. "He would hear only pleasant sounds, such as the noise of tax-money pouring into his vaults. Me—I can think of a pleasanter: The tolling of the cathedral bell, at a certain time, will be music to my ears!"

Old Adelbert stood, staring blindly ahead. At last he went out into the street, muttering. "They shame us before the people," he said thickly.

The Order of Council had indeed been issued, a painful business over which Mettlich and the Council had pondered long. For, in the state of things, it was deemed unwise to permit any gathering of the populace. Mobs lead to riots, and riots again to mobs. Five thousand armed men, veterans, but many of them in their prime, were in themselves a danger. On these days of anniversary, it had been the custom of the University to march also, a guard of honor. Sedition was rife among the students.

The order was finally issued.

Old Adelbert was not keen, but he did not lack understanding. And one thing he knew, and knew well. The concierge down-stairs was no patriot. Time had been when, over coffee and bread, he had tried to instill in the old soldier his own discontent, his new theories of a land where all were equal and no man king. He had hinted of many who believed as he did. Only hints, because old Adelbert had raised a trembling hand and proclaimed treason.

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KARL LEFT OLGA HUDDLED IN HER CHAIR—LEFT FULL OF RESENTMENT.

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But now?

Late in the evening he made his resolve, and visited the bureau of the concierge. He was away, however, and his niece spoke through the barred window.

"Two days, or perhaps three," she said. "He is inspecting a farm in the country, with a view to purchase."

The old soldier had walked by the Palace again that night, and shaken his fist at its looming shadow. "You will see," he said, "there be other sounds more painful than the thump of a wooden leg!"

He was ill that night. He tossed about in a fever. His body ached, even the leg which so long ago had mouldered in its shallow grave on a battle-field. For these things happen. By morning he was better, but he was a different man. His eyes glowed. His body twitched. He was stronger, too, for now he broke his sword across his knee, and flung the pieces out of the window. And with them went the last fragment of his old loyalty to his King.

Old Adelbert was now, potentially, a traitor.

The spring came early that year. The last of February saw the parks green. Snowdrops appeared in the borders of paths. The swans left their wooden houses and drifted about in water much colder than the air. Bobby abandoned the aeroplane for a kite and threw it aloft from Pike's Peak. At night, when he undressed, marbles spilled out of his pockets and rolled under the most difficult furniture. Although it was still cold at nights and in the early mornings, he abandoned the white sweater and took to looking for birds and nests in the trees of the park. It was, of course, much too early for nests, but nevertheless he searched, convinced that even if grown-ups talked wisely of more cold weather, he and the birds knew it was spring. And, of course, the snowdrops.

On the morning after old Adelbert had turned his back on his King, Bobby Thorpe rose early, so early, indeed, that even Pepy still slept in her narrow bed, and the milk-sellers had not started on their rounds. The early rising was a mistake, owing to a watch which had strangely gained an hour.

Somewhat disconsolately he wandered about. Heavy quiet reigned. From a window he watched the meat-seller hang out a freshly killed deer, just brought from the mountains. He went down-stairs and out on the street, past the niece of the concierge, who was scrubbing the stairs.

"I'm going for a walk," he told her. "If they send Pepy down you might tell her; I'll be back for breakfast."

He stood for a time surveying the deer, then decided to go hunting himself. The meat-seller obligingly gave him the handle of a floor-brush, and with this improvised gun Bobby went deer-stalking. He turned into the park, going stealthily, and searching with keen hunter's eyes. Once or twice he leveled his weapon, killed a deer, cut off the head, and went on. His dog trotted at his heels. When a particularly good shot presented itself, Bobby said, "Down, Tucker," and Tucker, who played extremely well, would lie down, ears cocked, until the quarry was secured.

Around the old city gate, still standing, although the wall of which it had been a part was gone, there was excellent hunting. Here they killed and skinned a bear, took fine ivory tusks from a dead elephant, and searched for the trail of a tiger.

The gate was an excellent place for a tiger. Around it was planted an almost impenetrable screen of evergreens, so thick that the ground beneath was quite bare of grass. Here the two hunters crawled on stomachs that began to feel a trifle empty, and here they happened on the trail.

Tucker found it first. His stumpy tail grew rigid. Nose to the ground, he crawled and wriggled through the undergrowth, Bobby at his heels. And now Bobby saw the trail, footprints. It is true they resembled those of heavy boots with nails. But no one could say surely that the nail-marks were not those of claws.

Tucker circled about. The trail grew more exciting. It crawled on hands and feet under and through thickets. Branches were broken as by the passage of some large body. The sportsman clutched his weapon and went on.

An hour later the two hunters returned for breakfast. Washing did something to restore the leader to a normal appearance, but a wondering family discovered him covered with wounds and strangely silent.

"Why, Bob, where have you been?" his mother demanded. "Why, I never saw so many scratches!"

"I've been hunting," he replied briefly. "They don't hurt anyhow."

Then he relapsed into absorbed silence.

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His mother, putting cream on his cereal, placed an experienced hand on his forehead. "Are you sure you feel well, dear?" she asked. "I think your head is a little hot."

"I'm all right, mother."

She was wisely silent, but she ran over in her mind the spring treatment for children at home. The blood, she felt, should be thinned after a winter of sausages and rich cocoa. She mentally searched her medicine-case.

A strange thing happened that day: A broken plate disappeared from the upper shelf of a closet, where Pepy had hidden it. Also a cup with a nick in it, similarly concealed. Also the heel of a loaf of bread. Nor was that the end. For three days a sort of magic reigned in Pepy's kitchen. Ten potatoes, laid out to peel, became eight. Matches and two ends of candle walked out as it were on their own feet. A tin pan with a hole in it left the kitchen-table and was discovered hiding in Bobby's bureau, when the Fräulein put away the washing.

On the third day, Mrs. Thorpe took her husband aside and closed the door.

"Bob," she said, "I don't want to alarm you. But there is something wrong with Bobby."

"Sick, you mean?"

"I don't know." Her voice was worried. "He's not a bit like himself. He is always away, for one thing. And he hardly eats at all."

"He looks well enough nourished!"

"And he comes home covered with mud. I have never seen his clothes in such condition. And last night, when he was bathing, I went into the bathroom. He is covered with scratches."

"Now see here, mother," the hunter's father protested, "you're the parent of a son, a perfectly hardy, healthy, and normal youngster, with an imagination. Probably he's hunting Indians. I saw him in the park yesterday with his air-rifle. Anyhow, just stop worrying and let him alone. A scratch or two won't hurt him. And as to his not eating, well, if he's not eating at home he's getting food somewhere, I'll bet you a hat."

So Bobby was undisturbed, save that the governess protested that he heard nothing and was absent-minded at his lessons. But as she was always protesting about something, no one paid any attention. Bobby drew ahead on his pocket allowance without question, and as his birthday was not far off, asked for "the dollar to grow on" in advance. He always received a dollar for each year, which went into the bank, and a dollar to grow on, which was his own to spend.

With the dollar he made a number of purchases—candles and candlestick, a toy pistol and caps, one of the masks for the carnival, now displayed in all the windows, a kitchen-knife, wooden plates, and a piece of bacon.

Now and then he appeared at the scenic railway, viewing with a calculating eye the furnishings of the engine-room and workshop. From there disappeared a broken chair, a piece of old carpet, discarded from a car, and a large padlock. The latter, however, he asked for and obtained.

His occasional visits to the railway found him in old Adelbert's shack. He filled his pockets with charcoal from the pail beside the stove, and made cautious inquiries as to methods of cooking potatoes. But even through the boy's abstraction, penetrated at last the pall of old Adelbert's gloom.

"I hope your daughter is not worse," he said politely, during one of his visits to the ticket-booth.

"She is well. She recovers strength rapidly."

"And the new uniform—does it fit you?"

"I do not know," said old Adelbert, grimly. "I have not seen it recently."

"On the day of the procession we are all going to watch for you. I'll tell you where we will be, so you can look for us."

"There will be no procession."

Then to the boy old Adelbert poured out the bitterness of his soul. He showed where he had torn down the King's picture, and replaced it with one of a dying stag. He reviewed his days in the hospital, and the hardships through which he had passed, to come to this. The King had forgotten his brave men. Bobby listened.

"Pretty soon there won't be any kings," he observed. "My father says so. They're out of date."

"Aye," said old Adelbert.

"It would be kind of nice if you had a president. Then, if he acted up, you could put him out."

"Aye," said old Adelbert again.

During the rest of the day Bobby considered. No less a matter than the sharing of a certain secret occupied his mind. Now half the pleasure of a secret is sharing

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it, naturally, but it should be with the right person. And his old playfellow was changed. Bobby, reflecting, wondered whether old Adelbert would really care to join his pirate crew, consisting of Tucker and himself. On the next day, however, he put the matter to the test, having resolved that old Adelbert needed distraction.

"You know," he said, talking through the window of the booth, "I think when I grow up I'll be a pirate."

"There be worse trades," said old Adelbert, whose hand was now against every man.

"And hide treasure," Bobby went on. "In a—in a cave, you know. Did you ever read 'Treasure Island'?"

"I may have forgotten it. I have read many things."

"You'd hardly forget it. You know—'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.'"

Old Adelbert rather doubted the possibility of fifteen men on one dead man's chest, but he nodded gravely. "A spirited song," he observed.

Bobby edged closer to the window. "I've got the cave already."

"So!"

"Here, in the park. It is a great secret. I'd like to show it to you. Only it's rather hard to get to. I don't know whether you'd care to crawl through the bushes to it."

"A cave—here in the park?"

"I'll take you, if you'd like to see it."

Old Adelbert was puzzled. The park offered, so far as he knew, no place for a cave. It was a plain, the site of the old wall, and now planted in grass and flowers. He himself had seen it graded and sown. A cave!

"Where?"

"That's a secret. But I'll show it to you, if you won't tell."

Old Adelbert agreed to silence. In fact, he repeated after the boy, in English he did not understand, a most bloodcurdling oath of secrecy, and made the pirate sign, which as every one knows is a skull and cross-bones, in the air with his forefinger.

"This cave," he said, half smiling, "must be a most momentous matter!"

Until midday, when the railway opened for business, the old soldier was free. So the next morning, due precautions having been taken, the two conspirators set off. Three, rather, for Tucker was now also of the band of the black flag, having been taken in with due formality a day or two before, and having behaved well and bravely during the rather trying rites of initiation.

Outside the thicket Bobby hesitated. "I ought to blindfold you," he said. "But I guess you'll need your eyes. It's a hard place to get to."

Perhaps, had he known the difficulties ahead, old Adelbert would not have gone on. And, had he turned back then, the history of a certain kingdom of Europe would have been changed. Maps, too, and school-books, and the life-story of a small Prince. But he went on. Stronger than his young guide, he did not crawl, but bent aside the stiff and ungainly branches of the firs. He battled with the thicket, and came out victorious. He was not so old, then, not feeble. His arm would have been strong for the King, had not——

"There it is," cried Bobby.

Not a cave, it appeared at first. A low doorway, barred with an iron grating, and padlocked. A doorway in the base of a side wall of the gate, and so heaped with leaves that its lower half was covered.

Bobby produced a key. "I broke the padlock that was on it," he explained. "I smashed it with a stone. But I got another. I always lock it."

Prolonged search produced the key. Old Adelbert's face was set hard. On what dungeon had this boy stumbled? He himself had lived there many years, and of no such aperture had he heard mention. It was strange.

Bobby was removing the leaf-mould with his hands. "It was almost all covered when I found it," he said, industriously scraping. "I generally close it up like this when I leave. It's a good place for pirates, don't you think?"

"Excellent!"

"I've brought some things already. The lock's rusty. There it goes. There are rats. I hope you don't mind rats."

The door swung in, silently, as though the hinges had been recently oiled. As, indeed, they had, but not by the boy.

"It's rather dirty," he explained. "You go down steps first. Be very careful."

He extended an earthy hand and led the old man down. "It's dark here, but there's a room below. Quite a good room. And I have candles."

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Truly a room. Built of old brick, and damp, but with a free circulation of air. Old Adelbert stared about him. It was not entirely dark. A bit of light entered from the aperture at the head of the steps. By it, even before the candle was lighted, he saw the broken chair, the piece of old carpet, and the odds and ends the child had brought.

"I cook down here sometimes," said Bobby, struggling with matches that had felt the damp. "But it is very smoky. I should like to have a stove. You don't know where I can get a second-hand stove, do you? With a long pipe? '

Old Adelbert felt curiously shaken. "None have visited this place since you have been here?" he asked.

"I don't suppose any one knows about it. Do you?"

"Those who built it perhaps. But it is old, very old. It is possible——"

He stopped, lost in speculation. There had been a story once of a passageway under the wall, but he recollected nothing clearly. A passageway leading out beyond the wall, through which, in a great siege, a messenger had been sent for help. But that was of a passage; while this was a dungeon.

The candle was at last lighted. It burned fitfully, illuminating only a tiny zone in the darkness.

"I need a lantern," Bobby observed. "There's a draft here. It comes from the other grating. Some time, when you have time, I'd like to see what's beyond it. I was kind of nervous about going alone."

It was the old passage, then, of course. Old Adelbert stared as Bobby took the

A LOW DOORWAY, BARRED WITH AN IRON GRATING, AND PADLOCKED. "IT'S A GOOD PLACE FOR PIRATES, DON'T YOU THINK?" ASKED BOBBY.

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candle and held it toward a second grated door, like the first, but taller.

"There are rats there," he said. "I can hear them. About a million, I guess. They ate all the bread and bacon I left. Tucker can get through. He must have killed a lot of them."

"Lend me your candle."

A close examination revealed to old Adelbert two things: First, that a brick-lined passage, apparently in good repair, led beyond the grating. Second, that it had been recently put in order. A spade and wheelbarrow, both unmistakably of recent make, stood just beyond, the barrow full of bricks, as though fallen ones had been gathered up. Further, the padlock had been freshly oiled, and the hinges of the grating. No unused passage this, but one kept in order and repair. For what?

Bobby had adjusted the mask and thrust the knife through the belt of his Norfolk jacket. Now, folding his arms, he recited fiercely, "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

"A spirited song," observed old Adelbert, as before. But his eyes were on the grating.

That evening Adelbert called to see his friend, the locksmith in the University Place. He possessed, he said, a padlock of which he had lost the key, and which, being fastened to a chest, he was unable to bring with him. A large and heavy padlock, perhaps the size of his palm.

When he left, he carried with him a bundle of keys, tied in a brown paper.

He did not go back to his chest, but instead to the thicket around the old gate, still termed the Gate of the Moon, and there, armed with a lantern, pursued his investigations during a portion of the night.

When he had finished, old Adelbert, veteran of many wars, one-time patriot and newly turned traitor, held in his shaking hands the fate of the kingdom.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

At the Inn

THE Countess Loschek was on her way across the border. The arrangements were not of her making. Her plan, which had been to go afoot across the mountain to the town of Ar-on-Ar, and there to hire a motor, had been altered by the arrival at the castle, shortly after the permission was given, of a machine. So short an interval had elapsed that she concluded this car now placed at her disposal was the one which had brought that permission.

"The matter of passports for the border is arranged, madame," Black Humbert told her.

"I have my own passports," she said proudly.

"They will not be necessary."

"I will have this interview at my destination, alone. Or not at all."

He drew himself to his great height and regarded her with cold eyes. "As you wish," he said. "But it is probably not necessary to remind madame that, whatever is discussed, no word must be mentioned of the Committee, or its plans."

Although he made no threat, she had shivered. No, there must be no word of the Committee, or of the terror that drove her to Karl. For, if the worst happened, if he failed her, and she must do the thing they had set her to do, Karl must never know. That card she must play alone.

So she was not even to use her own passports! Making her hasty preparations, again the Countess marveled. Was there no limit to the powers of the Committee of Ten? Apparently the whole machinery of the Government was theirs to command. Who were they, these men who had sat there immobile behind their masks? Were the eyes that had regarded her with unfriendly steadiness that night in the catacombs eyes that smiled at her day by day, in the very halls of the King? Had any of those menacing figures bent over her hand with mocking suavity? She wondered.

A hasty preparation at the last it was indeed, but a careful toilet had preceded it. Now that she was about to see Karl again, after months of separation, he must find no flaw in her. She searched her mirror for the ravages of the past few days, and found them. Yet, appraising herself with cold eyes, she felt she was still beautiful. The shadows about her eyes did not dim them.

Everything hung on the result of her visit. If Karl persisted, if he would marry Hedwig in spite of the trouble it would precipitate, then indeed she was lost. If, on the other hand, he was inclined to peace, if her story of a tottering throne held his hand, she would defy the Committee of Ten. Karl himself would help her to escape, might indeed hide her. It would not be for long. Without Karl's support the King's death

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would bring the Terrorists into control. They would have other things to do than to hunt her out. Their end would be gained without her. Let them steal the Crown Prince, then. Let Hedwig fight for her throne, and lose it. Let the streets run deep with blood, and all the pandemonium of hell break loose.

But if Karl failed her?

Even here was the possibility of further mischance. Suppose the boy gone, and the people yet did not rise? Suppose then that Hedwig, by her very agency, gained the throne and held it. Hedwig, Queen of Livonia in her own right, and Karl's wife!

She clenched her teeth.

Over country roads the machine jolted and bumped. At daybreak they had not yet reached the border. In a narrow lane they encountered a pilgrimage of mountain folk, bent for the shrine at Etzel. The peasants drew aside to let the machine pass, and stared at it. They had been traveling afoot all night, and yet two more days and a night would elapse before they could kneel in the church.

"A great lady," said one, a man who carried a sleeping child in his arms.

"Perhaps," said a young girl, "she too has made a pilgrimage. All go to Etzel, the poor and the rich. And all receive grace."

The Countess did not sleep. She was, with every fiber of her keen brain, summoning her arguments. She would need them, for she knew—none better—how great a handicap was hers. She loved Karl, and he knew it. What had been her strength had become her weakness.

Yet she was composed enough when, before the sun was well up, the machine arrived before the inn where Mettlich had spent his uneasy hours.

Her heavy veils aroused the curiosity of the landlord. When his daughter brought down a letter to be sent at once to the royal hunting-lodge, he shrugged his shoulders. It was not the first time a veiled woman had come under similar circumstances. Great people are but human. One can not always be a king.

The Countess breakfasted in her room. The landlord served her himself, and narrowly inspected her. She was not so young as he had hoped, but she was beautiful. And haughty. A very great person, he decided, *incognito*.

The King was hunting, he volunteered. There were great doings at the lodge. Perhaps her Excellency would be proceeding there.

She eyed him stonily, and then sent him off about his business.

So all the day she ate her heart out in her bare room. Now and then the clear sound of bugles reached her, but she saw no hunters. Karl followed the chase late that day. It was evening before she saw the tired horses straggling through the village streets. Her courage was oozing by that time. What more could she say than what he already knew? Many agencies other than hers kept him informed of the state of affairs in Livonia. A bitter thought, this, for it showed Karl actuated by love of Hedwig, and not by greed of power.

She feared that more than death.

She had expected to go to the lodge, but at nine o'clock that night Karl came to her, knocking at the door of her room and entering without waiting for permission.

The room was small and cozy with firelight. Her scarlet cloak, flung over a chair, made a dash of brilliant color. Two lighted candles on a high carved chest, and between them a plaster figure of the Mother and Child, a built-in bed with white curtains—that was the room.

Before the open fire Olga Loschek sat in her low chair. She wore still her dark traveling dress; and a veil, ready to be donned at the summons of a message from Karl, trailed across her knee. In the firelight she looked very young. Young and weary. Karl, who had come hardened to a scene, found her appealing, almost pathetic.

She rose at his entrance and, after a moment of surprise, smiled faintly. But she said nothing, nor did Karl, until he had lifted one of her cold hands, and brushed it with his lips.

"Well!" he said. "And again, Olga!"

"Once again."

She looked up at him. Yes, he was changed. The old Karl would have taken her in his arms. This new Karl was urbane, smiling, uneasy.

He said nothing. He was apparently waiting for her to make the first move. But she did not help him. She sat down and he drew a small chair to the fire.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" he said. "Your note alarmed me. Not the note, but your coming here."

"Nothing—and everything." She felt

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suddenly very tired. "I had sent you a letter asking you to come to the castle. There were things to discuss, and I did not care to take this risk of coming here, but when no reply came——"

"I received no letter."

"No!" She knew it, of course, but she pretended surprise, a carefully suppressed alarm.

"I have what I am afraid is bad news, Olga. The letter was taken. I received only a sheet of blank paper."

"Karl!" She leaped to her feet.

She was no mean actress. And behind it all was her real terror, greater, much greater, than he could know. Whatever design she had on Karl's pity, she was acting only at the beginning. Deadly peril was clutching her, a double peril, a peril of the body and of the soul.

"Taken! By whom?"

"By some one you know — young Larisch."

"Larisch!" No acting there. In sheer amazement she dropped back from him, staring with wide eyes. Nikky Larisch! Then how had the Terrorists got it? Was all the world in their employ?

"But—it is impossible!"

"I'm sorry, Olga. But even then there is something to be explained. We imprisoned him—we got him in a trap, rather by accident. He maintained that he had not made away with the papers. A mystery, all of it. Only your man, Niburg, could explain, and he——"

"Yes?"

"I am afraid he will never explain, Olga."

Then indeed horror had its way with her. Niburg executed as a spy, after making—who knew what confession! What then awaited her at the old castle above the church at Etzel? Karl, seeing her whitening lips, felt a stirring of pity. His passion for her was dead, but for a long time he had loved her, and now, in sheer regret, he drew her to him.

"Poor girl," he said softly. "Poor girl!" And drew his hand gently over her hair.

She shivered at his touch. "I can never go back," she said brokenly.

But at that he freed her. "That would be to confess before you are accused," he reminded her. "We do not know that Niburg told. He was doomed anyhow. To tell would help nothing. The letter, of course, was in code?"

"Yes."

She sat down again, fighting for composure.

"I am not very brave," she said. "In a moment I shall be calmer. You must not think that I regret the risk. I have always been proud to do my best for you."

That touched him. In the firelight, smiling wanly, she was very like the girl who had attracted him years before. Her usual smiling assurance was gone. She looked sad, appealing. And she was right. She had always done her best for him. But he was cautious, too.

"I owe you more than I can tell," he said. "It is the sort of debt that can never be paid. Your coming here was a terrible risk. Something urgent must have brought you."

She pushed back her heavy hair restlessly.

"I was anxious. And there were things I felt you should know."

"What things?"

"The truth about the King's condition, for one. He is dying. The bulletins lie. He is no better."

"Why should the bulletins lie?"

"Because there is a crisis. You know it. But you can not know what we know—the living in fear, the precautions, everything."

"So!" said Karl uneasily. "But the Chancellor assured me—" He stopped. It was not yet time to speak of the Chancellor's visit.

"The Chancellor! He lies, of course. How bad things are you may judge, when I tell you that a hidden passage from the Palace has been opened and cleared, ready for instant flight."

It was Karl's turn to be startled. He rose, and stood staring down at her. "Are you certain of that?"

"Certain!" She laughed bitterly. "The Terrorists—Revolutionists, they call themselves—are everywhere. They know everything, see everything. Mettlich's agents are disappearing one by one. No one knows where, but all suspect. Student meetings are prohibited. The yearly procession of veterans is forbidden, for they trust none, not even their old soldiers. The Council meets day after day in secret session."

"But the army——"

"They do not trust the army."

Karl's face was grave. Something of the trouble in Livonia he had known. But this argued an immediate crisis.

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"On the King's death," the Countess said, "a Republic will be declared. The Republic of Livonia! The Crown Prince will never reign."

She shivered, but Karl was absorbed in the situation.

"Incredible!" he commented. "These fears are sometimes hysterias, but what you say of the preparations for flight—I thought the boy was very popular."

"With some. But when has a child stood between the mob and the thing it wants? And the thing they cry for is liberty. Down with the royal house! Down with the aristocracy!"

She was calm enough now. Karl was listening, was considering, looked uneasy. She had been right. He was not for acquiring trouble, even by marriage.

But, if she had read Karl, he also knew her. In all the years he had known her she had never been reckless. Daring enough, but with a calculating daring that took no chances. And yet she had done a reckless thing by coming to him. From under lowered eyelids he considered her. Why had she done it? The situation was serious enough, but even then——

"So you came to-day to tell me this?"

She glanced up, and catching his eyes, colored faintly. "These are things you should know."

He knew her very well. A jealous woman would go far. He knew now that she was jealous. When he spoke it was with calculating brutality. "You mean, in view of my impending marriage?"

So it was arranged! Finally arranged. Well, she had done her best. He knew the truth. She had told it fairly. If, knowing it, he persisted, it would be because her power over him was dead at last.

"Yes. I do not know how far your arrangements have gone. You have at least been warned."

But she saw, by the very way he drew himself up and smiled, that he understood. More than that, he doubted her. He questioned what she had said. The very fact that she had told him only the truth added to her resentment.

"You will see," she said, sullenly.

Because he thought he already saw, and because she had given him a bad moment, Karl chose to be deliberately cruel. "Perhaps!" he said. "But even then—if this marriage were purely one of expediency, Olga, I might hesitate. Frankly, I want peace. I am tired of war, tired of bickering, tired of watching and being watched. But it is not one of expediency. Not, at least, only that. You leave out of this discussion the one element that I consider important, Hedwig herself. If the Princess Hedwig were to-morrow to be without a country, I should still hope to marry her."

She had done well up to now, had kept her courage and her temper, had taken her cue from him and been quiet and poised. But more than his words, his cruel voice, silky with friendship, drove her to the breaking-point. Karl, who hated a scene, found himself the victim of one, and was none the happier that she who had so long held him off was now herself at arm's length, and struggling.

Bitterly, and with reckless passion, she flung at him Hedwig's infatuation for young Larisch, and prophesied his dishonor as a result of it. That leaving him cold and rather sneering, she reviewed their old intimacy, to be reminded that in it there had been no question or hope of marriage.

"I am only human, Olga," he said, in an interval when she had fallen to quiet weeping. "I loved you very sincerely, and for a long time. Marriage between us was impossible. You always knew that."

In the end she grew quiet, and sat looking into the fire with eyes full of stony despair. She had tried and failed. There was one way left, and even that would not bring him back to her. Let Hedwig escape and marry Nikky—still where was *she?* Let the Terrorists strike their blow and steal the Crown Prince. Again—where was *she?*

Her emotions were deadened, all save one, and that was her hatred of Hedwig. The humiliation of that moment was due to her. Somehow, some day, she would be even with Hedwig. Karl left her there at last, huddled in her chair—left full of resentment, the ashes of his old love cold and gray. There was little reminder of the girl of the mountains in the stony-eyed woman he had left sagged low by the fire.

Once out in the open air, the King of Karnia drew a long breath. The affair was over. It had been unpleasant. It was always unpleasant to break with a woman. But it was time. He neither loved nor needed her. Friendly relations between the two countries were established, and very soon, would be ratified by his marriage.

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THE STUDENT, HAECKEL, PATRIOT AND ROYALIST, LED FORTH TO DIE.

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It was not of Olga Loschek, but of Hedwig that he thought, as his car climbed swiftly to the lodge.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

The Little Door

HEDWIG had given up. She went through her days with a set face, white and drawn, but she knew now that the thing she was to do must be done. The King, in that stormy scene when the sister prayed in the next room, had been sufficiently explicit. They had come on bad times, and could no longer trust to their own strength. Proud Livonia must ask for help, and that from beyond her border.

"We are rotten at the core," he had said bitterly. "An old rot that has eaten deep. God knows, we have tried to cut it away, but it has gone too far. Times are changed when we must ask a woman to save us!"

She had thrown her arms over the bed and buried her face. "And I am to be sacrificed," she had said, in a flat voice. "I am to go through my life like mother, soured and unhappy. Without any love."

The King was stirred. His thin old body had sunk in the bed until it seemed no body at all. "Why without love?" he asked, almost gently. "Karl knows our condition —not all of it, but he is well aware that things are unstable here. Yet he is eager for the marriage. I am inclined to believe that he follows his inclinations, rather than a political policy."

The thought that Karl might love her had not entered her mind. That made things worse, if anything—a situation unfair to him and horrible to herself. In the silence of her own room, afterward, she pondered over that. If it were true, then a certain hope she had must be relinquished—none other than to throw herself on his mercy, and beg for a nominal marriage, one that would satisfy the political alliance, but leave both of them free. Horror filled her. She sat for long periods, dry-eyed and rigid.

The bronze statue of the late Queen in the Place fascinated her. She too had been only a pawn in the game of empires; but her face, as Hedwig remembered it, had been calm and without bitterness. The King had mourned her sincerely. What lay behind that placid, rather austere old face? Dead dreams? Or were the others right, that after a time it made no difference, that one marriage was the same as another?

She had not seen Nikky save once or twice, and that in the presence of others. On these occasions he had bowed low, and passed on. But once she had caught his eyes on her, and had glowed for hours at what she saw in them. It braced her somewhat for the impending ordeal of a visit from Karl.

The days went on. Dressmakers came and went. In the mountains lace-makers were already working on the veil, and the brocade of white and gold for her wedding-gown was on the loom. She was the pale center of a riot of finery. Dressmakers stood back and raised delighted hands as, one by one, their models were adjusted to her listless figure.

In the general excitement the Crown Prince was almost forgotten. Only Nikky remained faithful; but his playing now was mechanical, and one day he was even severe. This was when he found Otto hanging out of a window overlooking the courtyard, and the line of soldiers underneath in most surprising confusion. The officer of the day was not in sight.

Nikky, entering the stone-paved court, and feeling extremely glum, had been amazed to see the line of guards, who usually sat on a bench, with a sentry or picket, or whatever they called him, parading up and down before them—Nikky was amazed to see them one by one leaping into the air, in the most undignified manner. Nikky watched the performance. Then he stalked over. They subsided sheepishly. In the air was the cause of the excitement: a cigaret dangling at the end of a silk thread, and bobbing up and down. No one was to be seen at the window above.

Nikky was very tall. He caught the offending atom on its next leap, and jerked it off. As he had suspected, it was one of his own, bearing an N and his coat-of-arms.

The Crown Prince received that day, with the cigaret as an excuse, a considerable amount of Nikky's general unhappiness and rage at the world.

"Well," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, when it was over, "I have to do *something*, don't I?"

It was Miss Braithwaite's conviction that this prank, and several other things, such as sauntering about with his hands in his pockets, and referring to his hat as a "lid,"

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were all the result of his meeting that American boy.

"He is really not the same child," she finished. "Oskar found him the other day with a rolled-up piece of paper lighted at the end, pretending he was smoking!"

The Chancellor came now and then, but his visits were not cheering. The Niburg affair had left its mark on him. The incident of the beggar on the quay was another scar. The most extreme precautions were being taken, but a bad time was coming, and must be got over somehow.

That bad time was Karl's visit.

No public announcement of the marriage had yet been made. It was bound to be unpopular. Certainly the revolutionary party would make capital of it. To put it through by force, if necessary, and, that accomplished, to hold the scourge of Karnia's anger over a refractory people, was his plan. To soothe them with the news of the cession of the seaport strip, was his hope.

Sometimes, in the early morning, when the King lay awake, and clearer mentally than later in the day, he wondered. He would not live to see the result of all this planning. But one contingency presented itself constantly. Suppose the Crown Prince did not live? He was sturdy enough, but it was possible. Then Hedwig, Queen of Karnia, would be Queen of Livonia. A dual kingdom then, with Karl as Hedwig's consort, in control, undoubtedly. It would be the end of many dreams.

It seemed to him in those early hours, that they were indeed paying a price. Preparations were making for Karl's visit. Prince Hubert's rooms were opened at last, and redecorated as well as possible in the short time at command, under the supervision of the Archduchess. The result was a crowding that was neither dignified nor cheerful. Much as she trimmed her own lean body she decorated. But she was busy at least, and she let Hedwig alone.

It was not unusual, those days, to find Annunciata, flushed with exertion, in the great suite on an upper floor, in the center of a chaos of furniture, shoving chairs about with her own royal arms, or standing, head on one side, to judge what she termed the composition of a corner. Indignant footmen pushed and carried, and got their wigs crooked and their dignified noses dirty, and held rancorous meetings in secluded places.

But Annunciata kept on. It gave her something to think of, in place of the fear that filled her; made her weary enough to sleep at night. And there was something else that comforted her.

Beyond the windows was a flat roof, beneath which was the ball-room of the Palace. When the apartment was in use, the roof was made into a garden, the ugly old walls hidden with plants in tubs and boxes, the parapet edged with flowers. It was still early, so spring tulips were planted now on the parapet, early primroses and hyacinths. In the center a fountain was cleared, its upper basins filled with vines, its borders a riot of color. When the water was turned on, it would be quite lovely.

But it was not the garden on the roof which cheered Annunciata. It had, indeed, rather sad memories. Here had Hubert's young wife kept her cages of birds, fed with her own hands, and here, before Otto was born, she had taken the air in a long chintz-covered chair.

Annunciata, overseeing the roof as she had overseen the apartment, watched the gardeners bringing in their great loads of plants from the summer palace, and saw that a small door, in a turret, was kept free of access. To that door, everything else failing, the Archduchess pinned her faith. She carried everywhere with her a key that would open it.

Long ago had the door been built, long ago, when attacking forces, battering in the doors below, might swarm through the lower floors, held back on staircases by fighting men who retreated, step by step, until, driven at last to the very top, they were apparently lost. More than once, in bygone times, the royal family had escaped by that upper door, and the guard after them. It was known to few. The staircase in the wall had passed into legend, and the underground passage with it. But they still existed, and had recently been put in order. The Chancellor had given the command, and because there were few to be trusted, two monks from the monastery attached to the cathedral had done the work.

So the gardeners set out their potted evergreens, and covered the primroses on the balustrade against frost, and went away. And the roof had become by magic a garden, the walls were miniature forests, but the door remained—a door.

On a desperate morning Hedwig threw caution to the winds and went to the riding-

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school. She wore her old habit, and was in the ring, but riding listlessly, when Nikky and Otto appeared.

"And eat!" Nikky was saying. "He always eats. And when I take him for a walk in the park, he digs up bones that other dogs have buried, and carries them home with him. We look very disreputable."

The Crown Prince laughed with delight, but just then Nikky saw Hedwig, and his own smile died.

"There's Hedwig!" said Prince Ferdinand William Otto. "I'm rather glad to see her. Aren't you?"

"Very glad, indeed."

"You don't look glad."

"I'm feeling very glad inside."

They rode together, around and around the long oval, with its whitewashed railing, its attendant grooms, its watchful eyes overhead. Between Nikky and Hedwig Prince Ferdinand William Otto laughed and chattered, and Hedwig talked a great deal about nothing, with bright spots of red burning in her face.

Nikky was very silent. He rode with his eyes set ahead, and had to be spoken to twice before he heard.

"You are not having a very good time, are you?" Prince Ferdinand William Otto inquired anxiously. To tell the truth, he had been worried about Nikky for some days. Nikky had been his one gleam of cheerfulness in a Palace where all was bustle and excitement and every one seemed uneasy. But Nikky's cheerfulness had been forced lately. His smile never reached his eyes. "I haven't done anything, have I?" he persisted.

"Bless you, no!" said Nikky heartily. "I—well, I didn't sleep well last night. That's all."

He met Hedwig's glance squarely.

"Nor did I," Hedwig said.

Later, when the boy was jumping, they had a moment together. The Crown Prince was very absorbed. He was just a little nervous about jumping. First he examined his stirrups and thrust his feet well into them. Then he jammed his cap down on his head and settled himself in the saddle, his small knees gripping hard.

"It's higher than usual, isn't it?" he inquired, squinting at the hurdle.

The riding-master examined it. "It is an inch lower than yesterday, your Royal Highness."

"Perhaps we'd better have it the same as yesterday," said the boy, who was terribly afraid of being afraid.

Then, all being adjusted, and his mouth set very tight indeed, he took the first jump, and sailed over it comfortably.

"I don't mind at all, after the first," he confided to the riding-master.

"Are you angry that I came?" asked Hedwig.

"Angry? You know better."

"You don't say anything."

"Hedwig," said Nikky desperately, "do you remember what I said to you the other day? That is in my heart now. I shall never change. That, and much more. But I can not say it to you. I have given my word."

"Of course they would make you promise. They tried with me, but I refused." She held her chin very high. "Why did you promise? They could not have forced you. They can do many things, but they can not control what you may say."

"There are reasons. Even those I can not tell you. It would be easier, Hedwig, for me to die, than to live on and see what I must see. But I can not even die."

He smiled faintly. "You see, I am not keeping my promise."

"I think you will not die," said Hedwig cruelly. "You are too cautious."

"Yes, I am too cautious," he agreed.

"You do not know the meaning of love."

"Then God grant I may never know, if it is worse than this."

"If I were a man, and loved a woman, I would think less of myself, and more of her. When I saw her unhappy, and being forced to a terrible thing, I would move heaven and earth to save her."

"How would you do it?" said Nikky in a low tone.

Hedwig shrugged her shoulders. "I would find a way. The world is large. Surely, if one really cared, it could be managed. I should consider my first duty to her."

"I am a soldier, Highness. My first duty is to my country."

"You?" said Hedwig, now very white. "I was not speaking of you. I was speaking of a man who truly loved a woman."

She rode away, and left him there. And because she was hurt and reckless, and not quite sane, she gave him a very bad half-hour. She jumped again, higher each time,

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silencing the protests of the riding-master with an imperious gesture. Her horse tired. His sides heaved, his delicate nostrils dilated. She beat him with her crop, and flung him again at the hurdle.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was delighted, a trifle envious. "She jumps better than I do," he observed to Nikky, "but she is in a very bad humor."

At last, his patience exhausted and fear in his heart, Nikky went to her. "Hedwig," he said sternly, "I want you to stop this childishness. You will kill yourself."

"I am trying very hard to."

"You will kill your horse. Look at him."

For answer she raised her crop, but Nikky bent forward and caught the reins.

"How dare you!" she said, furiously.

For answer Nikky turned and, riding beside her, led her weary horse out of the ring. And long training asserted itself. Hedwig dared not make a scene before the waiting grooms. She rode in speechless rage, as white as Nikky, and trembling with fury. She gave him no time to assist her to dismount, but slipped off herself, and left him, her slim, black-habited figure held very straight.

"I'm afraid she's very angry with you," said the Crown Prince, as they walked back to the Palace. "She looked more furious than she did about the fruit-cake."

That afternoon Nikky went for a walk. He took Toto with him, and they made the circuit of the park, which formed an irregular circle about the narrow streets of the old citadel where the wall had once stood. He walked, as he had done before, because he was in trouble, but with this difference, that then he had walked in order to think, and now he walked to forget.

In that remote portion where the Gate of the Moon stood, and where, outside, in medieval times had been the jousting-ground, the park widened. Here was now the city playground, the lake where in winter the people held ice carnivals, and where, now that spring was on the way, they rode in the little cars of the scenic railway.

An old soldier with a wooden leg, and a child, were walking together by the lake, and conversing seriously. A dog was burying a bone under a near-by tree. Toto, true to his instincts, waited until the bone was covered, and then, with calm proprietorship, quickly dug it up and carried it off. Having learned that Nikky now and then carried bones in his pockets, he sat up and presented it to him. Nikky paying no attention at first, Toto flung it up in the air, caught it on his nose, balanced it a second and dropped it. Then followed a sudden explosion of dog rage, and a mix-up of two dogs, an old soldier, a young one, a boy, and a wooden leg. In the end the wooden leg emerged triumphant, Toto clinging to it under the impression that he had something quite different. The bone was flung into the lake, and a snarling truce established.

But there had been a casualty. Bobby had suffered a severe nip on the forearm, and was surveying it with rather dazed eyes.

"Gee, it's bleeding!" he said.

Nikky looked worried, but old Adelbert, who had seen many wounds, recommended tying it up with garlic and then forgetting it. "It is the first quarter of the moon," he said. "No dog's bite is injurious at that time."

Nikky, who had had a sniff of the bone of contention, was not so easy in his mind. First quarter of the moon it might be, but the bone was not in its first quarter. "I could walk home with the boy," he suggested, "and get something at a chemist's on the way."

"Will it hurt?" demanded Bobby.

"We'll ask for something that will not."

So it happened that Bobby and Tucker, the two pirates, returned that day to their home under the escort of a tall young man who carried a bottle wrapped in pink paper in his hand, and looked serious. Old Pepy was at home. She ran about getting basins, and because Nikky had had his first-aid training, in a very short time everything was shipshape, and no one the worse.

"Do you suppose it will leave a scar?" Bobby demanded.

"Well, a little one, probably."

"I've got two pretty good ones already," Bobby boasted. "Not counting my vaccination. Gee, I bet mother'll be surprised."

"The Americans," said Pepy, with admiring eyes fixed on their visitor, "are very peculiar about injuries. They speak always of small animals that crawl about in wounds and bring poison."

"Germs!" Bobby explained. "But they know about germs here, too. I played with a boy one afternoon at the scenic railway—my father is the manager, you know. If you like, I can give you some tickets. And the boy said a fig-lady he had was

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covered with germs. We ate it anyhow."

Nikky looked down smilingly. So this was the American lad! Of course. He could understand Otto's warm feeling now. They were not unlike, the two children. This boy was more sturdy, not so fine, perhaps, but eminently likable. He was courageous, too. The iodin had not been pleasant, but he had only whistled.

"And — nothing happened to the other boy because of the germs?"

"I don't know. He never came back. He was a funny boy. He had a hat like father's. Gee!"

Nikky took his departure. As long as he was in sight Pepy watched him from the window. "He is some great person," she said. "I know the manner."

"A prince, maybe?" suggested Bobby.

"Perhaps. You, in America, have no such men—aristocrats, yet gentle. The uniform is considered the handsomest in Europe."

"Humph!" said Bobby. "You ought to see my uncle dressed for a Knight Templar parade. You'd *see* something."

Nikky went down the stairs, with Toto at his heels, a valiant and triumphant Toto, who had recently vanquished a wooden leg.

At the foot of the staircase a man was working, replacing a loosened tile in the passage: a huge man, clad in a smock and with a bushy black beard tucked in his neck out of the way. Nikky nodded to him, and went out. Like a cat Black Humbert was on his feet, and peering after him from the street door. It was he, then, the blond devil who had fallen on them that night, and had fought as one who fights for the love of it! The concierge went back to the door of his room.

Herman Spier sat inside. He had fortified his position by that trip to the mountains, and now spent his days in Black Humbert's dirty kitchen, or in errand-running. He was broiling a sausage on the end of a fork.

"Quick!" cried Black Humbert. "Along the street, with a black dog at his heels, goes one you will recognize. Follow him, and find out what you can."

Herman Spier put the sausage in his pocket —he had paid for it himself, and meant to have it—and started out. It was late when he returned.

He gave Nikky's name and where his lodgings had been until now. He was about to remove to the Palace, having been made *aide-de-camp* to the Crown Prince.

"So!" said Black Humbert.

"It is also," observed Herman Spier, eating his sausage, "this same one who led the police to Niburg's room. I have the word of the woman who keeps the house."

The concierge rose, and struck the table with his fist. "And now he comes here!" he said. "The boy up-stairs was a blind. He has followed us." He struck the sausage furiously out of Herman's hand. "To-night the police will come. And what then?"

"If you had taken my advice," said the clerk, "you would have got rid of that fellow up-stairs long ago." He picked up the sausage and dusted it with his hand. "But I do not believe the police will come. The child was bitten. I saw them enter."

Nevertheless, that night while Herman Spier kept watch at the street door, the concierge labored in the little yard behind the house. He moved a rabbit hutch and, wedging his huge body behind it, loosened a board or two in the high wooden fence.

More than the Palace prepared for flight.

Still later, old Adelbert roused from sleep. There were footsteps in the passage outside, the opening of a door. He reflected that the concierge was an owl and called out an irritable order for quiet.

Then he slept again, and while he slept, the sounds recommenced. Had he glanced out into the passage then, he would have seen two men, half supporting a third, who tottered between them. Thus was the student, Haeckel, patriot and Royalist, led forth to die.

And did not die.

The next instalment of ***"Long Live the King!"*** *will appear in the August number.*

THE ROAD TO RED RUSSIA

William G. Shepherd is in Russia for EVERYBODY'S. On page 1 is his first article—cabled from Petrograd just in time to make this issue.

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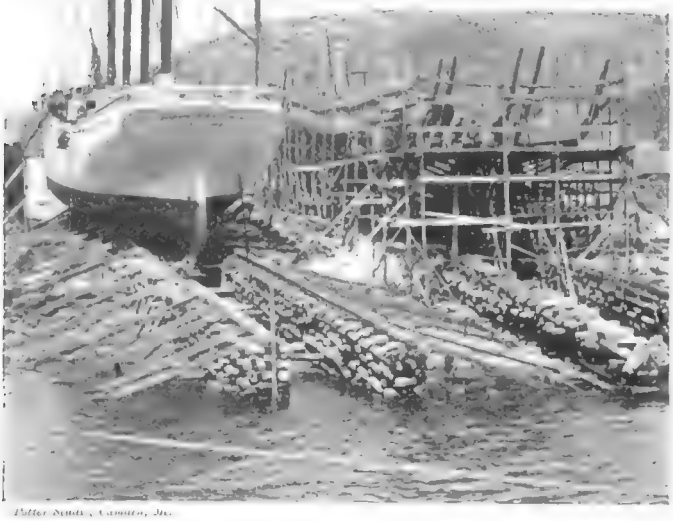
BUILDING THE SHIPS!

By

Edward Hungerford



THE other day I chanced to be in Beaumont—Beaumont, Texas. It is a sprawling, busy town, with all the earmarks of the brisk Southwest. Then I chanced upon the harbor of Beaumont—and I was out of Texas and up into New England. For here in this gentle, sheltered watershed were riding many ships—British tramps, Standard Oil tankers, a big, new, square-rigged steel sailer from Denmark, with *Fido* painted upon her stern—and artisans were making new piers and new storehouses to accommodate many more ships. But it was across the fairway that I caught the real vision of inspiration.

Wooden ships being huddled upon the shore! Side by side, upon twin ways, the yellow timber skeletons of two new vessels soon to sail the seas, undaunted by fears of lurking submarines. Around the incomplete hulls a litter of timber, the song of the whirring buzz-saw, all the merry clatter and business of a shipyard. It was New England!

Recently I have seen the shipyards of Bath, up in Maine, turning to their time-honored task after a half-century of leisure; graybeards at the loved labor of showing an unschooled generation the fashioning of a clipper; and last autumn I stood atop the High School Stadium at Tacoma, and there saw other wooden barks being fabricated for their maiden voyages upon the high seas.

To one who could recall the fine clipper fleet that, in the days before the Civil War, bore the Stars and Stripes to the far corners of the world, such sights could only have recalled poignant memories. Even to a man who knows the clipper-ship period only as a blessed chapter in American history, the visions at Beaumont and Bath and Tacoma were truly inspiriting.

America is building wooden ships again, not spasmodically, not sentimentally, but systematically, as a big part of our plan to crush the German Kaiser and all the things for which the German Kaiser stands. Last year when it became apparent that the

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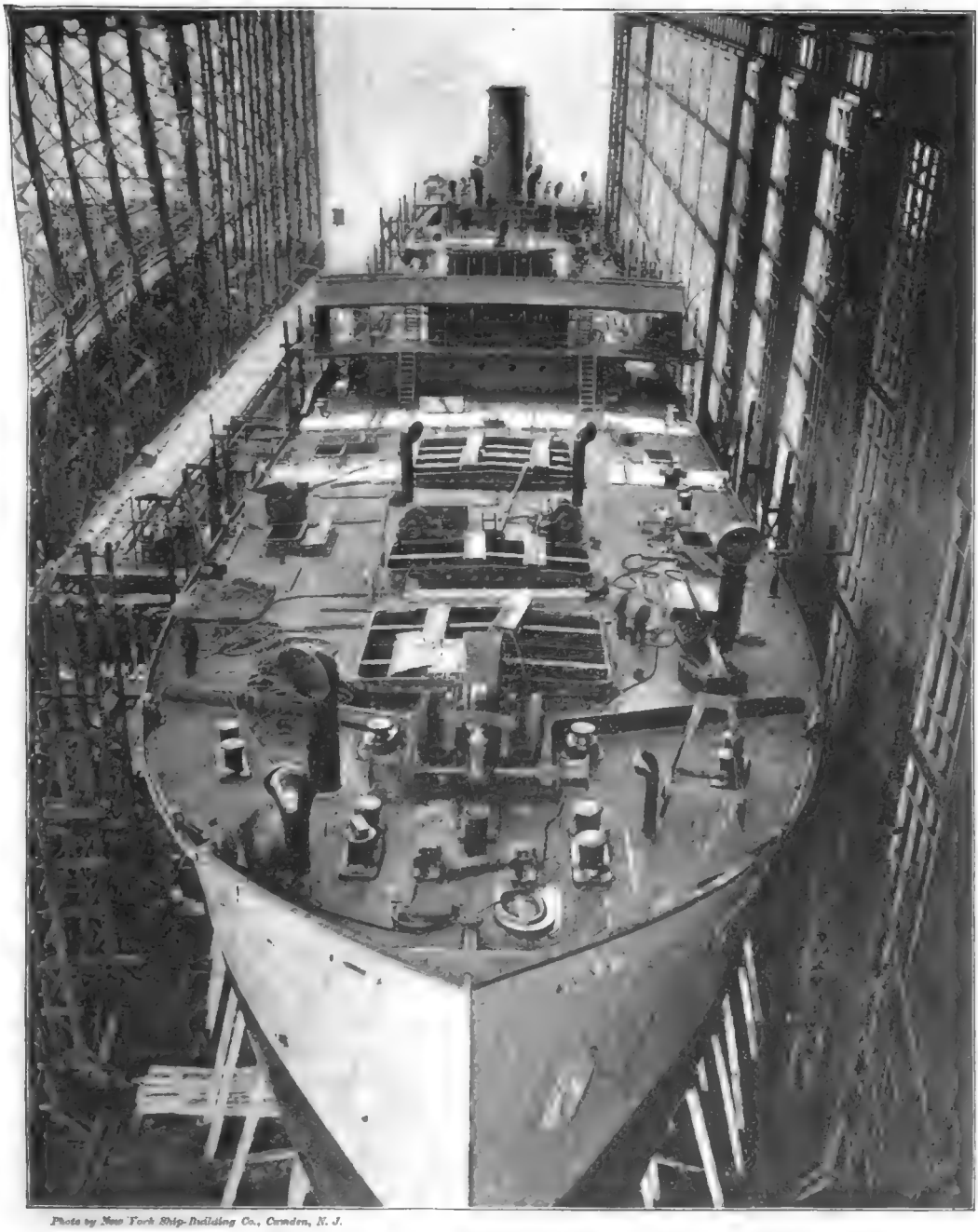

Photo by New York Ship-Building Co., Camden, N. J.

BUILDING A BIG SHIP UNDER COVER—THE NEW YORK SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY DOES A BIG THING IN A REALLY BIG WAY.

submarine was the last desperate resource of the German Empire, when it became equally apparent that the sea-lanes to Great Britain, to France, and to the neutral countries of Europe must be kept open and usable, there was a rush toward the shipyards of both our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. These quickly contracted for their output to the full extent of their facilities—and then some more. The ship

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operators then hurried into inland America —toward the Great Lakes, upon whose mighty bosoms moved in less than eight months last year a commerce equal to from one-third to one-fourth of all the water-borne traffic of all the seas during the full twelve months of 1916.

Long ago the shipyards of the Great Lakes, like those of our two seaboards, which are adapted to the construction of steamships of steel, were contracted for their full capacity—not alone for this year, but for two years to follow. And this year —before ice comes to block the long open pathway from Lake Ontario to the sea— the shipbuilders of the Lakes alone will have completed more than sixty ships—almost all of them for transatlantic service, and no small proportion of them to bear the flag of those sturdy sailors of the North—the Norsemen. It is worth noticing, perhaps, in this connection that Norway—a land which we have never before regarded as possessing large financial resources—is this year buying one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of ships in America.

These ships from the Great Lakes are small craft for transatlantic service. Each is of approximately 3,000 tons burden, which about represents the limitations of some of the canal locks through which they must pass before they can reach the lower St. Lawrence and the direct path to salt water. Relatively they bear a small part in the great merchant armada of 2,000,000 tons which America is launching and preparing to launch in this year of grace 1917 —our direct answer to the insolent challenge of the submarines of our powerful enemy.

There are no locks between Philadelphia or Camden or Chester or Wilmington, or any other of the industrial communities of the lower Delaware, and the salt water. And the Delaware—as you shall see if you have the persistence to follow this article through to the end—has become our American Clyde. Along its low banks steel ships are building to-day—in a quantity and variety which could not have even been imagined a twelvemonth ago. In its great shipyards, some of them tremendously expanded almost overnight, one shift of workmen follows another. There is no cessation of activities—human or mechanical. America's answer to the submarine is being marked with a real decision.

With the modern shipyards of not only the Delaware and the Great Lakes, but also those at Newport News, at Fore River, and at every other point equipped for the construction of steel vessels, contracted to capacity for many months to come, the demands of men who must have ships was still incessant.

"We must have ships—ships of steel or ships of wood. But we must have ocean-going cargo-carriers. And the price is only a secondary object."

And so it was. Here was an old single-screw—a battered tub of less than 5,000 tons which for more than twenty years had plowed the water and braved the storms of the seven seas. As marine sharps look at bottoms, she was practically worn out. As long ago as 1905 she had been sold for but $72,990. Two years since, she would have commanded far less than that figure. Yet only a few months ago Lloyd's of London reported that she had changed hands at more than $575,000.

Nor was the case of this ship, the *Miaoulis*, exceptional. Take the German *Walküre*, which was captured by a French cruiser soon after the war began and towed as a prize ship to Tahiti. Two of Admiral von Spee's ships, coming up to recover the prize, bombarded Papeiti, the Tahitian capital. Some of the shells hit the *Walküre*. And to save the vessel from further harm, the man who commanded her opened her sea-valves. She slowly filled and sank to the bottom of the shallow harbor.

For nearly a year the *Walküre* gained rust and decay upon the floor of Papeiti harbor. Then American interests in San Francisco bid her in, raised her, made temporary repairs, and brought the ship to our west coast under her own steam. At San Francisco she was quickly overhauled and made fairly fit—for an old boat which had spent some months under water. She could still carry cargo, and a group of steamship men paid over $700,000 for the reincarnated ship. And if gossip of marine circles at the Golden Gate is to be believed, this last group has lost nothing on its own account. It has been a season of rather easy money in shipping circles.

"We must have ships—ships of steel or ships of wood—and the price is only a secondary object."

The war, the unexpected submarine factor of this war, has been eating fast into the

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available tonnage of all the seas. Even before the beginning of the war this tonnage did not exceed 50,000,000 tons. At that time the total tonnage available for the Atlantic—the vessels that would have to feed and equip the Allies and so win the great battle for democracy—was less than 30,000,000 tons. And this was before the Kaiser had launched his "ruthless" submarine warfare.

If, indeed, he has succeeded in sinking from 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 tons of merchant shipping in February, March, April, and May—as now seems entirely possible—he has bitten a big chunk out of the merchant tonnage of his enemies. For even though the Allies, under the pressure of the great necessity, have already increased their normal ship-building output of 2,000,000 tons a year to more than 6,000,000 tons a year, it will not hold long when compared with a destruction record of 10,000,000 tons a year.

And this figure does not take into account the tonnage loss from wear and tear or necessary repairs—nor possibilities of the Kaiser's increasing both his submarine fleet and his submarine successes.

"MORE ships—ships of steel or ships of wood. The price? A secondary object." No wonder that all the shipyards building modern ships are crowded to capacity not only for to-day but for many long months to come!

The ship-builders of New England—the men who built those selfsame clipper-ships of which we have just spoken—began to hear the call. Bath was listening and awake, and so was Camden, and so was Rockland, too. Bath still regards herself as the greatest ship-building town that New England has ever known. For fifty years she has shown as her chief lions the Deering yard, the Percy & Small yard, and the Sewall yard. In recent years these have become gentle and rather shadowy places—bits of river-banks whose greatest treasures were the memories of the days when Bath-built schooners were known and respected the world over.

And when, in the early days of the great war, word came up from South America that the *William P. Frye* had been sunk by a shell from a raiding, roaring German pirate-ship, Bath had the saddest hour it has known in more than a generation.

Yet it was the dark hour that is before the coming of the dawn. For, within a few months after the destruction of the *Frye*, shipping men were coming into Bath and asking if she could build cargo carriers for transatlantic service. The submarine was already launched upon its murderous career. Because of it, as well as because of the tremendous food and munitions purchases which were being made by the Allies across our shelves, the ocean rates had multiplied anywhere from several hundred to a thousand per cent. No wonder existing carriers were quickly utilized; that a ship was raised from the floor of the Pacific; that price was no object when one came to consider the building of new craft.

Could Bath build ships? The men who came down from Boston and New York did not even have to ask Samuel Percy or Gardiner Deering such a question. Their reputation is known wherever the American wooden schooner is known; and there are few salt-water ports where these graceful craft—evolved from the staunch two-stickers that still fight their way from Gloucester to the Grand Banks and back for cod—have not poked their pretty noses.

Remember that the more picturesque square-rigged ships are no longer built in America. It is doubtful if to-day a crew could be quickly gathered together in the United States capable of handling one of them. The schooner rig is more practical; far more efficient. And if you have ever seen a five-sticker bowling along in a spanking breeze, her sail well set, you must agree that even in a beauty contest she might give the best of square-riggers a very pretty race indeed.

Could Gardiner Deering build the ships? He did not even point to the long rows of pictures of the schooners that he has been building up in Bath ever since 1886. He merely said that the old joy of building ships still coursed in his blood, that he would see if he could make the old yard ready, and find both workmen and timber to make to-day as he had made before.

And so said Samuel Percy. And so said the ship-builders farther down in Maine—in Camden, in Rockland, and in Thomaston. To-day the entire state is in a fine fervor. At all these towns and many more you will find hulls—vessels in all stages of construction—drawn up on the shores among the pine-trees.

And as a reflex of the building of the ships

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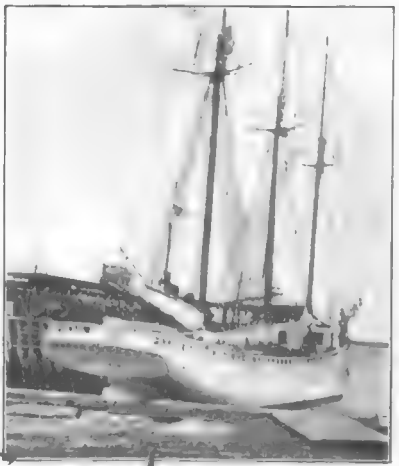
comes the making of all their parts; the small boats, the tackle, the sails. What a good time the old sail-makers of Boothbay Harbor and of Thomaston are having these days! Their lofts, like the ancient yards, have been dusted out and are again as fresh and clean and usable as in the time when the christening of a new vessel in the ancient counties of Knox or of Lincoln was almost as common an event as the christening of a child.

Come south from Maine, which persists in being called "down," although why I never could see; forget Bath and Rockland bursting into prosperity, and Thomaston and Camden awake, and even sleepy Bucksport and sleepier Wiscasset dreaming of building ships again. Come away past Massachusetts, which to-day not only dreams of building vessels but actually has them upon the ways. Here is Noank, a Connecticut town which is turning out wooden ships upon a rapid and a standardized plan. And after they are built upon the shore at Noank and then "gone over" into the water, they are towed around to ancient Mystic, where they are fitted with spars and sails and tackle and all that with them goes.

Columbia Commercial Studio

A SHIP READY FOR LAUNCHING AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

Still farther south they are building ships upon both shores of the extreme lower reaches of the Delaware—where seemingly it is more like the open seas than any flowing river. More ships upon Chesapeake Bay. Still more upon the well-protected tidal water that follows the Atlantic Coast inside of Hatteras and past both of the Carolinas. A big wooden shipyard has been started at Jacksonville and another at Pensacola.



REAL YOUNGSTER ON HER MAIDEN TRIP.

Now we are in the Gulf, and yet shipbuilding activity only grows the greater.

"We have a tremendous advantage over the New Englanders," says a man who has just started a yard in one of the Louisiana bayous close to the mouth of Lake Pontchartrain.

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"For our lumber—keels, ribs, sidings, deck, spars—is almost within arm's reach. And you know time counts in this ship-building game to-day."

Which, of course, is the reason why I saw ships building in the fine harbor of Beaumont, Texas.

The Pacific Coast, too, has lumber at arm's length. It furnishes much of the big timber for the wooden yards of New England. In other days our west coast was not regarded as a serious factor in ship-building circles. For one thing, there was the problem of labor; for the other, there was the terrific journey around Cape Horn before a vessel could get into the profitable trade-lanes of the North Atlantic. Nowadays the west coast has as much ship-building labor as the east—perhaps more. And the Panama Canal has made it not only practicable but very easy indeed for a vessel to be fabricated upon the shores of California or Oregon or Washington almost within sight of the finest of our forests, and then loaded with timber and sent around to one of our North Atlantic ports before she is put to the more important task of carrying freight to Europe.

ON THE first of May last, a careful analysis showed that there were being constructed in the neighborhood of Portland, of Tacoma, and of Seattle sixty wooden ships, of a total gross tonnage of 119,700. The northwestern corner of our land has built many large wooden carriers, both last year and this. These include steamships and steam-schooners, equipped with auxiliary power. One of them has already completed a round voyage to the antipodes, another has taken a full cargo of lumber for South America, several have been utilized in the regular and remunerative trade out of Seattle. So it is that old-time wooden hulks that have long encumbered the harbors of some of the Puget Sound ports have already disappeared and are again in service. And the wooden ship-building industry of the Pacific Coast, with great virgin forests at its back, is quite in its infancy.

All of this is preface to the fact that last winter Congress finally awoke to the necessity of cooperating in the reconstruction of the American merchant marine. Not only were existing yards to be upheld, but yards and launchways for many, many, many more ships were to be established; even if direct governmental aid was found to be necessary. There was more than a fine American spirit that finally spurred an unusually sleepy Congress into action—there was the constant and growing menace of the submarine. Yet this was before William Hohenzollern had started forth upon his ruthless and bloody campaign.

On January thirtieth last, the new United States Shipping Board, with really tremendous powers, came into existence. Three weeks and a half later—on February twenty-third—it had formulated a plan for beginning the construction of a real armada of merchant ships, a great part of them of wood. Wood was the first consideration of the Shipping Board because even at that time the existing yards in the United States adapted to the construction of steel vessels had been contracted up to capacity for two or three years to come.

Its plan was roughly formulated seven weeks before the declaration of our war upon Germany. Our relations as a neutral were not such as to permit us at that time to seize the yards and commandeer the vessels upon their stocks building for Norway, or for England and the other Allied nations. Since then the situation in regard to these yards and steel ships has changed considerably.

Moreover, William Denman of San Francisco—whom President Wilson had chosen as Chairman of the Shipping Board—had become assured of the possibilities of wooden merchant ships, not as competitors but rather as supplementary carriers to steel vessels. As an admiralty lawyer, Denman had been interested in plans that were being formulated at the Golden Gate, even before the beginning of the present war, for the construction of an extensive flotilla of ocean-going carriers. He was convinced of the entire feasibility of certain types of wooden ships for certain classes of water-borne cargo.

To-day he remains sincere in his conviction that wooden ships are of great economic value in our complicated merchant-marine situation. And this without disparagement of the steel ship; with full recognition of its superior adaptability to the prompt handling of large cargoes. The wisest, the most practical men in maritime circles know that he is right in this belief.

Which brings us to F. Huntington Clark and F. A. Eustis.

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Clark and Eustis, like Herbert C. Hoover, our new national food administrator, are mining engineers — a great American profession to which this nation as a whole has not accorded, heretofore, a proper respect. Separately, but almost simultaneously, each hit upon the idea of making a gigantic fleet of small wooden steamers—say one thousand, perhaps as many as three thousand, vessels of three thousand tons each. These steamers were to be exactly standardized, built almost as Ford cars are built, one after another and more like unto another than peas out of the same pod.

"It costs Germany $50,000 to fire a single successful shot from a submarine," said Clark, who had access to certain naval statistics. "Of course it is true that the sub carries from twelve to sixteen torpedoes each time she sets out afresh from her base. But it is equally true that three out of four of those torpedoes will miss fire. Naval statistics show that a single average voyage of a submarine costs about $200,000. From which we get the cost of $50,000 for a single successfully fired torpedo. If it costs the Kaiser all this money to make a single shot, why not compel him to use that shot upon a $300,000 ship instead of on one which cost $2,000,000?"

So reasoned Clark. Ten little ships, each of 3,000 tons burden, would carry as much cargo to hungry England or France as one big ship of 30,000 tons capacity—and so, to get that same amount of cargo sunk, William Hohenzollern would have to make ten shots at a total cost of half a million dollars. And the chances were decidedly against his getting all the ten ships. German submarine marksmanship has deteriorated since the days of its greatest successes.

As a matter of little-known fact, however, less than two per cent. of the shipping sunk in the present war has been sunk by submarine torpedoes. Gunfire has been the greatest agent. And if you think that it is an easy matter to sink a little ship—a little ship of wood, if you please—you are welcome to try the experiment.

The more Clark considered his scheme the better he liked it. Then he set about to put it into effect. He went to big bankers whom he knew and who he knew had faith in him. They listened to him politely. Then they told him that his scheme was quite impossible.

"What do you know about building ships?" argued one big financier. "You are a mining engineer."

Vainly Clark tried to explain that the construction problem of the little ships, although important, was but one of several parts of the scheme. It was equally important that their operation be quick, economic, efficient; that traffic be found for the ships, and that—far more important—ships be found for the traffic. This last is a problem almost similar to that of a railroad, which must find cars for its shippers. And as for the Ford-car vessels, remember that they were going to be very different from any other ships that ever were built. Of wood, they were to be no more like the smart multiple-masted schooners that gradually replaced the clippers during the last half-century, than the great ocean-liner of to-day is like the awkward side-wheeled contraptions that used to ply between New York and Liverpool.

It was a nice plan; but the bankers would have none of it.

"You're a nice fellow," they told Clark, "and a good mining engineer. Go back to your holes in the earth. That's your job."

But Clark took a train to Washington instead. He arrived just one or two days after F. A. Eustis, of Boston. Eustis, as I have already told you, is another mining engineer. And he, too, had conceived the idea of a merchant armada composed of many, many little ships of wood.

Eustis and Clark are both working to-day for the United States Government. Their salary has been fixed at one dollar a year, which is the lowest figure legally permissible. General Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal, has also entered upon this work for the Government. President Wilson appointed him to work out the technical details of the building of the ships—at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. But Goethals refused to accept a salary of more than fifteen thousand dollars.

I mention these things because they show the spirit of America in her great crisis; that her much-vaunted idealism may be both easily and generously translated into dollar and cents. Three men—two of them mining engineers and the third a builder of canals—are working at great personal sacrifices with the Shipping Board in its endeavor to give America—almost overnight, it would seem—a merchant marine once again.

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How far the Clark and Eustis plan is to be adopted, in all its details, is still an open question. General Goethals first came to the Shipping Board with a mind rather prejudiced against wooden ships. But co-operation has been the spirit of the organization and, as I write, it seems probable that the final plan of the Board will be the planning of a campaign in which, in the long run, steel vessels will be the main strength and backbone of the new merchant armada—wooden craft being used both as a stop-gap and as a bait for the submarines.

The chief advantage of the wooden ship is that it may be built not only more quickly than its steel sister, but more inexpensively as well. At present ocean rates, one of these wooden vessels, equipped with oil-burning engines instead of sails, can pay for its entire cost of construction in three round trips. And so if at the end of the war it is found advisable, from an economic standpoint, to abandon the wooden ships they need not be charged off as a loss.

"BUILDING ships like automobiles? Son, it can't be done."

So spake a veteran builder of schooners the other day as I stood beside the Kennebec at Bath. He spoke with a deep sense of conviction.

"Take this vessel here. I laid her keel last November, and what with the trouble of getting men to build her and the railroads to bring the timber, it will be another month—well into June—before I am ready to launch her. It will take still another thirty days before she is ready for sea. And yet those folks down at Washington talk about making a thousand steam-driven wooden ships—a little larger than this vessel—and making them scow-fashion—of lumber-yard wood—and with house-carpenters. Such tubs would rack themselves to pieces before they ever made a single trip across the Atlantic."

In justice to Washington, let it be said here and now that it has abandoned any idea of building vessels out of standard mill-length timbers. It will build fewer wooden vessels and build them upon the molded lines that are so true to American tradition and the success of the American ship. But, on the other hand, the Shipping Board stands steadfastly by its idea of standardization. It knows that it is everlastingly right in that stand. And no less a yard than Cramp's in Philadelphia has told me that it would under no circumstances to-day receive an order for a specialized ship. Draftsmen and naval architects are scarce. Moreover the entire idea is inefficient and obsolete. Already we are passing from the tailor-made to the ready-made in our ship-building.

The ancient yards of Maine still stick rather steadfastly to the tailor-made idea. The old-time timber-yards of Bath are fashioning vessels to-day just as they fashioned them half a century ago—on honor and with infinite hand-work. It was and is loving work and faithful work, but slow. Yet it is hardly to be called modern shipbuilding. In a modern plant—such as one finds along the Clyde or the Baltic Sea—material would be carried by huge overhead cranes, completely spanning masts and hulls; men would be steel-pegging the hull plates by multiple, electric-driven riveters. Along the Kennebec, slow-moving derricks, propelled by horse-power, lift the timbers; artisans hand-peg and calk the hulls, just as their fathers and their grandfathers did before them. A graybeard slowly fashions a stately Oregon pine into a spar whose rounded shape will be as true as if lathe-cut. And the venerable proprietor of the establishment I visited complained because he could not get more men. He was running with but fifty per cent. of his normal crew.

"Where are the shipbuilders?" I asked.

"They sleep in the churchyard up on the hill," said he sadly. "The new generation knows nothing of this fine art. And since the war began the men from Nova Scotia or Newfoundland no longer come here to help. So goes the reputation of this yard for promptness in getting its ships over."

It was discouraging. I left the place feeling that the enthusiastic Shipping Board at Washington—Denman and Goethals and Clark and Eustis—had all but assumed the impossible. I boarded a trolley-car which would take me to the other end of Bath. They were building more wooden ships up there; and there, too, was the Sewall yard—perhaps the best-known of all the famous shipyards of the old Maine town.

Before I had reached the Sewall yard I heard it. Its song was not the low, sweet hum of the buzz-saw or the chipping of many adzes; it was the Wagnerian might of many riveters. For the Sewall yard is

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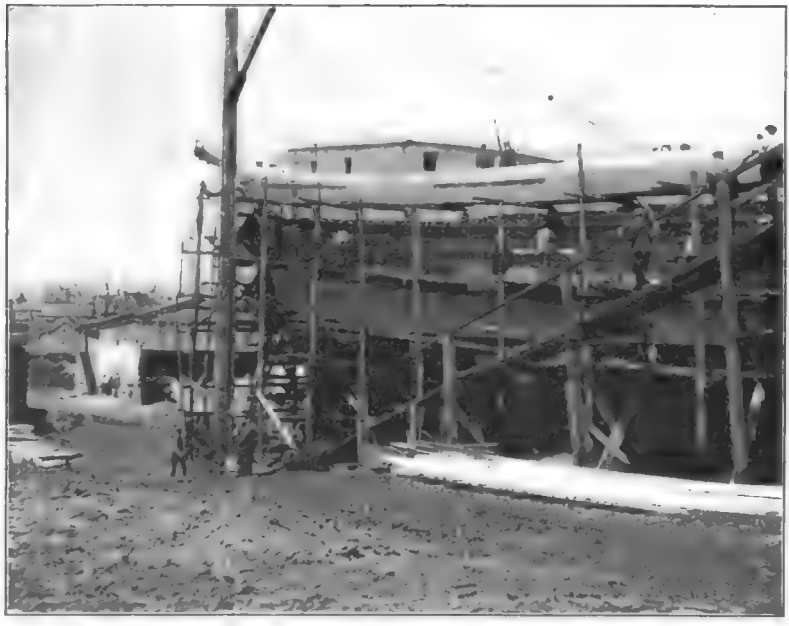
"in steel." One of the great oil companies has transformed it from the past into modernity. Two great ships—into whose capacious holds one could pour the capacity of all the wooden craft to-day building upon the Kennebec and still have ample cargo room remaining—rose high upon the river-bank. One was the *Maine*—first of a great fleet of standardized vessels each 400 feet in length and of 9,000 tons burden. And close beside it in the race for completion was the second of the fleet, yet unnamed. About their great masses of steel and staging eleven hundred men were working—with the most modern appliances known to ship-building. And the sharp staccato of the riveters was the song that had awakened Bath and made its narrow streets course with a human activity that they had not known in two long generations.



CALKING THE HULL OF A NEW SCHOONER, AT BATH, MAINE.

Steel! Of course steel. How blind we have been in our sentiments and our traditions. We have learned through the magic of machinery and the very human science of modern efficiency to build as fine steel bridges as any other land may ever hope to build—locomotives, cars, even battle-ships. We have gone farther in the evolution of the steel building than any other nation. And yet we have wondered why there was not in this generation any group of men who were willing to fashion patiently with their own hands wooden clipper ships, after the way of their fathers or their grandfathers. We might as well ask why the Baldwin Locomotive Works could not return to the making of stage-coaches.

Yet when the Civil War was over and our clipper ships had been burned or all but driven from the seas, we refused in our blindness to follow England's lead and begin the building of iron ships. Instead we expended our energies upon the development of our own interior country and upon the railroads which led to it from the older sections of the land, and fell asleep upon the seas. Once or twice we have almost awakened. Nearly thirty years ago we had come almost to a wide-awake hour and built four large steel passenger ships—the *New York*, the *Paris*, the *St. Louis*, and the *St. Paul*. These still are America's pride upon the North Atlantic.

Since then, and almost until yesterday, we have slept; more soundly even than before. If it had not been for naval work and the construction of an occasional coasting or river steamer, the light of our shipyards would have been entirely extinguished.

It was to the superintendent of the old Sewall yard there at Bath that I confessed the thrill that the building of big steel ships had given me.

"You ought to see it being done on a really big scale," was his casual reply. "You ought to go down to the Delaware."

The Delaware, of course—our American Clyde. To it I went at once—and was not disappointed. For more than thirty miles—from the northern portion of Philadelphia to well below Wilmington—the once quiet, peaceful Delaware now ragged in ceaseless

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activity both day and night. In this thirty-mile stretch there is to-day more building of ships than at any other point in the world—not even excepting that Clyde which flows down past Glasgow and so on out of Scotland. A dozen great concerns—long-established ones, such as the New York Ship-Building Company, William Cramp & Sons, Harlan & Hollingsworth, Pusey & Jones—are vying with one another and with newer comers, such as the Pennsylvania, the Chester, and the Sun Ship-Building Companies, in turning out new merchant ships.

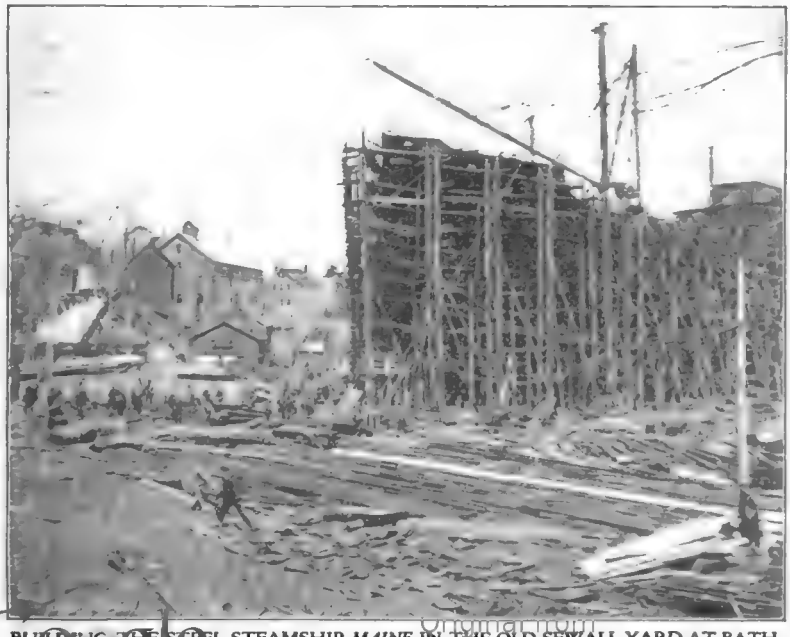
In fact, in the immediate neighborhood of Philadelphia there are to-day almost a full hundred ships, together representing more than 530,000 tons of merchant shipping either on the ways or soon to be started. They range in size from 2,500 tons to 12,500 tons cargo capacity, and more than half of them were designed to be placed under foreign registry when completed. But of that, more in a moment.

The yard to which I was finally admitted, after a very rigorous examination and an absolute barring of my camera, has twenty-nine merchant ships under construction—in dead weight running from 4,000 to 12,500 tons each. It is a genuinely tremendous plant. But I was chiefly interested in it because of the statement that it had made to the United States Shipping Board. It had heard that an ironmaster up in northeastern Pennsylvaina, who has been a real genius in the construction of both guns and armament, had promised to deliver one hundred 10,000-ton standardized cargo ships within sixteen months. The ironmaster in actual fact is already turning nearly a ship a week out of his waterside yard over in New England.

"I think that we can do a little better than that," then said the guiding genius of this big shipyard upon the Delaware. "Six months after contracts are signed we can deliver the first 9,000-ton pattern steamer; thereafter we can deliver an exactly similar ship each twenty-four hours, for an indefinite period."

What manner of place was it that could make such a promise and expect to live up to it? Curiosity was whetted. And curiosity saw 4,600 men in a sprawling yard building great ships. In Bath the ships were built in the open; and the promptness of their completion was not a little dependent upon favorable weather conditions. But how could one hope to launch a sizable schooner out of a shed, to say nothing of a stately ship like the *Maine?*

Yet here within sight of Philadelphia itself greater ships than the *Maine* were being fabricated, and under cover. Work upon them went forward in every sort of weather at every season of the year. The sunshine would never fall full upon them until the great occasion came and they slipped from shore out into the roily water of the river. There were five of these great houses over the launchways, side by side, and beyond them workmen were preparing foundations for other structures of the same sort.



BUILDING THE STEEL STEAMSHIP *MAINE* IN THE OLD SEWALL YARD AT BATH.

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For this great yard has not as yet absorbed more than half the space available—the space that will be needed when it comes to its proportion of the task of turning out a finished ship each day of the year.

These waterside houses, or erection shops —the fifth was built over a slip or wet-dock —are joined in turn to various plate-and-shape- and punch-shops. These are flanked by a great room, which serves at its one end as a machine-shop and at the other as a boiler-shop. This room is the most truly regal apartment I have ever entered.

When one stands upon a high-set balcony at one end, one faces a room two hundred feet in width, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and nearly two thousand feet in length. You might place within it three Madison Square Gardens set end to end like trolley-cars and nearly have room for a fourth. In it one might launch a man-size aeroplane and fly at ease beneath the dusty rafters of the ceiling.

On the floor below, you see the orderly confusion of a really great business—lathes and punches and drills apparently without number and in endless variety. Between them raw material and partially completed work—shafts, cylinders, myriad-bladed turbines, turbine-casings, propeller-blades. And on sharper sight, two thousand silent men working in the room—from such a height, tiny black figures, such as one sees when looking down from the windows of a skyscraper. A locomotive with three cars comes poking its way up the main aisle of the place. It seems but a boy's toy.

In mid-air a battle-ship turret dangles. It weighs almost a hundred tons. But up there under the shadowy roof a giant crane, which spans the place and runs its entire length, is carrying the load as easily as the carrier in the department-store down-town carries your bill up to the cashier with the pompadour and brings the change back.

There are other cranes in the other shops. A ship may have its pilot-house and its after-cabin well under construction in the joiner-shop while she is barely up from her keel. Never mind. In due time one of these big cranes will take up the pilot-house and place it in position on deck as easily as a child adds the last block to the toy tower that he has been building.

At one end of the yard endless freight-trains are coming—with raw material of every sort. For this yard boasts that it constructs a ship entire, even to the elaborate furniture of teakwood or mahogany for the cabins. Once in a while it buys an automatic piano for one of the cabins. When it makes enough ships it will probably have a department for the manufacture of ships' pianos. That is both its method and its policy.

From steel plate to rounded shape, from crude channel-bar to accurately molded rib or post—so begins the ship to take a definite form. Upon the broad floor of the big molding-room, full-size measurements may be made of the details of an eight-hundred-foot vessel, from the templets and the patterns which show not only the exact size and conformation of each hull plate, but the exact placing of each rivet-hole, down to the minutest fraction of an inch. And while the plates themselves are being cut and molded and punched, men out in one of the great erecting-shops that rise over the launchways are preparing to lay the keel.

In a little while keel and ribs will be set, plates and bulkheads put in; the engine-builders and fitters beginning their work, painters covering the red sizing coats with the dull, invisible gray that is so fashionable among merchant ships this season. Then, in a little longer time, the ship goes slipping down the ways—through the great opened door, which is 150 feet high and 150 feet wide—and out into the water. A few more weeks and she is ready for her maiden voyage.

"How quickly have you done it?" you ask.

"In four months and three days from the day we began to lay the keel we have finished and delivered a 10,000-ton steel steamship and watched her start across the river for her first cargo."

Up in the Great Lakes they have done even better. In ninety days from the hour that the ways were ready and the laying of the keel was begun, a steamship nearly 600 feet in length and of 10,000 tons burden has been built, launched, fitted, and set upon her maiden voyage. But this was a vessel of entirely standardized type, which means that there was no need for making either new drawings or patterns or molds.

As this is being written, the Shipping Board is beginning to let contracts for the building of its great new fleet of merchant ships—just how great no one now knows, although it is believed that the

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United States should be able to put into water, both through the efforts of the Board and of private enterprise, nearly 6,000,000 tons of new bottoms during the next two years—a tonnage equal to about one-quarter of the British merchant marine and far larger than the marine which Japan is building and boasting of so proudly. Not only are many new shipyards to be established upon our coasts, but the present plants are to be greatly expanded and worked to an even greater efficiency.

The first step is to substitute the completely standardized ship—either of wood or of steel—for the completely or partially specialized ship. With great ships standardized—ready-made, if you please—the strain upon the mold and drafting-rooms will cease at once. Patterns and templets will then be made in aluminum or iron; can be used almost innumerable times, and the work of all the yards greatly expedited.

And if additional launchways are built, shops and forge and foundry facilities can be made to keep pace with them—by the rather simple expedient of keeping these last factors of shipbuilding going with more shifts and longer hours than the erecting forces, which can work far better under daylight than under artificial light.

The next step will be the commandeering of ships. By this I mean not only the seizure of the interned German and Austrian vessels in our harbors, for this has already been done. I mean the commandeering of vessels in all our shipyards; not only those for American interests but particularly those being built for alien nations, even though they be our Allies. In this way we can ensure their registry under the Stars and Stripes and the addition of much unexpected tonnage to the rapidly growing reincarnate American merchant marine. England set a precedent for an act of this sort on the part of the Shipping Board, when, at the beginning of the European war, she promptly commandeered all vessels in her shipyards that were being constructed for the citizens of any foreign power whatsoever. These were then assured immediate registry under the Union Jack. You may be quite sure that no other flags will ever be substituted for the Cross of St. George at their taffrails.

The third and most important step is the recruiting of labor. The big steel shipyards, also, are suffering from a shortage of workmen in nearly every phase of their activities. The men who could build steel ships, even as recently as fifteen or twenty years ago, seem to have disappeared rapidly. Remember that gradually the business of shipbuilding dwindled until the light of its existence was barely a flicker. At the beginning of the war but forty thousand trained men were available for all of our shipyards. To-day this number has been increased to sixty thousand.

But to carry out any extensive plan such as that which the United States Shipping Board has suggested is going to require nearly 150,000 artisans for the building of steel ships alone. And, as we have already said, the Board is also committed to a fairly extensive plan for the building of wooden—both ships as a stop-gap before the steel ships can begin to come in wholesale quantities and as carriers to supplement the larger and perhaps the more permanent craft. These wooden ships will also require a large additional number of workmen—new workmen by thousands and tens of thousands.

When I asked the veteran builder of wooden ships down in Maine if house-carpenters, millwrights, trained woodworkers generally could be adapted to the construction of vessels, he replied that he did not see how it could be done. But the man in charge of the destinies of what is perhaps the biggest of our yards upon the Delaware said that he was willing to take a try at bridge-builders and the men who put up the steel frames for our skyscrapers.

"It will take us three months to make a ship-riveter, a chipper, or a calker from a man who has at least an ordinary knowledge of ironworking tools—six months to make these men fairly expert at our trades," said he. "In the same way we can make house-carpenters into ship-carpenters—the men who lay and calk the decks and build the wooden cabins and superstructures—in about the same time. And we are willing to take a try at them—even if we have to open a special school to do this work."

Such is the sturdy spirit of our American Clyde. If America gains nothing else material in this great war, she will have achieved a genuine merchant marine which can hold its own against the sharpest commercial competition and which will carry our goods, our flag, our idealism to the far corners of the earth.

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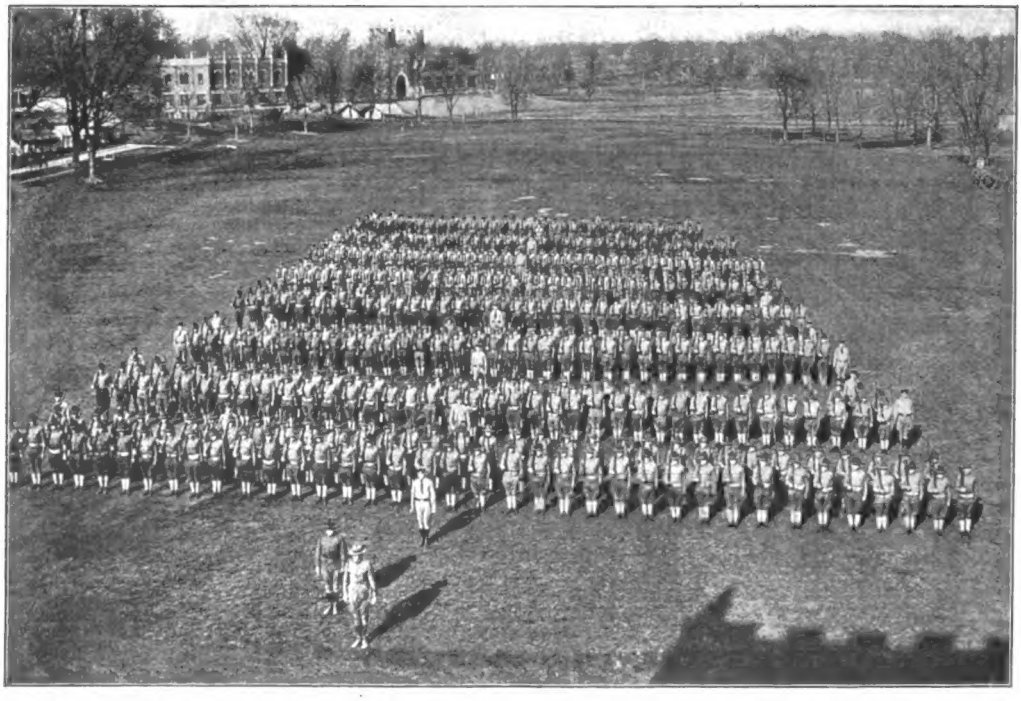
·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

THE CAMP-FIRES OF THE H. S. V. U. S.



IN THE last week of April scores of khaki-clad delegations of high-school boys from one hundred and twelve cities and towns, reaching from Pennsylvania to Oregon, journeyed toward Culver, Indiana, to assemble for the first H. S. V. U. S. camp on April thirtieth. Six hundred High-School Volunteers from ten states tumbled out at the first reveille of Camp Thomas H. Barry, so called in honor of General Barry, commanding the Central Department. Round the evening mess boys from Iowa, Michigan, and Illinois swapped stories and discussed plans for the June competitions with boys from Kentucky, Wisconsin, or Ohio. For two weeks High-School Volunteers of Indiana and Missouri marched, counter-marched, and shouldered arms with those from Pennsylvania and West Virginia under the instruction of Captain Steever, assisted by commissioned officers supplied from the Culver Academy and non-commissioned officers from the high-school boys themselves. Major H. C. Bays, O. R. C. was in charge of the camp.

It was two weeks of healthful, inspiring work, realizing in part one of the aims of the H. S. V. U. S.—"to unite the high-school boys of the country by a bond of common activities for the development of better citizenship."

In this way, and by the national and district competitions in Chicago, Detroit, and Kansas City, taking place as this goes to press, the High-School Volunteers are doing their bit to make the nation strong and united.

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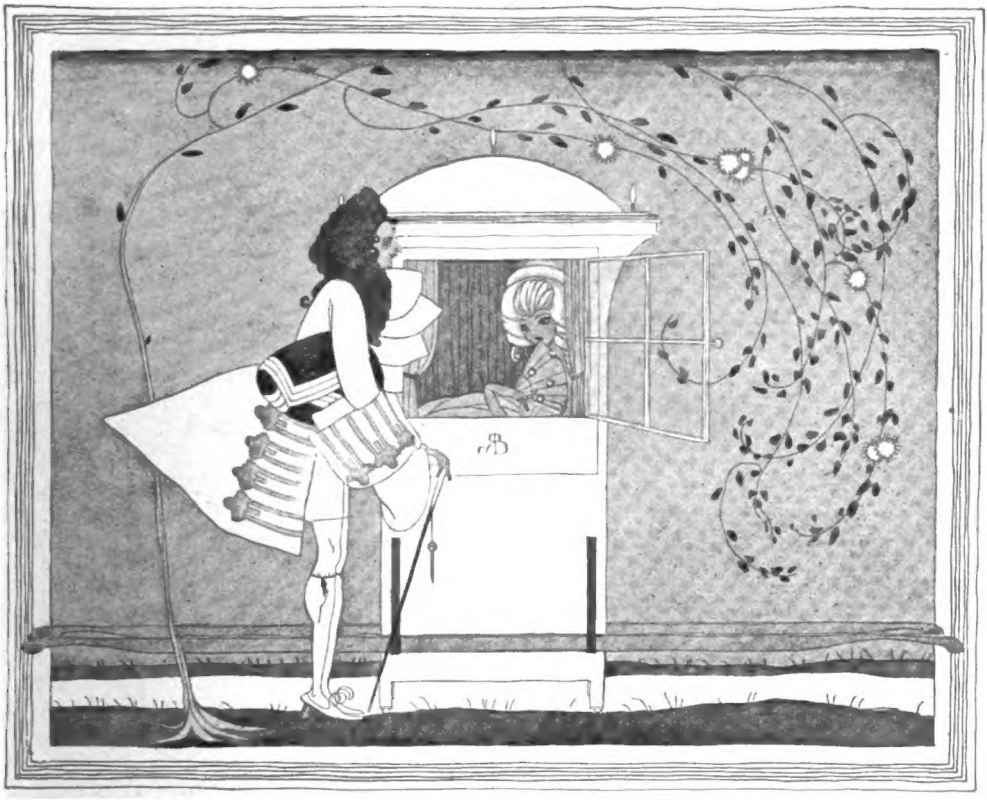
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"WHAT did the old man say when you asked him if you could marry his daughter?"

"Asked me if I could support him in the same style she did."

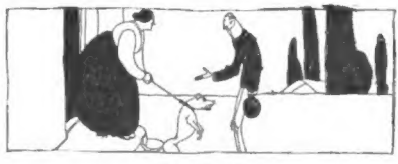
AN ATTENDANT at the Zoo tells of two country women, mother and daughter, who were visiting the place for the first time. At last they came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes, transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said with the greatest gravity:

"My! ain't he plain?"

No Relief in Sight

BOOTBLACK (dusting patron emphatically and with tip prepense)—Cloudy day, sir.

Patron (ignoring hint)—No change coming, either.



In 1950

TRAMP (pleading for a handout)—Yes, madam, I have been begging for a living ever since my father's profession was abolished.

Woman (holding a dog in leash)—What did he do?

Tramp (weeping bitterly)—He used to be a kaiser.

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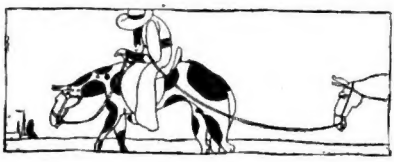
A YOUNG lady in a Pennsylvania town had inaugurated a bank account, and was inordinately proud of her check-book. She employed it so well that one day there came a notification that she was overdrawn. When she had ascertained what this meant she was filled with overwhelming sympathy for the bank. Accordingly she wrote a pretty letter of apology and drew a check for the amount due.

"This," she wrote, "will put matters right."



A COW-PUNCHER, who had been brought up on a ranch far from the bright lights of the city, ventured one day into the borders of a small town some few days' journey from his home.

The town presented many things of interest to him, particularly a certain pretty waitress in one of the restaurants.

After a short courtship they were married and prepared to return to the ranch. A second horse was purchased and the happy pair rode out into the plains.

Four days later the cow-puncher returned sorrowfully to the town leading the extra horse.

"Why, where's your wife, Bill?" inquired one of his new-made friends. "Have you quarreled so soon?"

The tears came to the cow-puncher's eyes. "I sure had tough luck with her," Bill replied. "The second day out she broke her leg, and I had to shoot her."

DURING an extended drought, down in the land that inspires the ragtime-song writers, the "Rev'end" George Washington called a gathering of his colored brethren to supplicate the Lord for rain.

Before he opened his sermon the "Rev'end" surveyed his congregation very critically, and with increasing dissatisfaction. At last he lamented:

"De lack ob faith ob yo' niggers is scandalous and sinful, and makes my heart sore and weary, and plumb afeared for your souls. Heah we hab gathered to beg de Lord to stop de drought dat is burning up our fields, and to bless us with rain in abundance. And not one, no sah, not one ob yo' disgraceful sinners had faith enough to bring an umbrella to go home with."

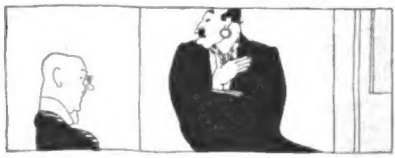
A LANGUID youth of Washington, after having tried several jobs and lost them through sheer laziness, was placed with a government naturalist. But even in this position he was slow. It took him two hours to give certain living specimens of birds their feed. The good point he possessed was his willingness.

One afternoon, after having changed the water for some fish, he asked his employer: "What shall I do now, sir?"

The naturalist reflected a moment and then answered: "Well, William, I think you might take the tortoise for a run."

DONALD (after the reconciliation)—Aweel, Jock, I wish ye a' that you wish me!

Jock—There ye gang—raking up the quarrel a' over again!



AN ITALIAN, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

"Mr. Wils'."

"Who is the Vice-president?"

"Mr. Marsh'."

"If the President should die, who then would be President?"

"Mr. Marsh'."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse, please. I vera busy worka da mine."

HENRY'S father was a golf enthusiast; therefore Henry knew all about the game. One time he was asked:

"Henry, why is it that men that play golf always yell 'fore' instead of 'look out' or some such thing?"

Henry thought for a second before an inspiration came from looking at his young sister, who was diligently getting her arithmetic.

"You see," he replied, "it takes too long to yell 'toot-toot,' and that sounds so much like 'two-two' that they just add them together and yell 'four'."

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